INTERWOVEN

LETTERS FROM A SON TO HIS MOTHER

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INTERWOVEN

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LETTERS FROM A SON TO
HIS MOTHER

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"This is the great error of our day in the treatment of the human body, that physicians separate the soul from the body."—*Plato.*

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INTERWOVEN.

LETTERS FROM A SON TO HIS MOTHER.

This Premium Book is a most remarkable production, consisting wholly of Messages from the Spirit Side of Life. No other work ever issued from the press, devoted to Spiritualistic and Occult subjects, contains so much valuable information on various matters pertaining to Spirit Life, as Interwoven does. The messages deal in details that are highly interesting, instructive and fascinating, and will hold the attention of the reader throughout. We are indebted to Mrs. Sarah Louise Ford, residing at 510 Columbus Road, Dorchester, Mass., for the privilege of republishing the work, and every one who reads it will thank the noble woman for the privilege she has conferred upon us.

J. R. FRANCIS,
Publisher.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

The following is in answer to many inquiries as to who was the son Wadsworth, whose signature is attached to most of these letters, and who was his mother, the person to whom they are addressed.

Wadsworth Cecil Tuck was the son of Lorenzo and Lucy W. Tuck, and was born in South Weymouth, Mass., where he spent his early life with his parents, graduating from the high school in his native town at the age of eighteen and from Amherst College at the age of twenty-two. His father died the year of his graduation from college, and he, being the only child living, was obliged to spend the two following years in settling his father's business, with the assistance of his mother, who is at the present time, and has been for many years, a practicing physician in the city of Boston. At the age of twenty-four he entered the Harvard Medical School, from which he graduated in 1887. He was very enthusiastic over his medical studies and especially fond of chemistry. During his course at the Medical School he resided within easy reach of his mother, and it was the delight of both to compare notes on the subjects in which they were mutually interested. Immediately upon his graduation from the Medical School he was appointed a house physician in the Boston City Hospital, which position he filled until his death from diphtheria contracted from a patient. He died October 19, 1888. He was active in church and Sunday-school work during all his life. He had no belief in the return of spirits, as far as any of his family knew, and no interest whatever in the subject. After the death of his father, his mother became interested in this subject, and had experience which to her was evidence that it was a truth, but the matter was seldom alluded to between the mother and the son, it being the mother's fixed principle that every person of mature age should be allowed entire freedom of thought.

FOREWORD.

These letters are sent out in book form by permission of Wadsworth's mother, knowing there are others whom they may benefit as well as the few who have been allowed to read them. There has been no attempt to change the form of expression, and but very little had to be eliminated because of its personal nature.

The letters were written through a medium, her arm only being used for the transmission of words. The guide of the medium always first addressed the mother. Then followed short messages from two daughters, who passed from earth life at a very early age, before the birth of Wadsworth. Usually, Wadsworth wrote after them, and now and then letters from others were added. There is a great charm in the children's letters, as well as those of the guide; and it would have been a pleasure to have included them, for their development during the ten years could not fail to be of interest also. It was, however, deemed wise to limit the publication principally to Wadsworth's alone. My own work of character-reading has revealed to me a *need* that these letters can help to supply, and that the book may fall into welcome hands is my special and earnest desire.

S. L. F.

Boston, Mass.

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Jan. 3, 1889.

Oh, you must not miss me so. You must try to have strength, for I am not far away. I cannot go too high while you feel so alone and so tired. I have not much breath now, but will soon make more; and I want you to come again so as to let me out. I did not go into the ground or near the casket. I was out of it. My heart is in the home with you, and I don't know what you will do. Your love and thought I brought over here, and I can soon get strong; and surely you will try, I know, to feel strong with my love that I left. I am coming very near to-night.

Your loved SON.

Honor and Fame on the Spirit Side.

Feb. 21, 1889.

O darling Mother,—They help me to come better than I did the last time. I feel pain in my throat, but I will come and write; for I know I will get used to breathing the air again in a few times, and well you know I would feel more pain and more yet to get to you. I see now I am using one of the mediums you used to tell me about, and I did not quite believe it could be so. But now how glad I am that you persisted in your belief! for little did we know how soon we should need one to help us to be together in soul. You know I feel so sorry to have you all alone; but, as it came, and perhaps was fated so, why, we must not try to rule things as we want them. We must give up to the higher powers, and know it was for the best. I can still work on this side. There is as much to do here as on the earth, and just as much honor and fame.

If I work well, I shall make light, which is more than money; for which light I can rise in honors, and build a beautiful mansion for my mother. Earth is a very small part of life. There are many heavens, and always room to grow in mind and to do good. I must first see you comforted. Of course, when we think of it from an earth standpoint, it does seem a terrible thing that I was taken out of all my purposes. But, mother, when I was in earnest and trying so to do well, you may be sure God will not put me back in my career. He sent me on where there was a higher need and higher work for good physicians. You were always the happiest when you saw me fulfilling my purpose; and in this life there is more glory and honor than in the little small earth. But you must stay awhile; for there are many things I did not bring which I can get through you. I must have more patience; and you know, dear mother, that you have an abundance of that. I must have more light, so I can still watch in the hospitals. And I must have charity and love, and, oh, all things which are planted in this earth. And so by writing to you I gain all these powers which I shall need for my grand work. All your sacrifices, all your love, dear mother, I can see more clearly than when I was in the flesh. I will still be a worthy son, so all you did for me shall never be lost. The spirits born over here in the lower sphere need attention and doctors' care, for some of them are not half formed. I can see there is plenty of work. The physicians of earth do not do all their duty, for too many are born here out of shape. I saw a babe coming up that had been born of lustful parents. It was a cold blue-vapor body, and has not yet warmed into life, but remains as a chicken in an egg, being cared for by physicians. Possibly they may save it, so it need not fade away. I see these things, but cannot yet work. I feel so tender for you that I want to stay near and comfort you. It was a shock to me to find myself out of earth; and yet, if you will not cry so, and go to the window and look for me so, it will not be so

hard. Let us try, dear mother, to feel that I have entered a world where there is a great deal to perform, and where I can gain more honors to lay at your feet as the true son's purpose. I know we can have thought together. I cannot earn money now, but I can earn light; and in this world light is as money. I have seen physicians here who knew so much they were illuminated all over. This is light of self-knowledge. I wish you could see Dr. Harvey of the old school. He looks like a rainbow, and he knows more about the arteries and veins and the circulatory system than he ever did down here. Now do not cry, do not feel alone. All my hope of success was for you and the dear other one. And here my voice falls low, and I half cry myself. She has great strength, too, but not quite the belief, dear mother, that you have. You have your faith to lean on, and it is a true faith. I am glad I did not say things against it. I need it now. I have written long, but am so in earnest that I cannot let go. I feel as if I were with you, talking as when I came home, you know. Oh, how I remember the home and the things! but there will be better ones here. Dear father is as progressive here as he was in earth, and goes away out upon the air in balloons. The air is a big ocean, and balloons are ships.

Your dear loving SON.

He Will Win Crowns Wherever He Is.

My dear Wife,—I did not speak about the boy before, I was so afraid I should jar the medium with all my emotion to you, and then he would not be able to come. We have to keep the bridge of light pretty steady when a new one is trying to write. I knew, if I wrote one word, I would get the arm to shaking and trembling with our sorrow, and then he would be unable to use it. Now he is pretty strong; and, though we are sorry to have this change, yet for his advancement we must be wise. He will win crowns wherever he is because

he is in earnest. You can do us good, for the little ones hardly know anything about earth or the names of things. They must learn, or they cannot rise to the higher spheres.

DEAR HUSBAND.

Murderers in the Spirit Life Have Certain Colors.

April 23, 1889.

O Mother, Mother,—How kind you are to give me a chance to write a letter! for my soul gets so full and running over with ideas and things I learn. And then so much sympathy I feel for you that I can hardly sleep at night. I want to talk so; and so I use the medium's tongue, and every chance I get I peep out to find you. I could write a whole week, I think, if I told you all I do and all I learn. The earth is very much folded into heaven on these Easter days, and so I feel nearer than ever to the home and to the duties where I had begun and where I often go now. I think the power of thought brings the earth up, or perhaps it is the foaming of the sap in the ground. Yes, the control says I am right. The sap is like a fire, and in its struggle to rise it makes a great uplifting, and this uplifting is called Easter. So I have been very near in this great golden light over all the country, and it has been a comfort to me and to you.

Presence is good, but I needed a place to get my word in also. Father and I have been up into many spheres or countries, and it is the same as on earth in going from England to France, or the Islands, only I notice there is a more orderly grade of being. The poets love to have a country, and the artists are sphered, and the physicians also. This is for the purposes of consultation and growth of thought, for there is no quarreling for position here, no one being pompous above another. The one who has the better sense begins to shine in the eyes, on the brow, and on the chest and hands; and over this shining he has no control. It comes by godliness, and so this color light is the purpose work-

ing to the surface, and showing who is nearer to the fulfillment of the divine law than another. No one here seeks for gold, but only for the glory of shining, that they may take high places in the heavens, and become of use in the grand building of the mind powers. O mother, life has more meaning than I thought; and, as I study and work, I find there is no end to advancement. If it could have been so, I would have stayed with you; and I do not believe I should have been vain and pompous. But we cannot tell how money hardens the affections. Money is a thing of earth, and to possess earth is a tendency to become as a part of earth.

But I think my spirit would always have had some shining, because of my dear, loving mother. That would have kept me always true. And now it keeps me true, for with every honor I gain and every praiseful word, I feel my heart is with you and with my dear loved one. I would I could speak more to her. She waited so, and it seemed in vain; but nothing is in vain. All the past endeavor for me is not lost by death. Oh, no, no; for here it lifts me, as I told you, as the Easter light lifted the earth. My work is with those who are born in this lower sphere lying next to earth. Many physicians work with me, for the body of spirit is never born even so well as a babe into earth. The habits have made gray magnetisms, and low pleasures have made the organs so coiled with the taints of earth that I must call some parts very rotten, and all has to be purified by electrical methods. You know there are degrees of thickness of ice, of candy, of snow, of mineral, of anything which crystallizes and reforms. So with the peculiar protoplasmic vapor of the inner man, which moves along the nerves, almost a part of them and yet separate. And these thicknesses of man can be moderated or orderly arranged by electricity. Once I read that some scientist could almost weigh the amount of electricity needed for a joy or an exaltation and the amount taken away for a sorrow or depression. This comes into a truth over here, where nice calculations are

made by men of wisdom. And so a murderer born into spirit is suffused by certain colors, as foliage is suffused by green, or a rose by pink; and, according to the amount and stated vibration, his soul casts off the murderous qualities and becomes in a brighter and fairer condition. The reason of all sin and doubt is lack or excess of electricity, being out of vibration, or harmony with the pulse of nature; for there is a standard pulse for harmony, else there could be no God in it.

God, in order to be in his creations, must be a standard God, and not changeable. Don't you say so? Well, dear mother, I must let father say a word, though I could write a month. Tell my dear love I send a kiss, sweet as the new dandelions I see coming upon the earth; and to you, my dear mother, my kisses are as royal purple of violets. I am with you in the twilight hours and on the Sabbath days, and always I save my thoughts to write to you.

Your loving SON.

He is Not Working in Vain.

My dear Wife,—I am so glad to say one word, for it brightens the line of affection between us, and gives me truth to know I am not working in vain; for I think our light comes over to you, and I know yours does to us. I cannot work with so much energy as our darling son, but I have pride in all he does. I am sure you will forgive anything in the past that was not right. I wish I had been stronger.

DEAR HUSBAND.

Feels that God Has Given Him a Good Place.

April 26, 1889.

My precious Mother,—I bound to your side as fast as when I came home from study. Oh, how I used to almost run to get to you and my dear one! And now when I hear the small bell of call tingle for me at some gate, oh, how I bound away down the

air, till it seems as if I was out of breath! I come to you at home also, but the gates mean expression, and so I hurry more. The more I examine the ways of this world called heaven, I feel that God has given me a good place, where I can reap more honor and do more good than upon the earth. If I could only have you up here with me! But I must not be selfish, and want all the good things. And so near these letters make me feel; it is as if you were with me, listening to all I tell you and being happy with me. And so much I need the knowledge of the law as upon earth, and in material things that come with your call is as a first book of science to me. I did not understand the forces of the universe expressed in every plant or mineral as much as I do now. You see that by coming to mediums I am able to become as flesh for a time, and so on the self-plane of roots and bark and all things where we made extracts. So you are of much assistance to me as well as to the class of students in our college. To know the power of electricity through all earthly forms is a comparison which gives us progressive sense. If you come out of the body state into your soul state, which I know you can do in inspired moments, you really do see me and hear my voice and know that I am with you in soul light and love. I find that some forms are charged with a great amount of potassium, some are charged with iron, some with aluminum, some with gold; so, if chemically examined, we could almost say an iron man or a gold man. These molecules give a certain condition of case to hold the soul; and, being linked in with the deposit of the vapor body, the same result comes over here. The doctors are quick to discover this elemental constitution and to adapt the exact restorative to it to bring it more into harmony. A mineral-bodied man with lung troubles must become more dissoluble or brought more out of the hard, tough composition into growth of vegetation quality. A tree, now, in the trunk brings up pounds of clay, but the limbs or lungs of it are taught to vegetate and grow. On the contrary, into a weak sand body, with no iron or gold, we intro-

duce the mineral element, and so raise it from a mortalized condition to a really fine spirit-sheathed vehicle.

But it does make a great difference whether these vehicles are properly cased, being mineralized and vegetized, not animalized. Animalized bodies are scarce worth the attendance of doctors, and it is the hardest work I ever saw to trinitize them and make them as combinations of the kingdoms. I find, mother, that every organ is a meaning. I can see the lungs mean liberty; therefore, when tubercles or any bacteria set in upon them and eat away the cell life, we must do what we can to make the power of liberty in them.

They seem to me to be able to expand into their own truth, only give them time in progress. Now the aorta and vena-cava, how they represent the great rivers of electricity and magnetism or the outflow and the inflow of power streams which I see as I come through the abounding space! And the glands are as the sacs of curious fluid which float around the earth, so I am sure that it is of great consequence that every organ is kept in proper order, fulfilling its highest and doing its grandest purpose; for, as the soul goes on and rises to the seventh sphere, the outcome or ripeness of organs will be in powers. The heart must be charity in its most beautiful sense, and I dare say it will be as the Father's house. For into this house or kingdom, it is said, all shall gather. Oh, such a measureless thought as comes to me sometimes! It seems as if I were as large as a mountain, and so full of faith. Dear mother, in all this great shining I would never be happy but for you. To think I left you was sorrow, but to know that I can tell you every step of my progress is glory. And to her I loved, oh, carry her a kiss, the sweet fulfillment of my love. To you, dear mother, a warm folding in my heart and a soul's white kiss. I want you to be happy. I wish I could send through the gold I see all around me. It would be of value on earth, but

here the word and the truth are more shining. I have deep love for you.

Dear loving son, W.

When in Close Harmony With God.

Oct. 1, 1889.

My own dear precious Mother,—I come to this gate with quick step, for there is nothing I love so well as the loving word to you. The honors and the thought which I gain in these broad schools of spirit are not as dear to me as to feel your sympathy and love and know you approve of all I learn and say. I do come near you every day, especially in the twilight of the Sabbath hour, but I cannot always pass through my thought in an orderly way.

Of course, a lamb or a dog holds protoplasmic cells, but they have a lack of the divine illumination, and so I could not transmit my soul through such sparks; but the human being, especially the female, is particularly adapted to the transference of a refined mind. The protoplasm of the cells is very acute, and carries the sense very perfectly, so this is a fine prism.

Since I met you here where my mind flows through so naturally, I have risen in degree and purpose. I can now work for purpose in five spheres. When I say spheres, I mean departments of science. You know, dear mother, that you can work in two already—as in love and in healing; and so sympathetic is your soul that you will rise into the third sphere even before leaving your body. The soul can become so lofty and useful as to work in the whole scale of spheres, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending. When a soul can work in the whole seven departments that belong to the power of healing, it is in close harmony with what is called God; and those powers within scope of miracle become intelligible and easy to perform.

The wastes will produce the desired results and *vice versa*; a law continually working to produce its

own action. In a roundabout way this is slowly being carried on, as the wastes of the human are absorbed into vegetation, and so return to the human again. The wastes of the mind-light or lost energy ought to follow the same law, and be taught to return through some natural substance and again feed the mind. How shall we use the waste electricity which an insane man throws off so as to return it into mind, thus making it a self-feeding power? I could talk for hours about these new ideas which come to me. The secret of all power is to make a machine feed itself, as the lamps of the ancients, which they find in tombs, used to burn for thousands of years, being constructed on the plan of self-adjustment. The body, the mind, the soul, follow the same law, if they are in health and natural electricity. Our aim is to assist these several departments of forces to do this.

I have found you many times this summer. I do not want you to work too hard. Be careful, dear mother; for, if you suffer in pain, it makes me sad. I often stand on one side of your patients and help you, and your spirit rises and is with me when I labor over these frail ones just rising into shape with all the magnetisms brought over. How to get the fumes of tobacco from the vapor of shape is a great question here. Liquor is not so hard to exterminate from cells as is the sense or habit of tobacco. Oh, if people only knew the discoloration it gives to the flames of the spiritual self, they would try to check its ravages.

It will be a long time before the bodies of the earth will become ripe and whitened, I fear. Meantime there is work for those who know what a good result should be. Work for us all, dear mother.

Your dear son W.

A Thought Shape, a Luminous Shape, Etc.

Nov. 21, 1889.

My dear precious Mother,—I am so glad to get so much nearer by mind than I can get by body. Body

cannot seem to become on the same plane. But mind flows out in love and idea, and mingles in touch; and it is as natural for me to give your spirit self a kiss as it was to kiss your cheek in body. You come out so far, mother, toward me in your shining shape that I forget there is a clay part that calls you back again, so you can act and do duty in it. I sometimes wish the dear angels would cut off the clay from you, and leave the shining, so it could not go back. But when I think of the work we are doing for humanity and the great need there is for building bodies into grand health, so the race can be a prouder and a stronger one, then I must not wish to take you away. Love must wait; and, while it is waiting, oh, let me comfort you. Let us rejoice that there is no separation for mind and all the qualities of the mind, and that the law will treat us all well unless we try to stand upon it or put ours in its place.

There is nothing that moves so orderly, noiselessly, and yet firmly, as law which has a foundation in love and justice. I did rebel most dreadfully, dear mother, when first I came here. I knew how you had worked that I might have knowledge. I knew where all the money went, and it seemed I must go back to earth and fulfill the way we planned. But a guide said, "If you return Celestial light to your dear mother, is it not more than as if you lived to return money?" "Besides," said the guide, "the two can always do duty better than one, and with you in the worlds of light and the mother among the roots there can be great growth for the outcome and unfoldment of better and firmer bodies."

Then I looked at the frail vapor which came out at death, and tried to be soul, and form into spiritual body; and I saw the work which lay between us and the immense purpose to be gained, and so I knew that the wise angels had planned well. I see that all we learn upon earth can never be lost, but amounts to more here than ever it could among the multitude being born into flesh; for here are

the higher laws. I would have to pass this experience to gain them, as you have. But, after being transferred to the higher clime, I can realize the law, as if I had been through a long life. Ideas come to me quickly. I seem to have your humanity and father's idea of storage and order all at once. I have this day taken the area of hearing above the ear from the brain of a new-born spirit, while she lay sleeping, and straightened the cells and small vessels and arranged it naturally, thus restoring hearing for the spirit. On earth this child was growing deaf, and would have passed a lonely life. Every area of sense can be removed by itself without affecting other areas, and carefully arranged. If I take away the sight area, which belongs in the back of the head just above the medulla, there can be no recognition by sight, but by sound the patient would know. When I return the sight cells, again comes the vision. All this is going to descend upon the earth, and soon there will be a taking in pieces every part of the body, as if it was a watch, and healing all the mainsprings. There are seven bodies, each capable of separation. Body is a machine with cogs and bands, and in time will be understood as such. There is no use getting too much love in a body. People must learn to love soul, and then there will never be loss by death. I know you loved my soul-self. I wonder if my other darling loved my soul and not the body, or cannot she think of me as existing only in that one. I find I have many shapes: a thought shape, a fancy shape, a luminous shape, a spirit shape, which I am now in as I stand here. I think that, when God came in a burning bush, it must have been in a luminous self; for God must have an immensity of shapes if he is in all things.

I must think of you in the money way, dear mother. I hate to see the old home standing alone so. And still we are making a new home in spheres, and we have so much duty that we cannot stay there. I think, perhaps, it would be as well to let it go; for I see so many farms all over the States

forsaken, as is ours. I do not want to see you working all your days; and yet you love your work, and it is the doing good that comforts you. You could not live there and feel so alone. I think it would let for an asylum. There is coming need for more asylums in the country places, more homes for the ones worn out in mind, and ours is a good place for that, especially in the summer time. If I can see any chance for sale or father can, we shall impress you. Meantime do not hurry in your work. Take all things as easy as possible, and in many material ways we can help you. Father is always thinking about things to do; and, since I came, he is more eager than ever. He feels that you are so lonesome. But, remember, vision is not everything; for, though you cannot see us on account of the depression of air, yet you know that we will not go far away, but will keep near to earth where we rouse the condition of bodies. There is never a night but I come to you, unless I must stay with a patient, and help it form out of the vapor coil in which it came over. Some bodies of spirit form as the stream of fire comes forth from the head. Others are brought up in coil or egg, and unfolded in the hospitals in the first heaven, or world, which is as the border land.

And so, dear mother, keep courage, for I love you.

Your son, W.

Pains and Grief and White Joy.

Jan. 22, 1890.

O dear and loving Mother,—How shall I write fast enough to tell you of my love and watchfulness over you, and how hard I try to lift you up from so much worry and ill conditions of those around you! But the guide says I must let you alone in duty, for you have missions which no one else can fulfill. At first I rebelled, and said, "Oh, let me lift my mother out of labor, as I had intended to do with beautiful money which I might earn." But the guide said: "O youth, the ways of God are best.

You will have a ripened and glorious mother." And so, dear mother, I must trust in the guide, and through him to God; for, although there are pains and sorrows along the way, yet, if they are needs to you, I must be willing. I have no right to say that pains and grief are not sent by the same law which sends white joys; for I have seen mortals come through deep sharp pangs into blessed bright ways, the very pang being as a birth to the shining. These guides always answer me, when I feel rebellious, that I could not have stayed and earned money. It seemed to me there was nothing as good as placing you where it would be sure reward for all you had done for me. But all that I can do here for your pride and your happiness, oh, how well you know I will do! And the guide says, "Here is the place to build the new home, and the restful way for mother." I know my dear one whom I loved missed me and was sore in heart; but the world is open to her, and she must not go on without some other love. But for you, mother, there is no one but father and me.

But now let us lift up over the separation and all the veils of sadness, and talk more cheerfully and brightly; for now we are sure of a long eternity with time enough for labor and for pleasure. Why should we build in gray, sad magnetism? The fact that I can approach you in spirit—in some one of the grades of ether—is sweet to me. I know I am not out in oxygen because that body adapted to that state of air is laid away. But, mother, you loved all the seven bodies which were in me; and, as one after another is left and laid away, I am sure you will love even the last one which will be be born in the seventh sphere, and contain all the lighted powers as organs. I say last one, but the guide says, "Do not say this, because you know no end, or where a last one may be." Of course, of one thing I am quite certain, and that is that I need not reincarnate in the flesh again in order to rise as a better spirit. Your love and wise counsel and the obeying of the great law, "Know thyself," has kept me from living through another flesh form;

but I see many returning because of lack of magnetic body to hold the soul and carry it onward. I see some idiots progressed as far as the third sphere who did not return into flesh, but the guide says "they were born into earth by the real love principle, and this carries them on, where the sense will suddenly break through after shedding the effect of earth life. I see some very intellectual ones who held high place on earth by money who could not hold the fine body in form over here, and so fell back. The guide said they had intellect only, with morbid self-praise and no love or care for humanity; and these are forces which will not progress. I see very plainly that all the body organs are simply coils of substance for some particular quality of power; and, unless they are filled in sufficiency to become ethereal, the weight sinks the whole body back into earth to re-live. To have intellect alone is dangerous. To have self-praise with no need of sacrifice is also dangerous.

Love is the grand power of progression; and by love, of course, I mean that pure white holiness which gives up everything for the blessedness of another. You had it, mother, and in me it is planted. I have now time and sense enough to cultivate it, for I see no other path toward the future. I have learned some things that I did not know, and I told you one,—that the uvula is a storage battery for the next body. Mine has now come into a tongue, not so heavy as in the first body, but with a higher papillae adapted for fruit taste. Adaptations lie all over the earth body as little seeds or preparations for the higher result. Darwin called them relics of the animal age. But not so. Just as the tree prepares the next spring in leaves in a small coil under the axil leaf, and thus deposits a quick worthy sap, so the old body has little coils all ready for the new spring of existence. The ganglia are these coils for nerve life, so as to rouse the new body into activity before even the cell work is completed, knowing activity is her own weaver. I think, mother dear, if all or only a few necessary compounds of the man-body were deposited in a forest

—a sort of nucleus of formation with the ganglia in motion,—that in a little time the whole body as a thing of flesh would work itself out into materiality on the low grade of spirit condition; for I notice at death that nature draws or relieves the fire of the ganglia first and all the lines of sensation in light which were running down the nerves. It looks like white sea-weed, very light and airy and fragile, and rises in air. It is like this: a veil of shining which is scarcely substance, because of its white fire. This is carried up by the healing spirits. But so active is it that it begins to spin its membrane or structure before it reaches even the first heaven of condition. Sometimes it lies for weeks and years in embryo of only nerve light. Flesh is never carried over. It is spun by activity of soul. But a soul is mighty to spin when the conscious will and love and longing is in it. It is not quite like a babe in the womb, that does not know conscious activity. Of course, I did not realize the activity I passed through; but, since I became properly in shape and began to labor in mind, I have observed pretty carefully all points belonging to the bodies which convey souls on the way of the spheres. I don't wonder the old philosopher said, "Know thyself." And so, mother, I am trying to form ideas to send into earth; for, young as I am, I do see that the doctors do not fully understand the potency of the fires of the body. There is a vast immensity to all and a something to be unfolded of which very little has yet descended into earth. But still the surgeons are receiving wonderful ideas and working them out.

The human body is the key to all knowledge.—Read them to all those interested and dear to us. Some may not believe, and some scoff. When you feel it as a need in your heart, why, read. I am not afraid, because I know I am right. I can see in higher light, and the body of earth is dark. It is a holy and beautiful study; and all, from a grain of sand to the brightest ray of God, is folded in it.

WADSWORTH.

Feb. 12, 1890.

O my precious Mother,—Indeed, the children called you jewel, and so you are. For is not a mother's love a priceless jewel, and one which ever shines through all troubles and all happiness? And if so carefully your spirit could watch over and shine through me while here, oh, how much keener and more penetrating it is through these curious little earth conditions, which seem to be separations, but are not! Mind can leap over or through anything, as nothing in space can be as an obstacle to mind. It wills itself to the one it loves. When I was sick on earth, I could feel your mind just as supporting as your hand, and all the way through the new formation I felt it. It has never left me. I feel it always, for the true sensations never leave us. So thankful I am that we have found a bridge for mind. If I had made form in the office, as what is called a luminous self, I should never be so satisfied as I am to come here and say things to let my mind into earth and with understanding of these new laws. I could not go on but for your love. Father said he could not have gone on but that he was led back to help us as well as his strength would permit. Why, it is a lonesome feeling to come out of the first body and enter a new country. And many still insist that there is no return to earth. The isms do come over with the soul, and there are plenty here who say that no one comes back. I said to a minister who was discouraging the people here that a true God-law must work both ways, else it was not a law. If people can ascend, they can descend, else there is a one-sided law; and God is a wholeness, else he is nothing. The minister said there was no going back, and he had everyone in his church folded in darkness. When I burst in my cheerful words, many arose and came out of church, and followed me down to this gate, where I described the white nerves as materialized electricity or a peculiar light which branched through the body and carried sensation and message out into words. Some of them are here to-

day watching me write. They see my pink blood-fire spring out, and attach to the fire from the medium's white nerve cords, and then press along into type. Just as when on earth my sense went down on my own white nerves and out into my fingers, and then into words. Why, it is a natural process. Frogs will circulate for hours after their heads are off. So you see sensation is naturally attracted to nerve, and will twine around the medium's cords as well as it did mine. There is nothing like seeing how a thing is done. And, when the ignorant people are taught more about their bodies and the proper way of every ligament and tendon, valve and cell, they will understand the relation between mind and matter. Matter is the light of mind in a tougher condition.

The rock, the flower, the white nerve, is as much light as are the rays of the sun, carbon, or electricity, only they are polarized, and held in position, as rails for the swifter and higher powers to use. All the parts of a worm are its conditioned power, while its activity works along it. I explained all this, and by your help I relieve many sad spirits of doubts about return. Oh, there are countless millions waiting to find friends and converse with them, just as there are millions of Chinamen on earth called heathen. But see how quick they come to America when the way is opened! Just as quick will spirits come. I attend the lectures of the higher faculty in the fifth country, and those who really love to understand are quickly promoted. I guess they see I was born with the love of healing and the sense to understand parts of the body and their adjustment to each other, don't you? There are many doctors here who have to make descent so as to learn more about the silent power which controls things. I know a great deal of these powers by your intuition. A mother can always teach by her love. I have no need to examine bodies in earth; but, when the spirit body is making itself anew, I have to watch carefully so as to assist it into birth. I watched one coming from the envelope or white

membrane which covered it after it slipped from the mass of flesh below. It reminded me of the chicks that used to break shell in yards out home. The one I saw stood naked and stiff as a statue, and cold. The doctors took some strong Eastern perfume and touched the nostrils. The eyes, which had been set as at death, began to move, the lids closed down, the jaw came together, and a quiver came over the whole new frame, which seemed as satin and was perfectly white. For half an hour it remained in this condition; and, as pink perfumes were breathed, the pink color flashed over. Then all of a sudden there came a naturalness, and the soul was born, the body well formed, and the spirit said, "Am I dead?" No, I said, my friend Henry, you are fully alive, more alive than ever before.

I must give father a chance, although he says he is living through me to you, and you may be sure he will take care of me; and then he adds that I am able to make a world for myself. I have looked over the mixture we have sometimes thought of, and I mean to see sometime what it needs for perfection. Oh, there are wonderful lessons here. When things go beyond us, we must make the best of it. Ways will open for you; for we are always making ways by our will, and there is a law for all who are in some purposeful work. Ways open which one does not think of, if the trust is given. You have good guides, and stronger than I am to bring events. I am not an event angel, but I can enlist their sympathies. They always listen, and go to any need.

Your dear son,

WADSWORTH.

Some Souls Vibrate With Great Intensity.

March 9, 1890.

My darling and loving Mother,—The great joy that comes to me when I can write to you is greater than I can tell you on paper, unless I could cover it with a golden ruby rainbow, and even it would not express half the wealth of delight which beats in me

to write, or to come silently into your meditations at home or in the office home; for, whenever or wherever I can feel that you are knowing what I say, then indeed I am happy, and I also hear you whether you speak aloud or not. Oh, many times, when you walk the floor, and say, "Oh, my son, my precious boy, come to me!" why, I come, mother, as quick as the wind blows, and I give you the heartiest kiss that is in my soul to give. You may be sure, mother, that the plan angels who are always near earth will do about right, and they can see ahead much farther than I can. You have only to go quietly on doing duty. I find ways are told to us; even in my short life here on earth I can see I was told things. My going away was not a chance: it was a well-ordered plan. And, if you keep in harmony with the laws of life and do not worry, there are ways sent or ordered to take my place, or father's place, perhaps better than we should ever have done. I am glad that I took up some of father's work before I came, else I would feel as though I had been selfish; but I tried hard to do well and help myself to position, but neither you nor I knew that I was fitting for yet higher position. But certainly this is higher, and in every way full of honor, as naught on earth could ever be. The purpose of physicians is strictly carried forth here, and those who work for the pure love of making bodies a true vehicle for soul are honored. Your example and all your teaching made me love my work; and so every day I gain confidence and approval of the faculty in our large hospitals and colleges here. There is almost more than we can do because so few are the real true doctors who work in truth and not for money. Money was good on earth, and needful; but here, where the food grows and the garments are provided and houses are the results of your own light, there is not so much need of money as of honor and power. To gain position in doing the real good becomes more noble than to strike for high salary. I know doctors on this earth who, after they get a certain salary, have

not so very much care about building up a body. And I also know those who will take the first honors here by merit. I notice that the spirit body, when it first comes over as a mass of vaporish substance, emits certain flames or coruscations of light, as on earth I have seen glow-worms or many kinds of fish do. These are the rate of vibration which that spirit has obtained in soul color. Souls are as suns. They vibrate with intensity or they have low motion, according as they have absorbed magnetism of earth and so caught light. So there are red souls and golden souls and violet souls, which shine in these masses of substance born over and not yet shaped. And, according to their color they shape quickly or they lie in embryo. So I have now learned by a glance whether to begin to assist in forming them or to roll them in chemically, as the spider does the mass of eggs in a silken bag to wait until ripe. When I see a red nebulae risen into the dead-house I was going to say, but I mean the reception hall, I know the spirit in it was earthy and had imbibed clay magnetisms. I touch its pulse, which is all over it, and judge it has enough latent aspiration to begin to spray out a head or brains. If so, I begin a series of small and continuous taps with my hand, until I find where the pulse is the highest; for this is always the head. I then treat this point chemically with certain mixtures, and gradually the head appears, precisely as if from a foetus, although the hair is as a thin fringe of silk. Other doctors now approach, and it takes us sometimes two days to turn the substance into shape, so folded up was it in earth. It is astonishing to me that anybody ever unravels. They get so trailed in with odd streaks of belief and melancholy and fear and sin. Every one of them deposits a certain color or cell, and remains as so much sap or light in crevices of the physical body. I have seen bodies folded geometrically, and I know that these souls have lived in harmony, for they unfold in order. First, the violet light of royalty, or the tip of the brain, then the golden sense organs, then the blues

and pinks, lastly reds. With the snarl of a drunkard the head comes under dark gray and decaying lights, making all the poles of his vapor in smoke or fog. A well folded man is geometric and represents a round life, and power connects the points of being as petals; and so, of course, I can unfold it as easily as you can a rose and bring the head straight up, and the body follows and thickens. I tell you these things so you can teach the necessity of forming clear lines of magnetism and action of life. The following of the truth and doing the best the judgment knows how is the proper winding of the spirit body. I was wound very well, mother, thanks to your bringing up, and so I came to life very quickly, with very few snarls about me. There is more work over here than in the earth, because of this non-building and not knowing. I love dearly to have you know what I am doing and how dearly I love to carry out all you have taught me and all that I learned at school. I am not sorry that I came here, but I have such longings that you, too, shall know about these countries and these laws as they are. I have not only duty in the lower sphere, but pleasure in the higher ones; and, knowing that I carry your sympathy in your heart, I can now go up into the white halls and pretty homes to try and be somewhat happy, but always thinking, What will mother say? Father is here to-day, but he says, "Wadsworth, you can tell all I want to mother, and give her my best love." I also see grandmother and uncle and many others whom I knew among the boys. There are new acquaintances and wise ones with whom I study in these halls. We have one game of motions, which is curious and interesting, and deals with electricity in its many grades. We also practice what is called buoyancy of form, so we can float far out in air without support of ship or anchor. This is becoming independent as a self, and the more a spirit depends on the power inside of itself and not outside, the more it develops the natural independence; for in every man, woman, and child, there is that

folded wonderfulness which will give it immense rule over all things, or, as Christ says, "dominion over all things." Oh, the worlds here are not as earth in a religious view. There is more oneness of belief after the habit of earth is outgrown. A Methodist insists there is a hell and devil, and for a long time goes about with expectancy of seeing the burning souls, thinking all are false but himself. It is in the rising where they outlive this sense, and so, you see, if I unfold bodies well and discard the dirty magnetisms which cling to them, they have more chance than ever. A doctor is as much and more of a savior than a parson.

I think uncle can come to you soon. He has had to outlive some of his ideas, I think. Father has a white gypsum house building for you, and ornamented with pink gems. It is these which little sister brings sometimes to get them full of your light, so father can set them in order for you. These are then very dear to the children, as they sometimes hold your picture. Be in peace, dear mother, for the sunshine of my love is around you.

WADSWORTH.

Now In the School of the Fifth Sphere.

April 2, 1890.

My own dear, true Mother,—I am glad to come and write after little sisters, for they have a beautiful pleasant light which soothes me. They are so innocent and pure. They know very little about earth, and I surprise them with some things I explain. They were angels of the beauty and grace spheres when I came, but now they follow me into laboratories of science, and have quite a tact in learning about compounds and elements and gases, and fire and spirit, and the facts of earth. It amuses me to hear them tell about the cycle when they do not know what it is. I myself hardly know, only that certain seeds of powers which are left by adepts culminate and work into action among the people; and this gives a rise or lift to mind all through

the kingdoms, not only in earth, but in the next sphere, and the next. So there is constant progression in knowledge; and by and by what is now the lower mortal law will burst as a flower into the higher sense. Well, precious mother, my love for you underlies the cycle, and rises into more and more tenderness and pride and praise for all the roots you gave me. If I never had the roots of powers implanted in me, how could I know what the schools are thinking of here and trying to introduce upon earth? The more I see, the more I believe Tennyson's little poem: "Little flower so blue, if I knew thee from stem to petal tip, I should know God and every sense of heaven." Something like that, do you remember it? To know the body and all the strange organs and veins and wonderful adaptations is to know the whole kingdom; for whatever is carried on in one small world is the same law in the larger and unseen. And I find that all studies have relations one to another, and that chemistry has an outlet into philosophy and again into astronomy and science; and, by taking up one branch and letting loose the feelers of the soul, one can gradually get the whole. And so it simplifies the idea of God having so many things. He uses the same thing in various aspects, and by turning over or thickening up an atom it seems to change shapes.

I am now in the school of the fifth sphere, and am studying adaptations of one power to another. Of course, we come down to the hospitals near earth, often into earth, when dissection is in view, so as to get the compilation of the cells or the one thing produced from another. I must say it astonishes me to see the foldings of substances in bodies which are to be used in the future. There must have been a mind with a far look ahead who contrived the growth of material. The brain has many feet of convolutions which have never been used by cell formation, and there would not be time in an adult life to use them, so this is a preparation for future use in these worlds. The many glands and nerve

ganglia are storages for the future body, and all those ovaries produce toward the idea. They seem perverse on the earth, and change action into births of greater rising energy instead of flowing into earth as children. Many traits seem perverse, and what I did see in old bodies with tendencies toward earth now turns and fills with new action and seems to find place in energy for mind. I have seen many spirits who are able to begin to use their hearts on the outside as immense batteries for assisting the million weak ones who linger along the way, discouraged and half born; and also use their lungs for flight; and once I saw a very able form send forth the nerve body in white tendrils, tall and curling, until every disk lighted, and he was as a sun. The most curious transformation that it is possible to conceive can be made by angels who have passed the sixth sphere. All below this the organ is considered highest, but after the sixth sense there is the powers which the organ represented, which is considered and used. You see on this earth the body is fearfully condensed and inferior, working slowly and in the dark up into its fulness. Why, if a mortal could realize the future glory of every organ as the power in it is revealed, he would try to save every one, so as to become an angel of light; and the potency of the future is as the meat in a nut. As you would never dream that an oak tree was condensed as an acorn, so people do not dream of the vast and beautiful light and color beings they can make after the scales drop, and the use of the organs is seen. It frightens me, mother, when I think of it all; and, if I could not love and tell you, and lay my head on your shoulder in our home, I should die again of seeing so many wonders of the great study I took up. So, see the necessity of saving organs and nerves and capillaries and veins and all that is the underlying seed of the golden angel. It takes long to learn it; but I was shown the outcome by these schools.

With your light I see things. With your love

around me I feel bold to know and explore, and have courage to help these millions who abuse organs, who cough their lungs out so they cannot fly, and who embitter their lives so they cannot enter the great loving sphere, and some have to return to earth and stay near. Some live on islands, and some are in elemental forms. Some day I must give you a chapter about these elementaries and elementals, for I see them as I cross the air, and, as far as I can find out, they are remnants of angels who, in trying to make descent, only went to certain distances, and now are neither mortals nor yet angels. The question is, What are they? The air is as full of curious bodies as is the ocean on earth, —forms of all descriptions. Well, I must not write too long. Father sends love, and says, Wadsworth can say it all in better style than I can. Says he wants to write about his work sometime. Father is interested in the industries. and in the berries and fruit, which are necessary; and he helps me in electricity, only he does not quite know as you did about it.

Now, dear mother, keep good courage, and know I am with you in every interest and every study.

Your son, WADSWORTH.

It is Lovely to Learn.

Oh, strange things I see and hear, but, by what you taught me all along, and by my own tact, I form judgments of what certain parts of the body are foreordained to, as use or beauty. Now teeth, after they stop chewing blood-meat, become more accustomed to fruit in all its variety of softness or hardness, and the bone gradually gives way to a fine enamel, a touch of which is already over the teeth of earth, as you know; and, as the spirit progresses, these enamel teeth are ornamental as well as useful, and represent some power which will come to light in the seventh degree of spirit, but as yet I know not what. It is lovely to learn, but lovelier to tell

you. I shall rest sweet to-night for your sympathy.

WADSWORTH.

Every Cell of the Brain is as a Piano Key.

April 19, 1890.

O dear, loving Mother,—How glad I am that father came first! for he always puts me ahead, and so I have to take all the benefits when I want him to have some, too. And it is a real help to come to earth, and get your mind light, for it is such love and sympathy for us; and, when you know we are watching and caring for you, you are never so lonely. Yes, as father says, we are out of the old and in the new. And, as you work by intuition, so you are the same as out of body. I am eager to gain honor, but father is cool and content, and seems to love quiet hours by himself, and sits on the piazza of our snug home in the third sphere, and says, "I wish mother was here." I tell him I only left you an hour ago, and you had given help to many, and, therefore, it would not do to take you up. Besides, I have much to gain from earth in comparing bark and gums and all kinds of fluid and vapors. Chemistry is on the earth as well as here. The reason the children did not grow into young ladies was because they did not have the mother love close to them, although there are many spirits who have care and tenderness; but those little sisters had no urging to grow, and they were sometimes brought as babes to you, and so held to what mother love they could get until it got to be a habit to keep small. But now we have received impulse from you, and I have placed them in school for mind power. I entered your mind while I lived as you know, and, as I can grasp it now, why, I shall always grow and expand physically and mentally; and father has no need to grow more because he is one of the content spirits and a home body, so always he arranges and beautifies and keeps order in whatever house we are in. All kinds of spirits are necessary to fulfill a work and carry it out, as what would I

have done on earth if you had not assisted me; and the old house, half of it is as my education, it represents the nut of it. I often see uncle, and he is in high state here; and I receive much from him in things I have not yet reached. He is trying to introduce the treatment of the brain in parts; as the motor surface or the sensor surface, as adapted to a limb. Every cell of the brain is as a piano key to some part of the music of the body, and by turning the scalp skin a little and passing over the key, at the same time touching the body at the point of disease, gives a response. Thus, if anything ailed the minor organs, it could be told by the tender state of the key. Besides, the insanity cures come in under this law. Uncle often goes down to cure those who rise with twisted magnetisms, taking out the brain part before the spirit has fully formed, and cleaning it as you would a watch. If I was on the earth, I should propose this for insane cases. It will be done here.

I often come to you, always when you feel alone. I can't bear my mother should feel I am in the ground, and could not come at her call. That is not like a son, is it?

Father is always asking, "Have you seen mother?" I have duties only so many hours. It is not always run, run, as with the doctors down here, but special hours for each, and then pleasure or visit, or whatever we choose. I have the microscope ever to direct me, and I find on earth and near earth and in air many strange specimens of forms. It is mighty easy to believe that protoplasm has enlarged into shapes as the uprising of the soul pressed it, and then again there is a belief also in the descent of the Celestial into matter, and the spreading out of the spiritual protoplasm into animals and insects. The law works both ways, you see. There is no law unless it responds. If there is a going up of evolution, there is a descent by involution, and thus a ringed power. You see how cold is always chasing heat, and heat always chasing cold, so they are eternally ringed, like the symbol of the old serpent swallowing its

own tail which the Egyptians had. So I think, when you see a ring coming, you can be sure the whole law is made. You have those who come to assist you and infill you with the proper grade of electricity; but I told you, mother, you are so intuitional yourself that you can absorb directly from that great power ever floating and living in the air, without need of guides. Your spirit has inner sense itself, which is given to some. I often draw you up so to assist in the work of serving those born here.

WADSWORTH.

May 1, 1890.

My own true loving Mother,—Oh, do you know how glad I am to be certain I have not lost you? Why, we are all as eager to open gates into earth as many mortals are to hear from this side. We are trying in every conceivable place where to find a sensitive, and through flowers and crystals and all things which hold love and wave inward toward the spirit; and so sweet it is to know that our minds are not separated by death that it gives me a higher and more noble purpose than I had on earth. I feel, too, how much I owe you for all your self-sacrifice that I might have power of mind, and determine every day by all the glory that comes to me to repay you by gaining the honors which you always coveted for me. I am, therefore, in the higher schools, studying both the experience of other minds as well as the comparisons of one world with another, the same as the French come to America to study her schools of medicine or the Americans go to Germany to learn their methods. The schools here have greater insight into the relations of mind with body. These schools with their varying degrees are embodiments of certain qualities, another in order; also in hope, in beauty, in art; schools to understand the gray substance of the brain or the white substance. Physicians do not study a body as a whole here until they have first entered the separate schools and studied in parts, as the ten-

dons and what quality they represent, as the valves and their quality, and so on. Each school thus sends forth a certain force or magnetic degree or influence which is first composed of small suns or balls of energy. A college on earth sends forth these electric balls as so much mind power over and above what centered in the pupils. These balls I will call elementals or condensed power of mind ready for action. These balls are continually floating in the air in accord with their ability to rise, either into ether toward heaven or nearer to earth. Elementals are small suns or bundles of mind force, which form in colleges or schools or wherever the cells of atmosphere are ready for storage; and, mother, you note sometimes that two or three wise men will come to a like conclusion, although living far apart, or two men will give the world a like idea and then quarrel for the honor. Well this is because an elemental ball or organ congregated mind stuff has lodged in each brain, that brain being adaptable. In ancient Rome the elemental forces were affinitized in the forms of design and figured beauty of outline. Hence came sculpture and architecture in lovely forms. The whole nation seemed to be susceptible to these elementals, and so these forces entered being and made descent into matter as shape. In our schools, where mind is keener and more searching, having passed through death's dread and found assurance that is worth the progress, these elementals, suns, or organs of force, are of finer sense than from the schools of earth; and many are sent into lower spheres and enter earth minds. Yet, if the heavens give, they also receive; for from earth schools or churches or Christian associations are formed very potent balls of soul fire which cannot stay near earth, but rise to highest spheres. Thus by the electrical elements or little shocks of mind there is a constant ring of the eternal law to give and receive for ever and ever. When a mother rocks her child, prays for it, watches it, broods it, as you did me, her soul force is not lost: it rises in a love elemental, or elements which her nature

forms. You see at once they are soft and gentle fires, and not like the bombs of pyrotechnics of science. Yet these also arise and are received by the love sphere angels, and through these a power is laid up as treasure for the child. I found your elementals of love ready to help me. Now let us prove this in the world where the mortal sees, and in accord with the measure of sight gives. The steam rises from a kettle (if we suppose the kettle with its moving water to be the school, all studying and using mind sap), and this vapor soon settles on the wall or pane; and the first natural thing it does is to gather into drops. These are elementals or forces rising from the school of water. A drop may be an individual mind, but, flowing together, these mingle in one stream; and, if this stream could be enlarged, it would turn a mill or make move a thousand wheels in orbits or belts. Now all this we see with physical eyes; but mind vapor rising from the concentration of a thousand pupils we do not exactly see, unless by feeling we can get sight. Nevertheless, this mind power forms into dew, exactly as the water vapor—as you well know, the natural form of electricity is the round bolt—and, after forming, it floats precisely as a cloud of dew does, and is attracted to individual mind if one rises strong enough to conquer it, just as the tip of a mountain will attract a cloud and break it in showers around itself. I have watched your mind attract the balls of soul sun which I send to you from our schools, and you are infilled with a new idea; cannot tell where you got it, but I can see. These balls of force move by law, and no soul can gain them unless itself is prepared. If the lilies close up their cups, there comes no dew. So, if a man's soul or the larger soul of a school closes up with its own dim shadows, how shall the process of electrical giving be carried on? You watch, dear mother, the simple process of flowers, a school of daisies studying together in as far as they are able, and see the balls of fragrance rising in which is so much daisy elemental power, never lost, but float-

ing forth on its mission to insects or perhaps to mortals. I am not a preacher, dear mother, but with your mind in elemental force with mine I seem to be inspired. So, you see, when two lightning bombs of mind combine as one, how much more vivid is the strength! Out from the deep wells of understanding we two might draw and draw forever, and yet there would always come in something new, something wonderful, for one study is linked with another. So by knowing one all the rest are added. Your son,

WADSWORTH.

Sees Spiritual Forms With Wonderful Brightness.

Dear Mother,—I often think of all my friends. I feel separated from them. I insist there is nothing between the worlds but air, and the condition is carried by the soul being under so much flesh and so much habit. Why, I feel a thousand pounds lighter when I go up into the spheres than when I am writing here; but I would wear a diving costume of much heavier weight in order to write to you and get your sympathy. I feel heavy, being surrounded by the air of the earth. Tell A. I have never gone away, only gone farther in toward something bright which I do not yet understand. It is a good country. No Greek nor Latin here. I have seen no particular Jesus. I do see spiritual forms with wonderful brightness and halo. This, I know, is the halo of overcoming griefs and shadows. You have one coming, dear mother. I see it as your spirit rises in the law. Yes, it is the will of the law, as you read it in the word. I often find words for you. I see no God either, but I am sure a someone exists to carry us onward. We are not wise enough to make a good law, and somebody does this. I was told that Christs were sent into all earths so as to carry the trail of truth, else it would be buried under inharmonies. You have no idea of the trail of dust and clay and selfishness

and pollution a man's mind can give, and I suppose it needs many Christs to keep the way open for light.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

There is no Grander Mission than Ours.

May 22, 1890.

My own precious Mother,—How high and holy I hold your spiritual sense this morning, for it made me what I am. The mothers make the sons and help them ever by their untiring zeal. I hope to fulfill your hopes in honor and in becoming a great helper for humanity. When disease is conquered, then sin will go itself; for no one in full health, with body and soul in direct need and supply with the great forces, could possibly sin. Sin is, therefore, lack of health. Do you like this idea, mother? And so the doctors are of much more consequence and held in higher honor here than the ministers; for, if the physicians do their whole duty and the work is accomplished, there will be no use for ministers. These will be relics of the past, as the horses will soon be when electricity takes their places, as is fast coming to earth. Once the world would have thought it could not get on without horses; but, you see, a change brings always as good a thing as it takes away. If the coal gives out and the forests are all cut down, yet something will come for heat and light, and so there is the need in some way provided. I can see things much plainer and clearer in these worlds than I could on earth. It is not because I am a little older, but my mind has more energy. The body does not clog the action of the mind. There seems such immense freedom, and answers to a half-formed question come to me as if by a voice from the unseen. To feel answers here is better than seeing.

My soul seems to be as part of the thing I want to understand. I seem to know how an organ will act on another organ or through the circulation without any dissecting knife. The shape of a heart

gives me at once the peculiar tides of blood that must have swerved along the veins and arteries for generations to make just that shape, just as the tides of the ocean make capes and promontories and inlets. No other flow would have made the heart in its curious shape with its rounds and curves and its point of descent. I was told that every organ was a condensed castle, or temple, or tent, being made ready for the future; for in that higher seventh degree, where all flesh illuminates and becomes power, the inside will be the outside. Now the cells are within us, and crowded with blood and matter passing through. It is as if the crude debris had pushed our beautiful selves within and yet with order, for even mud will become orderly, and give forth the lily; and if these organs are now crushed within, it is not strange that, with penetration of soul, so as to understand them, they may be raised into duties and glory of health, and thus in the seventh degree become tossed outward and enlarged into original powers, and the white spiritual-atomed being occupying it as a palace or mansion. There is no need, then, that we circulate with blood, for the fire in the blood will have taken its place. The aorta will have become a long avenue of light. The auricles and ventricles will shine as chambers, and the valves become doors of gems. I can see how the guide told me rightly. I have, therefore, great honor for every future mansion. I have heart to help them become as truths to fulfill their divine meanings and to grow in light and in all the graces and powers. There is no grander mission than ours. It is surely doing just what Christ said and following his example when he said, "I go to prepare a mansion for you," meaning, I go to show healers how to lighten the condensed castles which have fallen into flesh, or those in the dark half of the life orbit; for life is an eternal pulse flowing along the universal orbit with its high and low tides. I am in one of my inspirations, mother, for I hear from guides, all I learn in these higher schools, and all I feel in myself I am so anxious to tell you. I

want you to see the great purposes from your spirit's view, and not from the close home view which we had on earth. Out of the struggling and privations of the home we will yet have a grand future; for how else can the line of harmony flow than toward desire? So, if we keep harmonious with events, striving for the best, our desires must come. When a machinist works his mind into iron and steel, he is showing his soul and other souls the tide of power and what it is able to do. He is giving the first lesson by things of matter, or pushing power by penetration into close atoms, so as to separate them and let light in. But the fullness of this power he does not himself realize until he withdraws from clay and takes up the finer lessons; and so with every trade or art in the universe. The beginnings have to be on the dark side of earth, working slowly, like a seed, in the dark, and finally bursting into rapid progression. But some stay a long time in the dark, and never obey that pulse which says, "Know thyself." I see very ancient spirits still groping very near earth in borderland spheres, unwilling to receive light, and believing in body as a mass of bloody organs held together by pipes, down which flows the tide of vegetable stuff and out the channels again into vegetation. Thus over and over is a round of material. This belief holds them chained to the lower grade of electricity, and they may be ages more before they will believe. I seemed to bound up into belief; and I truly think, mother, it was because of your belief in Spiritualism. The wise ones were already with us in our home. I did not think enough about it then, but by your beautiful and natural belief you made wide sweeps of light into these worlds; and in these I found quick bounding of hope. I saw at once my work. I knew your eager desire for my career, and I was determined not to disappoint you. I have millions of hills of knowledge to climb; and if I carry your sympathy with me, I shall surely win. Your son,

WADSWORTH.

I have been using my brain force; but well I know, mother, I ought sometimes to come down to heart, and talk of those things that seem so homelike and warm; but I get so excited with all I learn, and you know this seems my first to give.

W.

A Spirit Body Brings Over Many Impurities.

June 19, 1890.

My own precious Mother,—It is of great value to me to be called to earth, for I did not bring enough of material life with me; and it is no use to try to go on unless one learns the alphabet of life. The roots of every power in the universe are here on earth, and doubtless on other earths; and from roots all the heavens grow. And it is necessary for me to keep in the atmosphere down here, as well as in the higher spheres, so as to compare things as we used to in earth. How would we know the lighter gases of hydrogen unless we knew the nitrogen and oxygen? The create is as the uncreate, and all things are in correspondence. Thus by the material we may know the spiritual. I did at first feel so broken off from all my study, and I seemed to have the idea that there could be no more use in studying about veins and bones; for I never thought of an angel having these. I had a dim idea of some white vapor floating softly in air, and singing and praising. It seems to me that the ministers of earth, and even the Bible, give us too ethereal ideas of heaven.

It is a common world, full of practical working, the same as all other countries; and, as we grow in mind, we die into systems of more perfect order and regularity. There is the same examination going on in the hospitals of the first sphere and the same curing of disease, although not in the lower first physical forms. But a spirit body brings over many impurities and many weak spots, and these have to be strengthened and magnetized and brought toward the powers they represent. For one body

may represent a thousand powers, as will, charity, faith, nobility, etc. Bones are only small cords of will, as on earth, and these must be strengthened to represent this power.

Veins are the currents of magnetism and arteries of electricity, and both must be filled purely and regularly, else there can be no harmony. When these two are as one in balance there can be no disease. No body is in exact health unless electricity and magnetism beat as night and day, or as cold and heat, in regular order; for health is a beat of first one, then the other, the two powers or ends of the scale ever rising and falling and trying to become one or balanced. When anybody is attacked with cold diseases, we must try to bring up the other end of the scale or flash the being with magnetism, and so *vice versa*. Sadness and grief and selfishness are cold, and need the warmth. Pride and excessive joy are heats, and often need electric measures. No wonder that nature uses these remedies in order to balance the condition of the government, or even of one soul. Oh, no, souls are never entirely lost after once having individuality. But the question arises, How soon after birth into this earth does individuality begin? This depends a good deal upon heredity and the conditions of conception, and also environment. As soon as a soul begins to deposit spirit by the shining of its qualities, it becomes individualized, but not immortal; for there is a liability that sin may grasp it and eat out all the deposit, as a worm eats a rose. And then that soul, having no spiritual deposit, would sink back into earth to re-form. There are two ways of becoming immortal: either by overcoming the obstacles of life and making deposit of a strong principled self, or by sinking back as a soul seed into earth and back through the animals into chaos, becoming an element, and again starting with all heredity effaced and as almost a new identity. Nothing can ever enter the seventh degree of holiness and become immortal until spirit substance has become secured as deposit sufficient to carry the soul on its journey.

Once across the third sphere and the onward way is sure. You have already made spirit deposit, mother; for your loves are the holiest of all principles, not only to me and father and the little ones, but to all humanity. These are threads which have woven fine mesh of body; and I can see you now in it with shining in your eyes and heart as you talk with me. Feeling becomes sight sometimes. It only requires an intense vibration to make all the senses rise into equal pulse of sight. So that hearing or touch or smell or taste may hold possibilities of becoming sight. Now my longing to hear your voice almost amounts to a wish. I am sure after a time I shall bring my senses into that state which answers the soul. For nothing ought to be over and above a soul. It can conquer sense, and lead it to obey its wish.—I might give as tests, about the shelves in the store and the hurry of some mornings, and our talks together as to how to get along after father went away. I was not conscious then of how hard you were working, I was so eager to get to work. I think, too, of the love I had for her, and yet she does not call me. I think sometimes that possessions weigh on anybody's hands, as I look now at it, although at first I could not bear to have the home sold. But we lived it out as so much need, as I suppose we shall this little earth, although now I think we never could live without it. But the love comes into himself when the dog dies, and so is a part of him. All things material turn into love, and so become a part of us, and thus grow with us, as the food becomes part of our nature.

WADSWORTH.

There are All Classes of Spirits—Music Spirits, Etc.

Sept. 28, 1890.

My own precious Mother,—This preacher tells us all good things. He has been a comfort to me many times since I came over on this side, especially at first when I was so unprepared and astonished to find myself cut off from active labor in the hospitals

of earth. I could not at first become reconciled to the change, and I worried and fretted a long time. Bnt, after I once came to believe there was a way of return and I could again study with you and receive your suggestions and your love, I grew happier. Life seemed brighter and worth the living again; and, as I grew more and more able to return by your call, and saw that I could still do work in the hospitals by mind and could find all my dear ones, I accepted the heaven, and now I think many thousand pounds would not tempt me to return. I have only one wish, which is to have you more at ease, so that you can feel to rest when you choose, and not labor all the time. The guides know how you long and leap in spirit to have all the pains and the tired nerves healed. And when a soul is lighted, as the preacher says, the heat of it is felt in heaven.

And so, dear mother, cheer up and be light hearted, so you can warm and comfort the multitude. I can see now how the principles of hope, charity, healing, and love, and the hundred forces of the soul, can make a body white-hot with their fullness, and thus be en rapport with the great heat of Deity or the central pulse of harmony. Now, if you can only get full of all these principles to a white heat, don't you see your soul, through the body, becomes a magnet of power and all that you desire can be drawn to you?

A soul magnet is the same as a sun: it can call or unfold everything. The power to get things lies in the ability to be a magnet. I am not yet one myself, and I know it is hard, especially on earth, to become one; for there are the colds and heats and pains and losses to contend with, and the rub of other souls' opinions. And so we can only try every minute, overcoming and getting more and more light. You can see how the sisters have become filled with your mother love since the coming to earth by mind impression. They can draw principles belonging to the earth from you, just as the

spider draws the line of ingenuity adown the spider-race and keeps it going by egg or nucleus.

When I came here, I found the two children with only one principle, and that was inverse; and so I have had them in teaching ever since. Father did not seem to know how to raise them from the one principle. Now they have a dozen, and one can sing like a bird, and fill the homes as well as the churches with warble of her soul. And the other sister fills with pictures of various scenes. We have been off on islands this summer for views; and, oh, how I wished you could have come with us. We also came to you where the groves were, although the expression into earth was not very clear. But, no matter whether we use the earth or spirit expression, we are always loving you, and, as much as we can, doing you material good.

The guides will not let us take away the worries by bearing things ourselves. To become independent is the law. Never to lean is another law. I wonder if I did not lean too much on you, mother. But, if I did, you must now lean on me and father. Father is not so strong in hope as I am, but he makes more foundation home. He loves to regulate things and keep them in order. I have a laboratory and small vials of prepared essence and perfumes, also electrical instruments of very delicate structure for measurements, and these father keeps in order. He says his old shelf system comes in play, showing that whatever trade we learn comes in use through all the spheres, because every trade involves certain principles which are always in use, in whatever grade or sphere we live. Perhaps you wonder I did not notice Aunt M.'s troubles more; but a sickness to us is not what it is to you. We can see that it is part of a plan, and will bring some result. If death comes, why, it does not distress us, because we know it is only a betterment of condition and an entire casting off of the weakness or disease. So what would naturally worry you, I should be looking on at the brighter side. Father is a home spirit; and, now the little ones have grown so to knowledge

as to make the womanly influence about the home, he feels yet more content, but wishes you were here. Says he will not now need so much nursing. I can see he will never make a strong spirit.

There are all classes of spirits, according to the amount of principle the soul is carrying onward. There are music spirits, poets, and religious spirits, strength ones, and teachers and physicians and preachers, but no one can be any of these unless it is in them with love, and it quickly shows, because a man working without the love of his profession never gets the glory of the white heat in him. Besides, as long as there is no money to be gained, no spirit feels obliged to work at anything that is against the grain. The fullest and freest action is always given to every one, yet guided by wise celestials: ones who have passed through many experiences, and can judge quickly of the ability of any spirit by the color which animates it. I think, mother, I loved my work. Thus I remain as ever, a doctor. Effort is all that can be done. Yes, that is what the guides say. Your simple effort may be more to a sufferer than all the knowledge in others. It is not always knowledge of the muscles and membranes which helps one to be healed. Sometimes it is the powers shining through. I can see now that, being a magnet, by great yearnings of will to do good, much can be and is done through you which is equal to all the knowledge and skill of the earth physicians. The soul being clear, this can work through you. I do not believe the spirit called Christ knew the parotid gland from the maxillary, but yet something shone through him whereby disease was reached and overcome. That something was divine harmony, uniting the fire or nerve circulation which disease had jarred, and so by impulse he was able to send his own nerve force to join the fire energies and start them in their course. Skill is good; it gives current; but it is not all. And so, dear mother, make effort, just as is in you, and not to be tired or strained; and, if the result is not what you anticipate, then be sure it is out of

your hands. For some things are too high, and under celestials, for any mortal to reach. Your love could not retain me in the body; for it was out of your hands, and planned by the higher ones. I find we are all guided for that which is best, not as we think. Your son,

WADSWORTH.

He Works in the Regions Next to Earth.

November, 1890.

My own true Mother,—Here I am as alive and as eager for you to know as ever in earth life when I used to come running in to meet you. I never shall be sorry for the things I used to confide in you, for now it is my greatest comfort. All the pride, all the honor, of these worlds would be as nothing if I could not let you share. Father is good and praises me, but the mother seems to me to share in all my higher ecstasy of life; and, so much I feel it, I am making rapid progress in the work of giving better magnetisms to spiritual bodies. It is a pity that all this can't be attended to on earth, and everybody kept in equality of being. But there is hardly one who is born over here in good sensible magnetic condition; and so for years to come I see plenty of labor for physicians, for ministers, for nurses, and for naturalists, but not for lawyers, merchants, nor many other trades. We began about right, mother, by healing bodies. It is a godly purpose, and is a grand gift. For souls can never have true expression until they can give their principles by a free and good old liberty current, which is true and without chains. I work in the region next to earth, but I have duties also higher in study and in pleasures. I often go out upon the hills of the fifth country with these children, and now they are learning music and art and lovely things.

We have cheerful social times at home. Father likes to be practical, and so he extracts the odors of the various roots and flowers, and fills small vials for me. In the lower worlds I often give magnet-

ism in the form of liquids, as on earth. But in the higher worlds one smell of these strong extracts will go all over the nerves, and change the vibration. A body is a thing of harmonies, and its notes get untoned. But in the fifth degree there is such knowledge of one's self that the diseases are about subdued, or the earth part which is subject to disease is overcome. The soul can bear more light and more action and more sympathy. You know down here how we get tired of ministering to our dear ones, and have to sink down, all worn and tossed. Well, as the soul rises and becomes able, it is never tired. I could work now for a month, and only rest a very few minutes. When you pray for us, it certainly does affect us in a pleasurable way. It draws our minds to you, and thus there is a bridge of mind over which ideas can come and go; and, if the paper was between, ideas would get lodged for sight in marks or words. Very often I get the essence of your prayer, although not a word. You know those songs without words which Mendelssohn wrote. Well, it is like that,—lovely sounds coming and going in the tide of prayer. Sister often looks up from her poems, and says, "Hark! I hear mother," the same as you sometimes say to yourself, "My boy is near me." The inner sense has touched something it loves, and the love responds. Prayer, then, is a bridge for souls to find each other. When I am in the hospitals of the first sphere, I feel nearly the same as when I was below, only that now I am not under any other power. I have independent power, and yet am ever ready to accept another's teaching. This independent action gives me freedom to do what is best for the quick relief of a bound spirit which has just risen from earth. I am to judge whether it can push its magnetism into shape as a form or whether it is to be rolled in an egg and stored awhile until some principles ripen, or whether it shall be passed on to the second sphere, and determine its return into clay again.

I am considered a pretty clear judge. Earth is a small compass, and very few are independent be-

cause of the ways of living. I know doctors who have often gone against conscience because under the sway of some one who could have power to turn them from positions, and hundreds of ministers who preach about what they know nothing. The world is not true to itself. I cannot tell just why I was changed here, unless it was that I could have more scope. It did seem cruel to me at first leaving you so alone, and yet, when I see the great possibility of success in power, it encourages me. Perhaps I would have worked just for money, and not independence. I can't tell. It was all out of our hands. Changes are in the hands of one higher. But I can judge by the order and regularity displayed in these worlds that there are no chance events. All comes by action of law. The fact that I was changed, when I was your pillar of coming support, shows me that somewhere else the future will be looked after for you in some way we are not now thinking of. Father and I have talked a great deal about that, and our plans, too, have been heard by the angels. They know you are left without our human strength, but so much the more do they give us mental strength. So keep courage, mother; and whatever my mind can do to give you courage and strength and design in healing, that I certainly shall do.

It is right that we do the most we can to help each other. I never could repay all the sacrifices father and you made for me; but I know your payment will be in seeing the result of my education and in the good work I can do for the healing and raising of pure bodies. Money is light. Gold is materialized light. Therefore, dear mother, the light I give is the same as gold, and I hope before long to change it down, so it will be of use to you in the world. In this world, gold as light is of use to us.

You must remember me to the friends. I shall

be near in all things of interest. Oh, such lovely microscopes as we have in our schools!

Your son,

WADSWORTH.

A Soul Rises in its Needs Just as a Plant Does.

Christmas, 1890.

My precious Mother,—I cannot tell how precious, because there is nothing to compare a mother to. They are above rubies or pearls. If there were no mothers, there could be no God. When I am away up in the spheres working among the fine chemical creations, I often say, "Oh, I wish mother could see this!" I have more than a thousand notes, in my book, of things I have to tell about methods here. Some I have already given, and others I will in time for I am never content unless you are sharing. The Christmas comes near, and I have several times had an overpowering longing to come through, and be my own self again. Strange as it may seem, we do have these feelings of longing, just as on earth a really old person loves to feel the bound of childhood again, and the frisk of youth. So, when I feel the sense of Christmas as I come near earth, I almost cry to be as I was for your sake. And yet, if every spirit had the same longing and it could be so, what would become of progression? No, the past must be to the spirit as so much nourishment, something as bread is to the body. In my heart I know that all is working on well and in accord with law, and father eases me in these longing times. He says, "Yes, Wadsworth, let us get things in order for mother." "There will be no sickness for her here to be tied to, and she will have moments of peace that she cannot know on the earth." Then a peaceful smile comes over his face, and I feel the truth of what he says, and go to work harder than before; for, although I do not now make money, yet I make light, of which all is made—the home, the garden, the garment, the honors. I know you have the same

longing to come to us: but be patient, mother, for you, too, are making light by generous deeds—light that will be put at interest as fast as it rises.

Yet you have self-rights. Don't go beyond your strength. Your first right is to keep yourself in that able sufficiency so you can light others, and so do not overstrain the light and let the wick get smoky or in ill health, else you may not feel the strong pulse to do God's purpose. But I am now resting you. There is rest in sympathy. I often go to Aunt M.'s, and rest her, too. A person may be most terribly tired and almost bleeding in heart; but, if one lets the spirit out a moment away from the body, it will return and have very different views of things. Now, when you go home, your spirit will be refreshed, and ideas of what to do will dawn because of the line of mind I am making now for myself and father. Father is practical, and can see into earth with a clear mind, if he only has a line. I can rise higher than father; but you see it needs the practical mechanical base as well as the usefulness in healing others. I should never have gained the science had it not been for the foundation of the hardware. Father says this every time he sees me getting proud, and I have to laugh heartily. I think the Lord, or whatever it is planning, means that we shall keep balance in practical and aspiring work so as to be like a round world, with an equator of thought and poles of understanding.

Yes, we see, but we know the many little doors which are going to open by your efforts, and ways unforeseen break in. Make little efforts, but not strained ones. An effort is a push of the soul; so we can attach line, and you can keep attached to the immense harmony line. The help is always coming, always, always, like a river running along, so keep up your efforts in all well-doing, but never more. Train is the need, not strain. There are plenty who need healing, for scarcely one has a perfect body or fullness of mind. Your own soul is full of desire, but sometimes your effort is a little

weak. You have not got quite strong faith in making lines, so the answer comes. A prayer with effort is like a flash of lightning, and it goes on and on, and never fails of reaching the planners; because I have seen the Golden City, and I know they carry out the divine law. Father has the garden and the order of the home, and sends out messengers for the best quality of the plant juices; and uncle depends somewhat on our mixtures, although he has ways of changing the magnetic structure of the brain before the spirit is formed, so that one who was insane by the clotted blood in the cells, or by the sensation striking the wrong ganglia, is righted almost immediately, just as the inside of a clock is arranged by the change of bands or cogs. No, I can't think who came over. Sometimes a new-born spirit clings so to earth that it stays in some part of border-land, and it is some time before we know until they rise to meet us. I have my section to work in, and millions of physicians have theirs. No one has risen in mine that I know. I have only a few hours of work in the lower sphere, and the chemical school is in the higher rooms, and the pleasure. Father and I eat at the long tables where messengers prepare the fruit juices. I want you to always keep cheerful, and think the best is coming. A soul rises in its needs just as a plant does. But in its green soul it must feel the best coming, which is a blossom, else it won't come. A call gives the need. So in your heart give call for all your needs, and then the blossom or fruition will come. Father sends a Christmas greeting, and wishes we might be at the old table again, or, better yet, that you could be here. But let us dine at the higher table of taking things as they are, knowing it is all coming right.

Your loving son,

WADSWORTH.

There is Nothing Like Fear to Make Changes.

Jan. 10, 1891.

O loving and true Mother,—I give you welcome;

and so firm is my step now that I almost feel alive in where material things are. It seems as if you must see me, I am so plain and outward, and so exactly as I was in health. My throat now feels no more tight and dry with the sensation of return. I have overcome it, although I see spirits returning every day with the sensation of the sickness not yet overcome. I have been with you, dear mother, in some of your cases, and sent you many thoughts and loving messages. I write letters in your mind, but yet these upon paper are good also, and, being fastened by marks or words, they stay and come up as a comfort many times when you have need. Your call, or even your sigh of loneliness, is enough to bring me to your side; for father and I have silver telephones to your office, and can hear you talking to yourself, or even your thought. I often come and stroke your head, and say, "Poor mother feels so alone." I know it is the feeling of earth, because you do not see us close near you. I think I gave you the reason that sight was not possible. You know body is composed of innumerable little wheels of cells, each as a whole, and yet dependent on each other for the flash of energy which stirs them into life or radiation. In a mortal body the vibration or stir of light is slow, but in a spirit body all these wheels are vibrating above sight at rate of flash which it is almost impossible to see, unless a mortal is highly exalted and can see by spirit eyes. I am thus particular in explaining, because there is a scientific law for all things. For the reason of a low vibration in a flesh body I cannot see the form only when the spirit rises into flash equal to my sight. Your spirit flashes high with energy and hope and exalted sense of your work. So you are in sight to us, and all your dark robes are changed to white, for black becomes white by transposition of flash. So, when I come to your office, I see you very clearly, with the same loving, watchful eyes, and dressed in white; and sometimes I can see the body also, which gives a double *you* to my vision. I want you to trust more that the

need will come, and not worry. If the need comes, then the hoard is unnecessary. Some are made to hoard because of the other's lack of ability. There come times in all countries when a hoard can be used, as in France to-day the necessities of those who lack ability are calling on hoards. But you are nearer to the great heart, and you have so much motherly deposit in me and the children that we are your hoard. Call on us, dear mother, for all needs. Father listens at the telephone, and says, "Go quick to mother." You see, I can go quickly where father would take time. He will never be a real strong angel. The wasting away of vitality and lingering so will take a long time to make up. I went out in strength, therefore I return so. Some spirits are better able for one thing, and some for another; and so the principles which vary can all be worked out. If all spirits were healers, there would be no swell, or equator, to the spheres. They would be long, as is a tree-trunk. It is by each spirit having duty in some principle that the swell, or shape, of the heaven is preserved, and in roundness. Suppose all worked in hope, the spheres would be all pole, and thus shaped in spires. Suppose all worked in sympathy, then it would be all soft sphere, as a cushion. So, you see, spheres are made by extension of principles in various directions by various spirits. And, as a sphere, so a lung or a heart or a bladder is made healthy by introducing certain magnetic principles. The heart has point because it extends into matter. It was originally a fullness of affection or a thought of love. But by descent into matter it became as a wedge, in order to drive deep and fasten. After several changes of the body the heart will gradually assume fullness and luminosity, and become a great central power of soul. I have seen in the perfected seventh sphere-body or form of light the shape of hearts as entirely round, giving fire for blood and flashing through with divine law and love. I have seen the lungs as two flags of fire representing the principle of liberty, and other organs in more raised and enlightened shapes

that correspond to a power carried to its highest. It is the grandest duty to heal a body, because at the same time we bring forward a power for the future of the one healed; and thus is the purpose to help every organ to fulfill its purpose. Not a gland but is of use. Not a nerve but will respond to the beautiful anthems of the seventh sphere if carried up in tone and with health. By this sermon, as you call it, I want you to see what is the purpose for the future. When I have learned any truth through these grand souls, I always want to give it to you for earth. I think, mother, that you do so well, you scarcely could do better, for you are earnest in truth; and these will do the work if the sick mortal does not give up. Try to raise these spirits into hope and trust and will; for, if you can illuminate them with these, there is a chance for them to stay upon earth. Illumination will burn out disease. I think, if I had not lost courage, there would have been chance for me. But I saw fear in the doctor's eyes. I got it in me. There is nothing like fear to make changes. It rattles the cells up over each other, and stops the circulation of the natural fires of the being. The way Christ healed was by giving his illumined self into the blood of the sick one. The Golden City is called thus because it is infilled with atmosphere of soul-light, or the fire of those angels who have risen above fear and doubt, oppression and disease, the word "fail," and all these sensations which breed gray magnetism.

A man or woman may become golden or illuminated, but a whole city radiant with sympathetic fires, controlled by love and wisdom, would scarcely be possible yet upon earth, but belongs to heaven. And, also, gold as the settling of atmosphere abounds in the Golden City. Gold is itself light, more condensed, and therefore golden streets are truths. So are silver streets. So are clay in the lower worlds called earths.

Father and I often visit the large galleries of pictures, and often the theaters and the places of song,

and the ancient heavens where the idols have arisen because of the mind carrying them still. Also we go to the medical laboratories to watch the change from one world to another. Then we have pleasures when the sisters come to the pretty parlor which is ready for you, and they sing and arrange the table with fruits and foamy juices and candies from the various plants. There are such easy processes by electricity here that these preparations for food are very easy, nature supplying all needs. Father also makes glass and china by electrical process. And sister Ellie lately has been painting designs upon them. Generally, the glass and china are not saved, because by electricity it is easier to blow out and form a dish than it is to wash and save it. But sometimes Idell saves them because of her desire to show them to you. But, design being a part of her spirit, she can always show you a fresh one. There is no more need of saving dishes here than there is of saving rinds and cores on earth. Speedy processes, you see! Now I must stop. My breath loses.

Your son,

WADSWORTH.

The Possessions of Life Cling to the Spirit.

Feb. 10, 1891.

My dear Mother,—I love to come to earth and tell you what I learn, and to get your sympathy. Oh, yes, we are at liberty to tell whatever we wish. There are no secret societies here, and, if one doctor finds out a new phase, he does not get a patent on it so as to reserve it for himself. If he did, he would not gain power; and having powers is the only way to rise into mysteries of kingdoms. In these worlds, money has no meaning; but to gain power is to enlarge the usefulness of the soul, and be able to send out the volumes of influential light. Suppose my soul could only send a mile of influence or self-will, I could not reach many people; and it is for my interest to enlarge my electric and magnetic powers, so as to send a long ray. This is more potent than money, for it is real soul demand;

and the law everywhere is demand brings supply, and the finer, more tense, and bright the demand, the quicker comes the answer or supply.

If I had need of an air-carriage to do duty among those who have needs until I enlarge in power sufficient to send ray to Franklin, then I have the carriage to traverse the deeps of space very swiftly. When I need a peculiar vial of fragrance, I send a mind ray to father, if I am in the lower sphere, and he understands by the color presented to his soul what I need. If it is yellow, it must be an active, exciting plant-fragrance to raise the tone of the new body. If red, then drops from some more soothing, quiet plant will do. Now this medium needs yellow and red in mixtures—one to keep up the courage in thrills, and one to give tone and ring to her system. You need blue fragrance with little red of roots. By this I mean to smell of fragrance of blue flowers or of any decoction made from the roots, and then some red tonic for tone. You give away ounces of your magnetic current, and by help of breathing in fine essences and tonic drops all that you give can be regained.

I have seen G. again. He came to me for something to ease the extreme loneliness of his being, I may say, the disappointment of being taken from earth. I think his visions of a future career of service for the country were too intense. Every part of the new body looks burned with ambition. I have advised him to return to borderland a while, and enter a hospital. His spirit was so ambitious to rise that he was not thoroughly formed, and cannot stay, even in a third degree star, without pain. Ambition, if carried too far in earth, fairly scorches the second body. I remember I had a little of this, but stayed in borderland until it was cast off. These flames of the mind are as bad as a scald or burn for the new body. It is appalling to see a spirit eaten with lust or conscious dishonesty. It has a worse appearance than alcohol on the brain, and takes longer to heal. G. will not agree to go down to borderland, but thinks I might help him to enter

the fifth states. I cannot conscientiously do this, but I gave him some red color drops to expel this peculiar humor of ambition. I call it a humor of the mind. He needs the red color to lower his flame of life. Strange how the passions of life cling to the spirit! Why, of course, doctors are in great demand here, and their work is much needed; for, after all, it is the physician's part to cool down the rush and push, hurry and tangle, of the earth desires, and, if once they are cooled down, then the soul sees the right way, and becomes willing to heal itself. In our club there was the question whether it was better to heal the soul of its fancies first or to heal the unsettled magnetisms of the new body. The doctors all agreed that to heal the magnetisms would, of itself, heal the fancies; but the ministers argued that to cast out the morbid memories of earth would react on the fine, new body, and sustain that, so it would need no medicine. What do you think? Our next question was, 'Are not the juices of a plant or tree adapted in degree of growth to the various conditions of a person, whether mortal or spirit?' That is, the coarser people receiving help from the root and bark, the general class from the leaves and branches, the more refined from the buds and blossoms, and the extremely delicate from the extracts and fragrance. I am quite sure that this is so; but some of our good thinkers here maintain it is not, so I must study about it.

I often help you with cases by giving you some of my vial mists, pouring them into the air. There is nothing like assisting a patient by enveloping with mist. Vapors, of all things, adapted well, are on the same principle and much better than disturbing the stomach for the sake of reaching the blood in a roundabout way. The vital part affected is the place to strike, but the main thing is to encourage a patient, so the will comes to the surface and helps the cure. There is no need of half the deaths; but fear gets the control, and then the substance is not carried on. The stomach stops its motion, and then

death comes. But, then, death is good. It gives more room, more liberty, more education, because there is not the tight feeling for money. And, again, if there is not the tightness for money there would be no strong effort, no push and persistency. I guess, after all, things go on about right as to the law, but not as to getting deep into sin and letting the dark powers feed upon the magnetisms; that is, like bugs on leaves.

The children were down in the hospital garden one day, and found a snail. It is seldom we see any ill-favored or slow-motioned insect or animal, even in the lower spheres. They are not active enough to weave a second body, so it was a curiosity for them. In attempting to carry it up to the fifth sphere for lesson, it faded out and was gone. I have not seen a mouse or a wasp since I came here. Nothing rises unless it has a building principle or is a thing of joy, as a butterfly or a bee. So it is with plants. No thistles, no weeds, will grow. Every plant or shape depends on its push of principle. I think I have written enough for now.

Ever your own boy,

WADSWORTH.

The Lungs of a Babe Made Anew.

Feb. 19, 1891.

My own dear Mother,—I am always impatient, but still I listen to the control with as much pleasure as you do. I like his ideas, but I have not much time to investigate all the religious meanings, as I have to judge about bodies. I like to have you give any question you feel the need to, for it helps me also. Now I have noticed these coils that strive to get pulse, but I never thought of them as anything equal to being a spirit. Same as on earth we look at these mushrooms and never think they want to be trees. I have always passed them by, and yet I have seen some very high chemical workers giving time to them, as a botanist will to flowers and moss. I wondered what they were. Then these

coils are nothing but those sinners who make themselves so by conscious sin; *i. e.*, deliberating about it, knowing its consequences. Now, if the doctors of earth would preach only about this, how it would scare people from real sins. If a man knew his body would be like a mushroom for years over here, and then be returned to earth as so much moss, would he sin? You see at once the doctors don't do their duty, nor do the ministers. The orthodox say if a soul does not repent it will be damned. This has a sense of right in it, after all; for it reads, "If you commit conscious sin, your spiritual self will never have enough elemental tissue to form in the next sphere, therefore you will be coiled up, or, in other words, damned." So orthodoxy, if it only understood its own meaning, is about as right as any ism. My idea is that all these religions lead to the same thing, only there are snarls and bogs and quagmires of belief. I wonder what Aunt M. would say to that.

But I am not studying religion. I am only drawn to say these things by his answer to my question. I am now eager to look up some of these coils, and see if I can resuscitate them. To bring one into life and form it into shape, giving it the necessary magnetism, would save that soul from ages of reincarnation through matter. Well, well, I don't wonder that Christ said that to save one sinner is worth more than to save a city, or something to that effect. I am not very exact in my texts. I am given children mostly, in the hospitals, those who die of throat and lung diseases. We each have our departments, and all things are carried on orderly, as in any hospital in earth, and very much better, as the physician is truly one instead of being one on purpose for salary.

The aim is to work by truth, and never by falsity. To do for the love of doing is to fulfill well the law, and thus all purposes are carried higher. Sometimes I have a very small babe with both lungs gone, but, as it is a babe, the tissue can be replaced by certain magnetic forces. Lungs are simply growths,

same as moss or anything rooted, but they bear the principles of liberty; and so the pieces of certain trees, broad spreading and waving with freedom, are given to make the corresponding tree or ramifications of the circulatory organs in lungs. Thinking of every organ as some growth of some given principle, you will be able to see how the healing or the remaking is done. But these coils, or sinners who have eaten up every organ, say by lust or by covetousness or laziness, you see it would be impossible for God himself to renew them, unless by dipping them down to the bottom of the pot of matter. I have to use earth terms; and, when I say bottom of the pot, I mean chemical chaos before formation begins. Whether the last sinner comes up as himself or somebody else we cannot tell.

That is what the control meant when he said we could not tell the end of the wicked.

Well, mother, things go on fairly well with you. The need gets answered; and is it not as good as ten thousand pounds to be in accord with the need? People do not need money laid up for storage. They might lay it up for those who need. You must take time to make your own magnetism in good order, and not give of yourself too much to others. You cannot cure all the world. I love to tell you all these things because, when we go home, we can think them over together, just as we used to watch the cells of things through microscopes. I know you are interested in all the links of the material with spirit, and also with that ineffable shining which passes into both and is called soul. As much soul as you can draw from the fullness of space and adapt will be your individuality. The little ones are here, and dear father and grandma and grandpa and uncle T. Your dear son,

WADSWORTH.

He Has the Spiritual Cord—It Will Never Break.

I knew you would be here. I can tell by the pull of the cord which I have fastened to you. As

an unborn babe, I had the umbilical cord. But as a spirit, and by the love of a son for a mother, I have the spiritual cord which will never break; and by this we should be drawn in echo of all knowledge, even if we were billions of miles apart. Even if a mother and son grew embittered in earth by some misunderstanding, yet the cord lives and pulses low, one day to brighten. And so I know I have only to listen, and I hear the principle in the cord. Is it distress, I hear. Is it joy, that also I hear. If not the exact word, yet ever the pulse or principle; and then we go to gates to write, or we come to the office, and, although you may not always see our help directly, yet be sure, mother, we never go away and leave you alone. And now we have the sisters growing more able to bring more ease and grace of life. Oh, we will yet establish you in comfort!

WADSWORTH.

Life Vividly Portrayed in the Spirit World.

March 19, 1891.

My dear Mother,—I need never say how glad I am to write, for it seems to me I could pour out in words all my full soul. If it was not for father, I should be so lonesome here, for these little ones, although beautiful, are not yet in mind with me, and they do not know things of earth as well as we do; and even father is not enough, for he does not understand the frame of the thing called man as well as we do, and yet he is a foundation for my work. His order in keeping things on shelves, and his mixtures, are good work for me; but, come to the adaptation of things to principles, he cannot quite see through it. Father says he has no desire to go way up to see what the Gods are doing or how the doctors gain clairvoyance. He loves to stay at the roots of things, and he made a wise statement which taught me a lesson: "You know somebody must be at the roots, else there never can be any tips." I think in my haste to have knowledge of

all things I had forgotten this; or is it that I always had some one to keep me growing? The little ones not only grow in mind, but in hight. They have to spread out and up to make room for more soul. Ellie sings every Sabbath evening in our home, and Idell has already made some beautiful pictures to hang on the walls. I think she will sketch some of the spirit bodies in color for me. My process is to descend into hospitals where forms are just being remoulded, and sketch the colors as in a map, taking the head, dividing it into sections, and putting in the color as it is, so as to see where the section is wrong or diseased. If the head is all made in blue magnetism, why, there will have to be introduced an opposite extreme. Thus you see the lungs coming over in red would be too heated. By looking at Idell's map of a being, I could correct and give the injection from certain root juices or perfumes without so much study. I think she will be great help to me in the future. A chart of a being is the character and general makeup put upon canvas or ivory or any flat surface. The higher faculty can do this. But Ellie rests us all by music and motion in the dance. I think she looks like my dear Aunt M., and has all her grace and gentleness. I dreamed that I came to her the other night, and whether it was real or not I cannot tell, for we also move about as souls in dreams and visit places by touch of our light, nobody being present.

Father goes with me to some of the meetings, especially where the elements of plants are discussed and the use of different gums and pith. Oh, how I wish you could listen to some of these lectures and see the chemical illustrations carried out! Why, I don't wonder that it was said that Christ turned water into wine, for I find that the properties of all results lie in water. By electrifying the particles, an electrified rod or wire, being passed through liquids, will separate the elements and thus, by a small bit of colored chemical atom, any liquid can be formed as desired.

It is the understanding of what atom to use. But

I will not go into these explanations deeply. It is enough to say that what Christ did was not a miracle, but a natural law. The same law is in study. The mind need not take up more than three studies, for these three have combinations with all other knowledge, and lead thereto. But mothers stuff the Latin, Greek, and all studies into the child's mind at the start, and so no wonder there is a failure in the top of the brain tree. In a trinity is all the future. I have become interested in all these changes, and am delighted that nature is more simple than I expected, and not so complicated, because it is easier to learn. Chemistry, geometry, and common sense I should call a trinity, which, if they were only studies, would carry a soul through all the spheres, opening all other education as by induction. I don't mean, mother, that every single moment some spirit is with you, for your own spirit often needs silence. I mean that whenever you have need, some of us come; and who it was would depend upon the need. Sometimes it is grandma, often father, again the little ones, and, when you need encouragement and a good deal of trust that the need will come, then it is your own boy returning the lesson you taught him. For every seed sown in my soul I hope to be able to return, perhaps not in money, but in sympathy and that power of faith in the worlds here which will perhaps be equal to money. I feel such lovely law in its plan that I want you to feel it also. I am keeping a diary, or day-book, of my work and all my chemical observations to read to you when you come; and many things I do send now by impression—little thoughts which come whirling in the vortex or small whirlpool made by the motion of the brain toward the outer and meeting the current always rushing in, so one coil is often within the other, thus making the God sense within the human sense. When you will for any need, the energy goes out in waves; and the more will the higher the flame. The receiving or the messenger angels are always ready, and thus your need is carried up to the planners; and

a need is sacred, because it is a seed of a soul, and no messenger could lose it. And, unless your soul droops or closes up with doubt, the answer will come, or, in a way you do not think, the need will be met. It must be so, for by needs all the universe is governed. A war is a descent. It is human will against human will, and yet God is in it. There is no stopping him from following the deepest discord that human wills can make. He keeps to the bottom of all things, and gently pushes his rays, but leaves the soul as a responsible power, else how would it be immortal? This is my preaching, mother. Oh, every Sabbath I hear such strong, lovely ideas that I must tell you. Then I feel easy. Don't do too much for all that would lean on you; that is, do not make your own power theirs. You could not have strength of magnetism to heal. You must hold your cheer and your good pulse for our sake. Let it be your rule not to do that which your soul rebels against, only that which will relieve and make happy as far as you have strength. Dear mother, I will help give you strength.

Your son,

WADSWORTH.

He Has an Interesting Visit to the Fifth Sphere.

May 7, 1891.

O my dear Mother,—I am so glad to meet you here, so I can write, although you know I do write in your mind and heart every day with all the teachings which I myself receive, and which I so long to have your sympathy about. Father is good and kind, but he is not so interested in the variety of magnetisms and the way of exchanging a pink fever condition to a cool blue condition as we are. But father was always at foundations, and so without his work I should not go on so easy as I do. I think the children are going to be as great joys in his life here. Father is very orderly, always having such and such chemical mixtures on such a shelf, you know, just as he was on earth; but

a guide said to me: "Order is heaven's first law, therefore seek not to tempt your father away from this first law. When his soul gets entirely ready, it will of itself take up other laws." And see how the advance of the children in art and music is even now beginning to draw him away from too great routine of order! I did not think of it when I put them forward to school. So, you see, always beyond our own small efforts there are the plans of celestial workers, those real angels of the law whom dimly I see sometimes as white figures across the sky. Sometimes you get too great routine, mother, and, oh, how you need your boy to microscope things for you! And you do have me, just as eager to see and know all the invisible worlds of small insects, and their motions and uses of wings, legs, and bodies, as ever. I have two or three messengers who go quickly up to father for me to bring any mixture I may require. You see, mother, that a doctor here has messengers instead of a horse. By messenger I mean a winged spirit, or one who can so unfold the lungs and attach them to the arm as to form a regular wing, which, being full of air cells, is infilled, and moves along faster than a bird can fly. These angels, I think, are sometimes seen upon earth, being almost hollow inside, and the organs used outside for flight. This is how people got an idea of drawing angels with wings. I scarce can tell where I learn most, up in the schools from listening to essays and ideas of the faculty of experts who were always doctors in the true sense, or in the actual experience near earth, and often in the hospital where I took initiation. But it is a balance, I think; and, if I could only give you some great pleasure, so as to break up the routine of one and then another who receives of the healing through you, I should feel happier. Why don't you go to some rich music or play, to get other people's shadows off you and their ills from depressing you? I lift you out from it all I can by sympathy, and the little ones come every night to kiss you and to carry away mamma's tired, Ellie says.

I had no idea sisters could make home so happy. Here all love is universal, the passions are under sway, and those who are the holiest get loved the most. I find a great many young companions, both male and female; and here we do not have to wait for introductions, for the fact of being in the third sphere is sufficient in meaning as to worth of a soul for acquaintance. There are large halls here for the motion of the dance, and there is no exercise prettier if carried on purely. There are music soirees served. I went to one in the fifth sphere only last week, held by the faculty of very ancient physicians, among whom was Hahnemann. It makes not much difference here whether a doctor was allopathic or homeopathic, or what name, for it is at once discovered whether he has foundation facts in his soul; and the method is as nothing, for here there is cure by all methods which mean truth. Forms are laid aside when one is full of pulse to do good and bring out the best results.

Uncle T. is in a beautiful large garden, where he has a home for those whose brain forces are not in chord with harmony. It is sometimes necessary to enclose a spirit in what is called trance state, while the nerve centers are being adjusted, even as the strings of a violin are chorded so as to agree with the general notes. I hope, dear mother, you do hear my good nights when I come, just before I go up to our little cottage to sleep. Do you?

Your own son,
WADSWORTH CECIL.

Has a Way of Giving the Eyes Higher Vibration.

May 28, 1901.

My dear and precious Mother,—You know how glad I am to spend an hour with you. I am sorry the little ones are not here, but they have to attend an art examination; and so I sent the band in their place, to fill out my light and make it easier for me to breathe.

The children sent love; but it is very necessary for them to attend, as Idell is to send in a lovely

picture for examination. If some of the experts judge it well, it will be hung in the broad front of the church in the third sphere, called the church of Adelphi. There are many churches, you know, some real churches of faith and not so advanced. I have not looked into that matter much, but I get a certain kind of religion by my science. No matter where or how we search, the truth comes and draws out all the tangles of things. Father loves to hear Ellie sing and play, and she really does play on a harp of fine delicate wire; and father lies in the soft silken cushions and listens, and says: "O W., don't you suppose mother is here? Seems as if I heard her step." Now you see we do the same that you all do. For when on earth I have often thought I heard father step about as he used to in the store and around the house, and I find I did—he was there. And I know you have said, "That seems like my son." And it was so. I was stepping and studying with you, as before. And so now we listen in our pretty house for you, and your spirit rises and is with us.

Surely, you know, although the consciousness does not strike the soul as double; that is, as knowing things in both worlds. So you see, if I could make my illuminated self in accord with sunlight, I could be visible in broad daylight. It is getting in chord with any principle that causes us to be seen, as a man in chord with politics is soon over the crowd by mind, and so seen; or a doctor who chords with truth is soon in demand. Well, I have gained high orders since I wrote last. I have invented ways of giving the eye a quicker vibration, so after the death change the optic nerve may take up more rays. It is a great power to gain, to get consciousness to run through all forms which a soul takes up. When a soul overcomes matter, it can appear and disappear in the great waves of particles surrounding earth. I can come within and use matter after it is in an arm, but I cannot so separate the rush or tide as to be equal with it and so be seen. I know the herrings in the stream are visible only

when their shining side came in accord with the sunlight, otherwise they were as dark as the water. And this includes the microscope power or telescope power without using glasses. All powers we give to glasses can be developed in the eye, for it can accept far vision or near vision as it comes away from the binding of clay and expands in a new body. I saw how this might be done by certain loosening of small muscles and widening of others, so as to give more space in the iris. It is possible this could be attained upon earth if people believed it so or the eye doctors could see the law. I understand the laws governing the body more and more. Sometimes, mother, I do so wish you were loose out of the body, so as to help me study out those inventions. The body with its several beautiful changes of form is a Bible to me. It is all I ever want; for I am sure it contains all the religions, all the chemistry, and all the Spiritualism in the universe. Well taken care of, it will be the great house of the future, and the soul will be a temple not made with hands, as I think it says in the Scripture. I watch all parts of the body and the swim of the little germs that produce the race, the little boxes, as I call them, which convey the living spark along material rivers until they land and become living fires, making ashes-bodies. There are seeds of races, as well as seeds of flowers or trees. These male and female sparks are continually floating in the air, like thistledown, and all ready to be breathed into nostrils, if certain conditions and certain currents are prepared. Males are full of these seeds, as the herring grows to roe; and they fasten in lines of currents and live for many years, helping build the man. Another kind of germ attaches to females. I might call it a milk germ. It lives in females, never developing unless, as I said, it has connection with the male germs, as in marriage or sexual act. Suppose one of these sparks, after being breathed in the nostrils, lodged in the cerebrum cells—a swarm of them, we will say. The male having sexual act by reason, and using higher

principles, lights these in the cerebrum, and, loosing and exciting them, they rush along the nerves as minute balls of fire or get into circulation by sensation. At the same time the milk germs or those life atoms holding nourishment rush from the female breasts, and also are in sensitive circulation, and at any point which is attached they find each other, and activity has found its way of descent; and, folding itself within the nourishing germ, the spark rests and seeks to become life, and gives shape, as in the seed human. Our band of doctors are sent to earth places to watch this process. You will see at once that the child thus formed partakes of the cerebrum or frontal brain, and tends to be learned, yet a deal easier to become insane than those formed of a lower grade seed-germ.

I think we can tell after a time, by collecting some of this infant dust and examining, which are the active sparks and which the feeders or nourishers, just as Pasteur and others can decide on germs of different fevers. These bacteria and living dust atoms are foundations of atoms. We all smile over Koch's cure of consumption by battling one germ against another. When a man has consumption, he has begun to rot; but the bacteria don't do it; they only feed on the rot. The man did it by somehow doing inharmonious things, living in fog districts, breathing smoke, or inheriting rot from birth. Germs are living foundations, they are seeds of chaos, and eat up decay. There are also cattle seeds. A man might breathe them in for ages. They would live in him, but could not get into sensation. There is something about the milk germ of a female belonging to the active seed of the male, a kind of belonging together and a rushing to seek each other, as the live sap rushes to seek the delicate green fibre of a stem. Certain things are parts of each other, and, if condition does not keep them apart, will multiply. I have written these things by help of my band. We study them out. I shall be with you when you read all this at home, so as to see what you think of it.

These sparks, I am told, are the light sides of a sphere, while the milk germ is the dark side; and, while whizzing along the air, they get separated, and always try to find each other. This is the secret of attraction in male and female. The seed study in flowers shows this to be true. Your son,

WADSWORTH.

Has Taken Up the Education of Children.

July 10, 1891.

My dear Mother,—As the children say, if I was in on earth, it would be God planning, and not me, after all. I can only think what would be best in myself, and that is what we must do together.

One thing is certain: we must not get away from the base we have made thus far. After anybody has made friends and a line of direct business, it is best to keep pretty near it; for it is a kind of belt or path in which we are to walk. It is a kind of magnetism which holds us firm. I wanted you to rest this summer somewhere. I know the ails of people won't rest, and doctors must be always near the post. I try to rest in my work, and yet it is not absolute rest to be doing the same thing. One needs a difference.

This is why I take up the education of the children. And when they begin to question about life, you can be sure that their souls have started to grow. They are both tall and graceful, and the houses are kept neat and bright. You say, "What shall I do?" Why, we must not give up, mother, while disease is slaying its thousands, and spirits coming over half formed and unable to shape as an angel should properly be. We must not give up. But we may rest through the heated weather. You are like me, and find rest in work. Still, I do say, find a place for rest awhile, until more return to the city—not far away, but near the post, so as to be near for calls. You say, "Where shall I go?" And still I say, to some quiet place where it is part rest and part helping the mortal to hold its magnetism. You are always to hold our shield

of healing, mother; for I could not work myself without you. Perhaps not always in that place, that room, but wider fields may open, and we can be assured that as is our need, so will something be given to tell us what to do. I have risen in favor with our faculty of late, and received more medals. When I am dressed for an oration or an essay, on some particular part of the body I wear my colored medals, and feel quite an imposing spirit. I feel proud of my honor for your sake and for father's.

I told you once that the palate was embryo of a future tongue, and I find all organs are duplicated, starting in an earth form so as to have good root and be linked with this sphere of clay. The lungs are in lobes. Some of these are duplicates for the future. The used-up forms drop away by death, and new organs are formed from slight roots or seeds.

All over the body are these bud-like formations ready with their storage of magnetism for the spiritual shape. For there is no mistaking that human bodies are as plants, and each organ is a particular kind of plant, either able to start by slip, as the uvula, or by seed, as the tips of the lacteals in the duodenum. A human body is all buds and slips and seeds in a mass of pulp or flesh soil. The keeping it in order is the work of science.

Your own son,
WADSWORTH.

Those Gone Out in Lust, Turning Around in Chaos.

Oct. 8, 1891.

My own dear Mother,—How brisk I feel to-day! I hope to make you feel brisk with me, and your heart full of courage and love. If one feels brisk, there is no chance for failure; and all the magnets of success are immediately turned toward the swift motion of the soul. One day I felt quite sad, and made descent to the borderland for my usual work. I saw an exceedingly bright spirit following me, and he said: "Young spirit, thou canst not do good with sadness in thy heart. Come with me, and thou

shalt see how blest thou art, and thus learn by comparison how to be cheerful." So he carried me deep into space between the stars where, it seemed to me, no mortal had ever been. I saw the air full of skeleton shapes floating about, just as we used to preserve things in alcohol, you know. I said, "What are these?" He said: "These are forms that have carried a principle too far downward, those who have gone out in sadness or in lusts or in false doctrines carried persistently to the end. They are turning round into chaos or dissolving back into particles to be renewed again in atoms and molecules; but the soul cannot be individualized. It has returned to the great Master-soul, and become universal, the dire effect of carrying a principle to extremity." I was astonished, and I came away from that great floating mass of shape-specimens determining I would allow no principle to lead me downward. We who heal are shown all these curious shapes in space, and taught how a principle will work itself out for the shining or for the dissolving of shapes. Grief makes fearful inroads upon shape; and, if carried on persistently, it attacks the spirit body and drives out the soul.

I asked Uncle T. if those who were really insane by grief would not dissolve like this, and have to begin all over. He thought some cases might, but with others the soul was only closed in for a time, waiting to be free. I never studied about insane cases; but it seemed to me the spirit body must begin to decay in some of them. But he says it is not always so unless by lust or decay of parts. A soul will stay in and animate as long as one whiff of sympathy remains. Now see what duty Uncle T. has and others, when the insane come over, to prevent the soul from leaving the body and sending it to the dissolving space. I tell you, mother, I see immense work for all. And, as we grow in soul with understanding of the law, we can do more, and the labor does not tire us. On earth we have only so much measure of life; we are bound to so much duty. But, springing into a more elastic airy

body, our will has more energy, and we are shown more of the working of the law.

And the very striving to help makes us able. You see the clay bodies reviving again in tree and grass, and just so the spirit body which dissolves into atoms or seed capsules is again animated and starts anew. Well, we have now a very pretty home in the third country. It is half-way between earth and the celestial lands; and I like it, because, as I work in borderland and some upon earth, it is more natural to me. And then for study I rise to the fifth country, and the little ones are at school there, and come across the air in carriages which move along as a stream of light. I see the celestials looking to see who works for the universe. They never let kind deeds go unrewarded, although not called reward, but equalizing quantities which always must be between spheres. Nature is always equalizing herself, as you know, and that law works quicker in these countries. The nearer we get by faith to the great law, the quicker comes the return or response of any doing for humanity. The doing for the weak and poor is a part of the doctor's duty. I felt bad at first about not receiving real money for labor, but I soon found that power takes the place of money here. And every desire of the heart is given by power, and will, and being willing to help those who are ignorant. One generation pulls down another into deep matter until nobody senses the principles which are the very life of all shapes, and sees only the faults of things. People have an idea that if their bodies are here, they will go on all right. The soul has to be set right, else they will always have diseases and humors. Once the soul set straight and knowing how to hold itself so, there can be no disease.

Some diseases are beyond us. We cannot help life in earth. All we can do is to meet a case with the highest power given, and these powers may determine to take the patient out. You are doing all in your power.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

Have No Horses in the Third Sphere.

Oct. 26, 1891.

My very dear Mother,—I give you good welcome this morning. I feel almost out on this earth. I am so strong; but still I am conscious that I have changed bodies, and so cannot appear as I was, for I know my clothes are mostly gone the way of the old home. But there is no sorrow in me now for a thing put off. At first I felt all the habits of association, and held all those material things dear. But, when I see a change can benefit you, I am more than reconciled. And, of course, father and I are always working silently for the best thing for you. All our interests are now here for our future and for yours. I could never forget or let go the dear friends of earth, although love which was, stretches out very thin, I notice, as they climb the ruggedness of earth.

The privations which I find you bore for my education seemed all for naught as regards earth, but not as regards the extension of earth and the ripened worlds, which go on and on, no one knows how high. But the glory of it is, and there seems now no end to what a man can do by ability. The status is changed from the pay by money to the pay by power, and no one stands in the way of power, if a soul pushes. It is the same on earth, only money occupies the place of power, and people are apt to hold back their ability, unless well paid. So there is no true standard of the capability of a man or a woman. Earth is a slow world. But there was a time when it was so slow that men had to stay on the sea for years to get oil for lights, and now electricity has almost outgrown the need of whaling crews. And so the whales, being of no use, are fast becoming scarce. When mortals do not need things, they pass away. Horses are going out as electricity comes in. We have no horses in the third sphere. Unless my friends give some kind of spiritual light, I cannot attach to them.

Some people are very dark as to letting their souls come up over their rims, and so becoming

what we call solar. These I cannot follow, any more than I could when at school. I think the sisters are growing into lovely womanhood, and already, as I told you, pictures are on the walls, and Ellie's songs are sweet to hear.

WADSWORTH C.

Gathers Many Herbs in the Old Garden.

My dear Wife,—I come so seldom that I am afraid you will think I have forgotten you. But I do not love the earth. I was so weak in it, and it worried me so to live the last of it, that I wish you were out of it and over here. But still it does the boy good to be called. He cannot get weaned from the old things, as I did. So let him come, for he already sees that the best interests are in letting go of the old places and preparing for you here. I feel pride in our two daughters; you will love them. The air outside, as I came down, was so fresh I felt as I used to when I rose early in the old place. But that is now over, and new things have begun there. We are turning everything over for you, and beginning with new light. As we improve in power by Idell and Ellie and our son's duty well done, why, so all the shells of earth must go, and new things come in. I gather many of the herbs in the old garden, and these Wadsworth uses in essence and perfume for those not well born. He saves many. I want to say more, but can't.

I have let them in pretty well, mother, to-day, and it does them good. They all need it, and will know how to think toward earth after a time. I was surprised to see grandfather trying it. I hope his letter came along through, well. No, I did not know that E. B. B. was here. I do not know until they ascend from borderland after being arranged. I suppose he was not in my ward, but after a time I shall have found him. I will tell father, and we will find him.

WADSWORTH.

Has the Same Work as When on Earth.

Dear Sister,—I am not a believer in this return, but I want to test it, as father says it is a truth, and he has seen your spirit like a ghost. But I never believed in ghosts, and I can't see much use in the being reborn to earth after we get through. If this reaches you and becomes a letter, you will know I have the same work as on earth, and more need, because so many bring over their oddities and notions. I can see that very few are in the fullness of a real self. Something ails 'most everybody in worlds below. T.

Evil Has Its Run as Well as Good.

Nov. 5, 1891.

My dear Mother,—Our little ones seem very eloquent this morning. They love to show you what they can do; but, as Ellie says, they have not yet made immortal things, neither have I, for you know I have not been here long. But father has given principle of usefulness and sympathy, so his light has risen into the fifth degree, and already the mansion ahead which every soul tries for is beginning to come. You know a man on earth dies and leaves money—that is, his money is sent on ahead; but here his light or purpose is sent onward. But yet, mother, if it was not for you, there could be no building of mansions or use sent on ahead; for, in order to have power, there must be one fastening on earth as material foundation and another in the utmost effort of principle, and then a power can be born. So by all the care and anxiety you had for father and the great self-sacrifice of life you made for me, you see there is a power being born of it for the future, and father and the little ones are carried up in it, as on earth you would have us rise by mother's love and pride. There is no cutting off any power, once worthily started, or I may say unworthily, too; for evil has its run as well as good, in order to prove a shell or shield to the more tender good. Goodness is so tender

that it has to have a crust. No one ever saw a bare, unprotected bit of God; for in descents it has to be protected from the dark side itself evolves. But I am not here to preach to-day. Father calls my essays preaching. He sometimes says, "Got a sermon for mother?" I think that, if all goes right with you, I can be quite happy here and build better than I could on earth. There are not so many ahead here. Those who are inefficient are not held up by the seniors or elders because the lack of tact or sense immediately makes a spirit known. The worth or shining of the inner through the delicate body shows at once, and a man is rated for what he has made effort to do. Now, although I do not yet make things for immortality, yet I am rated high; for I chose my work because I loved it, and not entirely because of money in it. To want to do a thing for the love of it is a power, and carries one to success; but, when it is pricked, I have seen great mists of white powder come out and envelop more than a thousand people. An evil is like a toadstool. It gives out certain chemical compounds for use.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

Interesting Particulars of Spirit Life.

March 19, 1891.

My precious Mother,—You know I am glad to see you. I say *see* because your spirit has a way of loosing itself and coming out so as to be very plain. Now a chair always carries its spirit, or penumbra, as we call it, and, if we can call it forth from the dark body, we can take a seat; but we can also sit down in the chair body, when the spirit, or penumbra, is within it. Every single object has its lining of mind; that is, the mind which formed it. A garden of flowers sends natural penumbra or real God, which is different from a chair, that being made by man-mind. In this way I can give diagnosis of disease, because the minute I look over a body, whether in the coarse grade clay or the finer grade of silver atoms or any quality of body, I

can detect where the pulse stops and decay has begun. As father says, very few remain whole during earth life or are whole when coming through. The minerals are brought up by evolution, as there are silver bodies on earth, and even gold bodies—I mean, of course, these elements in the veins instead of silica or clay; and every metal gives different body and also disposition, as the blood gives current for the soul to act. Now you have some gold in your veins—rich veins of gold—which cause humanity feelings and radiate far out. Some of the surgeons have iron with gold, which makes them strong to bear and rich in good deed. These are the highest surgeons on earth, and they attain to a great degree of honor over here. But some surgeons are flint and no gold, and then they could cut a head off and not wink. No humanity, you see. It makes a difference, then, what metal comes into the blood, because the soul has better opportunity to act. But the process is varied because there must be all kinds of bodies for all kinds of deeds. If every doctor was flint, then it would soon run into cruelty. But if every doctor was silver, or manganese, then no one could examine brains and get the muscle which is en rapport with such a part of it. The brain contains sensation to every part of the system, and by examining certain muscles or organs we can tell which spot in the brain is diseased, and take it out before a mental disease spreads. It takes a good while to start a family who have to see to believe. In these cases of return the sensation of touch goes ahead of sight, as we are using the arm, and not the eye, and people are accustomed to using the eye on earth, and not the hand. After we use a hand for touch into air and get used to it, there seem to come eyes in the ends of the fingers. There are some small snakes in borderland whose eye is the tip of the tail. A guide told me these snakes were the result of broken or cut-off fingers on earth. The small bit of spirit in them could rise no higher, and so went to form a finger snake with the bit of human

life as an eye. There are other shapes in borderland that are cut-off legs and arms of earth people. Everything that has any sense of will stirring in it rises and lasts until that sense has run out. If it is weak, it will die out. If strong, it progresses. Sometimes I think insects and reptiles are parts of human bodies in earth as well as in borderland, lying around, waiting to be absorbed into a whole, like a sum of figures not added. But this I only throw in as an idea to you. If so, would it not be a good idea to keep a healthy class of insects and kill all venomous things, as rats and snakes, so they need not be absorbed as bad livers and stomachs? Father laughs here, the first time I have heard him laugh for months. I have to say things to make him merry. Nevertheless, it isn't a bad idea. The celestials are at work among mortals urging them forward, and there is more thought now toward the beginnings of children; and, if they put the stroke on the beginnings of liquor, they would make better end of it. Let government own the liquor that is made as well as other things which drown and overcome the nations. Am I not getting to be a philosopher? Your son,

W. CECIL.

Willing the Very Grains of Silica into Shapes.

Dec. 4, 1891.

My dear Mother,—I am right glad to meet you this morning. This is a good place for a letter, but you know every day I talk by impression with you, and often wish you would pay more attention to the microscope, for I could see with you; and having now the higher knowledge by help of the faculty in the spheres, where there is no striving for position just for the money, I can understand the powers in small things by the glass. I was with you a little while on Thanksgiving Day, but you were as busy as we were. Father and I were helping about a feast given to the spirits in the first sphere—not in the borderland, for that is where formation goes on, but in the first sphere, where

they are able to move about and begin to work in a purpose. Under the trees called Banyan, which have roots in earth and tower up on the hills, the table was laid and fruits brought by messengers. It made me think of those old Bible stories where a table came to Christ with a feast on it, and then disappeared. The particular one which father and I attended and worked with was where Uncle T. brought those whose minds are tender and who live in large rose gardens with all kinds of herbs around them. I called it Uncle T.'s feast. I suppose on earth it would be called a feast for lunatics, but we are careful now to drop all such names as have been hooted and laughed at, so that there will be no such things as any low mesmeric influence brought over. A suggestion to any of these weak minds would bring back all the past, and spoil all that had been done. Sometimes a doctor with great pomp will come into Uncle's place in the first sphere, and say: "Well, how did So-and-so come over? Is he a lunatic still?" But, as soon as the word touches the doctor's tongue, there seems to be a sort of paralysis of the muscles, and he flies home, and never ventures there again until he learns better. We make a very fine herb juice of wine from mixtures of wild cherry and balm and other ingredients which are very enlivening and yet soothing. Oh, father is sometimes quite sad. I think his long sickness took a great deal of vital fire out of him, and made him a little apt to despond. When I see this I take him away from the office, and carry him around where I make calls until he forgets the routine of work. Father is inclined to routine—that is, to have so many small vials of compounds ready, for all I tell him there is no need to be so particular; because if I wanted a peculiar drop of some oil or juice I could send east or west, north or south, and, as all physicians are bound to help one another, I could get it. I am trying to break father of this routine, and to engage him in some other way for a while, which I think will be done by Idell, who is now interesting him in her pictures, and especially the large one she is begin-

ning for the school hall. Then, again, father is anxious for you. He says, "It is hard for a woman alone on earth so, and we can't move things, you know, so she can live easier." Now, you see, father has not yet belief in will, and so will does not work as the hands would. I can see myself how hard it is to overcome the hands and work with the mind. I have seen old Egyptians sitting in a circle and willing the very grains of silica into shapes. I saw them raise a small house in the center of a circle entirely by will. Of course, the model of the house had been thoroughly studied at first by every one, so that when they sat in circle and began to build, following the model and connecting it with the silica and components parts of oxygen, there came a regular formation exact as with the model. And so it is with healing. When your mind has circulated around the disease, and got the location and every part affected by the inflamed spot, then let the model for perfect health flow in, and keep it flowing, never saying nor thinking: "Poor thing! It is so weak it won't get well." It is much easier for a child to learn this than for us who are brought up in earth and never use much will. Because we see not the bands and wheel-work of the mind, we are apt to disbelieve in them, and not set them going, but to depend on some outward machinery. I will allow that time is necessary to learn to work by will. Now Elsie is being taught by fine brushes and tints of ochre, but at the same time by a lesson in will, or impressing a picture from the mind on canvas, every day; so that in time the outer will be cast away and the impression picture be most lovely, as one cannot make soul move adown into the hands and come out in a drawing or painting just as the mind wills. Well, I think we are progressing finely, and daily I love these worlds. I don't feel that your sacrifice for me is lost. I had the roots of purpose on earth, and I am sure now I can carry them forward. At first I was a little lost as to what to do, but I saw so many born over tossed and torn that I soon saw my profession was of use. Yes, that is why I am talking

it to you. Father said last night, "Now you give mother some idea about this will business which I don't understand, but you do." I saw a circle of Egyptians around a poor maniac in borderland. They were faculty, and so experimenting, as you know they always do. The poor spirit had forces, but these were crossed, something as if the telegraph lines were all crossed and coiled up, and these doctors were uncoiling him—that is, drawing out order. They had their minds turned in the light-blue force which is order and were applying it to the mass. Now your patients are not quite such a mass as was this lunatic, but some of them had twisted nerves, and they imagine half their pains. I should put my hand on the tender place and my mind on the principle of order; *i. e.*, think of the line of horizon from tree to sky, or, if you want it swifter, think of a waterfall, any orderly line in nature which you want to bring the pulse up to. Having established order, then try to work in harmony, or arrangement of health lines, by thinking of the sunrise or the sunset or a garden of pansies. This tunes your spirit to nature, something as two pianos or violins tune. After a patient is in tune all goes well, and the natural self gets established. I am telling you the theory, mother, but you must not get discouraged if it works hard, for some of our high faculty can't do it yet. But Egyptians are full of it. It is remarkable and true.

Your dear son,

WADSWORTH CECIL.

There are Higher Bands than He Belongs To.

Jan. 5, 1892.

My dear Mother,—I must repeat my "Happy New Year" to you. I wonder if you heard me enter on that morning, and speak these words clear and distinct to you? It seemed as if you must have seen me, as I was so low down in form and felt the need of being right in sympathy with you. These dear little sisters of mine are receiving lessons about earth. I told you they had begun to grow and to learn, and the very primary begin-

ning of teaching is about the material worlds. If spirits never know the elements of an outer world, they will rise as seraphs or cherubs, and fulfill some purpose in music or the ecstatic loves. Of course there must be even these, for the higher churches would miss much sweet music unless some were seraphs. But our family always loves science and education, and so I wanted these daughters to study and grow, and there is no way of scientific growth without the mind being taught on all sides of it, making a sensible spirit. I don't want them to study French, but it is necessary that they know what French means and what Italian means, so that the customs and even the outlines of a figure can be plain. Because a spirit partakes for a long time of its country customs, and they must know an American from a Frenchman by the general outline. Well, I have gained my honors, and, I hope, have helped to send in some invention for the races. It does seem odd that the people down here give so little attention to the races. The paupers, the idiots, the weak, the deformed, are all produced, and government goes on building immense structures to accommodate them, and then taxes all the people to take care of them. Uncle T. says it will soon be all they can do down here to take care of their imbecile ones. Imagine a world hampered by such a motley multitude instead of being a self-dependent power. My question is, if disease increases so rapidly and insanity gets such upper hands, are there going to be doctors enough who are reliable to give the proper help? If there are too many born, too many for the well to care for, then the race is not able to carry her own light. I can see trouble ahead. The asylums are now crowded, and there is little chance for recovery in such conditions. It makes me think of burial in graves with part of the senses awake. I often wish for a smart, good fire to set some of them free. Well, I must not tell you this, for your loving nature will be reaching out to help them all, and you cannot do it without harming yourself. I have this glad thought, that there are higher bands than I

belong to working for more brotherhood in earth and giving swift lightning to help. Our houses were dainty as bowers on New Year's Day, and the flowers do not fade for many weeks. So it is as pretty to-day as it was on the morning of the New Year. I have a handsome studio. It seems so cheerful and light as I enter it that I call out loudly, as I know you do sometimes for me, for you to come and work with me. Won't we have a good time, mother, planning for all the million people, when you come? Father keeps every jar and vial in order, so he can find them in the night if there is need. It is said in the Bible there is no night in heaven. This means when the soul is strong enough to bear all day. But as yet father loves night. So do I. We have not outgrown it. So, although our day is longer, yet there is night, for the large souls who have overcome all cause and effect are in what is called "nirvana," these real spirits give us light, for a soul perfected is more luminous than many thousand suns. This earth will develop so greatly in principles and awaken so vast a center of brilliance as not to need any sun. So we sleep and eat those things that are proper for the golden blood, and we are light in motion. I think, if I lived down here again, I would try to stop the eating of animal food; and yet it has got such a run in this generation that only death can stop it. You see what a push it would be to get even pork out of earth, and there are other creatures equally vile. The spirit often stops for days in the midst of such masses of capillary work. The delicate interchange of the nerve system is so fine that the spirit actually gets clogged, and really cannot die or get out at any natural egress; and so doctors say it is death. In this way many are put under ground before the spirit has risen to the surface and escaped. I don't say the vital sense would begin to beat again if the fine essence of an outgoing spirit could creep through the capillary network, but there would be chance again for life this side in earth. If people are buried alive, they

seldom come to consciousness, because the air in the box would not last one second. Your own boy,

WADSWORTH.

Interesting Description of Work in Spirit Life.

Jan. 9, 1892.

My dear Mother,—I was disappointed when you came for my Christmas letter, and could not get in. I supposed the medium was sick, and afterward I learned it was so, and sent Idell with some wine that I made. It was a working Christmas with me, although I had some beautiful minutes with you about twilight, as you will remember. And father was down also, although he can't stay long on earth without short breath. You see, so many come over now with the grippe, as they term it, that it needs thousands of doctors. The great air-sea beats upon our shores, bearing large coils of the human just born over as so much seaweed cast up ashore. Some form just before they are tossed up and land on their feet, and are strong on the instant; others lie weakly, and have to be helped; and many come on the vessels which are always on the air-sea sailing. This year there are calls which seem to me to be as if some one was weeding out all the real old weak ones. But it does not alarm us. We are able for them all. There is not much need of doctors after one rises to the fifth sphere, for none can rise unless the clay is pretty nearly purified, and thus all that breeds disease is left behind. So all doctors, if they intend to help in the great universe, work in the first three spheres. There is a kind of mind cure that extends even into the fifth country, and this is from habit of thought in religion. A man gets the wrong idea of God in him, and this is attended to mostly in the fifth country; but it can be begun in earth, as I see you are beginning it now with your patients. I think, mother, some of your work will be done in the fifth sphere, assisting in the changes of mind necessary for progress. Mind is harder to change than body; and, if the body is not set right first, then the mind remains in discord. Uncle T. says, if he should live

again in earth, he would make every insane person well by getting the body in proper harmony first, and then work up the mind. But he says the earth is not long enough for such cures, and it takes many ages over here to harmonize a man and make him anywhere near what he ought to be. I have been attending to many in the hospitals who came over with the grippe. They usually come rolled up in a ball, because the spirit folds up as she goes out and takes the shape of the head, or the last impression. I have seen men come over as a pair of lungs, which shows they died from the lungs and held sense to the last. Of course, these appearances at once tell us the cause and the last touch of the body, and so determine how and where we shall begin to cure, and with what color. There are many new forms of disease coming in this year. Doctors will have to study hard to keep up with the changes, for scarlet fever and all the old-style attacks will be nearly done away with, and others set in. A new set of births changes all the modes. And so a doctor is never through studying. I have now about one hundred and seventy patients in the borderland and in the third sphere, and I have only to go by rapid transit over distance; and sometimes father sends me certain vials of color by the transmission of air tubes, for across the air between the spheres there are tubes of condensed air, as there are cables across the oceans on earth, only quicker in passage. I feel as if father was too confined sometimes; but now Idell is growing more interested in mixtures, as is natural from you, and so I send father to the large picture galleries or elsewhere to rest his mind from routine. These little girls are now growing into useful girlhood. They are being educated in the fifth country, and yet scarcely two hours are needed for counsel and advice. But the soul moves faster in these worlds, and one minute of painting is worth a whole day. They understand quicker than I do, because their senses are clear intuition, while mine are separated into the five. Intuition is the fullness of all other senses, and a person dying from earth young has that power. I have it

all to learn; yet really aged persons have it also, because they enter their second childhood before they come. There will also come to earth this year astonishing cures of eyes and ears and all parts of the head. For every part is as a self, and can be separated and attended to and replaced if the doctors only know how. This is to be given to them. For a human body can be picked in pieces as well as a rose, and every part made a self-existing atom, and yet, when acting with all other atoms, making a vast wholeness of the man. I saw a doctor take every atom of a coiled spirit-body apart, and purify it with magnetic forces, and adjust it again, as one would clean a watch. This took out the sin elements, and made a fresh spirit. Well, I am glad I have written this. I now feel much better, and so does father, for we have taken down your thoughts and questions, and shall read them over in our room to-night. Oh, it is such pleasure for us! Why, we feel as if you were right with us; and so you are, in spirit. Your son,

WADSWORTH.

We are Clairvoyant, and Can See the Trend of a Law.

Jan. 21, 1892.

My dear Mother,—Our little girls are growing in all ways, and are lovely additions to the house, filling it with music and picture and love. I do not mean they make fires and boil tea-kettles and such things which belong to earth, for here there is no such need of the material; but the lighter material, as I call it. This earth is so full of electricity and warmth that fruit is already prepared with most delicious tastes, and there are classes of working spirits who prepare all needs (not considered servants, but doing their part of the great universal order). They love their work, or else they would not for one moment be allowed to do it. Other spirits are busy with the looms weaving, which is not considered labor here, but artistic work. Labor is all artistic; for the nurse, who cares for the weak ones who have been partially renovated in magnetism, loves her work, and does it because

she loves it. And so vitality springs to meet her motions, and labor is a pleasure or pastime, because it does not have to be continuous lest the means of living fail. On earth one has to take up cases and examine the worst diseases, lest the means fail: and they often do this when they rebel against it, and so the vitality does not answer to the touch. This is why I tell you not to do for people when you need the rest physically yourself. The answer to your touch does not come readily. But, after rest and your spirit has called in the color and life beyond what you need for yourself, then answers will come. I can see now how it was that Christ could raise the ones almost dead. He had rested, and was full of renewed vigor and color and growth, and had a surplus; and this surplus, with strong will power, was enough to raise the dead. I am learning this myself. My hours of labor had to be shortened, because, a guide said, "You do not get enough overplus to start the life of a new-born spirit." I told you I sent father up in the galleries to rest, as he is too eager to get the finest extracts from herbs and blooms and roots for me, especially the eastern ones, and so he lost vigor. When we work in this way, waiting until we have a light over and above our own need, then things are clearer. We are clairvoyant, and can see the trend of a law and how it is coming out. To have the soul clear is the great object of our purposes. But I know, mother, how it is on earth. The tired and sick ones are always coming, and one cannot close doors on them; but I only tell you the law, so you can try to make the overplus of power, and not rob yourself of your own part of life. Push for this, and it will have to come. I note that many things come by pushing that which is called the Almighty. When this great force, or whatever it is beating in the air, feels a pretty hard and decisive push, some fire of power answers. One day I watched a woman on earth to see how she got her livelihood, and I found she laid away a dollar every week with firm determination not to use it, but to let nature find a way for sustenance. Nature,

or this beating force in the air, missed the dollar at first, and ground down hard on her to get it, bringing her to the very precipice of need. But after a few weeks the vacuum filled up, and nature found other ways. I am sure that people give up too much to the habit of nature in using all laid out for them. Nature gets into the habit of feeling around for every dollar. She is economic, and reaches as in roots; but, if a mortal pushes and bounds over the first precipice, then the vacuum gets filled. This is an odd theory, but it is true.

You must not think of our house as brick on brick, or of wood sawed and planed, for the art of building is carried much higher here, and gold or gems may be dissolved and formed into walls and fitted together, because artists are skillful in the principles of geometry, and the proportion of the roof to the foundation support. And yet I have seen gems of ruby or diamond in blocks, as bricks are in earth, all arranged in form of house. In the fifth sphere, formations are carried on by exceedingly swift motions, and thus those who in earth work in glass or tile or china forms can ascend quickly into spheres if their souls are clear from any weights of habit, because the need carries them up. A doctor rises quickly because of his power to understand law. That old Bible spoke well when it said, "Know Thyself," for, if a man knows every sinew, artery, nerve, and muscle, he has the whole map of the future, and by study can find out many curious things. We have a very pretty house. It is crystal, the same as water congeals on the window-pane, only congealed chemically, and intermingled with our will and love. These two powers hold all shapes firm. If houses in earth were firmer in will and love, they would last longer, as old homesteads do. It would be hard to burn ours or blow it away, because we are in it, as well as all the kindly deeds we did to the ones in pain. But we can draw ourselves out by and by. It is a reserve power. I think, mother, I would not worry, because you know all that is a waste of energy; but try some of those

pushes I told you about. I think they will succeed. Always remember that to assist too many you lose that energy which you need for overplus. I want to see you rest some. There are ways which father and I reach, which you do not always know, and not only father and I, but the plan-angel whose real purpose is to search for vacuums. If they see a need, they will fill it, but, when it is a worry, they only pass it over. The law does work, but the people of earth who have overplus won't use it. They have so much vigor they don't know where or how to place it. Yet still the law works, for I see it. Rest some, dear mother.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

In the Third Sphere There is Still Day and Night.

Feb. 4, 1892.

My dear Mother,—I never saw two happier spirits than my little sisters. I often question if they could be so happy if they understood the trials of earth, and sometimes I question whether it would not have been best to let them grow up here and become seraphs, as they are beginning to do. But it is natural, you know, to want our own in our own kingdom, to beautify and adorn it. Many and many mothers will let their darlings rise into seraph work because they do not call them to earth, and begin the natural process of growth in the roots. But we have our own. Father wanted them, but he had not the will to raise them. Father has order and plan and a great faith and love, but the weakness of earth made his will weak. So he had to depend on me for will. But all spirits do not have the same powers, and that is the reason for brotherhoods, faculties, and societies. What one lacks, another has. So there is always the absorbing going on. The children are not angels, but spirits. They have never overcome pride nor any evil, but it is necessary that they know the odd side of life as well as the even. Neither am I an angel. I don't want to be one yet. I know there is hard work before me to gain power to plan for worlds, as the celestial angels do. Then there are messen-

ger angels, as I told you, who have power to extend the lungs outward attaching to the arms and inflated with a curious gas or light, which gives them wonderful motion. These are the bearers of tidings from world to world. They seldom rest, but live on the wing, as I call it. Afar up in space I see them constantly moving about. Think how odd it would be on earth to look upward and see forms moving about. But it will yet be so, as soon as the people are brought up from materiality into more refined conditions; and by that time the curious gas or essence of fire will be entered, or come by the effect of the growth of mankind, and there will be exceeding lightness of the human frame. And fat and gluten and thick muscle will all belong to swine and porcupines, and so waste out into nothingness. The true man will be made of sinews, nerves, cords, and tendons, and the flesh which breeds disease will go down to animals and out. Nerves would never tire or get strained if it was not for the carrying around of so many pounds of stuff liable to rot every minute, and in many people already rotten. A nerve man can do twice the work—I may say ten times the work—of a portly, fleshy man. Fire refuses to run in flesh, and keeps to the nerves, gushing out of the eye or finger-tips or by word. And yet there is so exalted a state of nerve that the fire glances and radiates the outer self, unless there are many pounds of fat. Eruptions on the skin are usually from outer causes, and not from the blood. They are all worms, nests, or germ piles, and run along by the sweat tubes, as a vine runs along forest trees. The blood being weak is some cause of their attraction, because germs and worms settle down on things which emit smells of decay; and so, in many instances, the blood must be toned up. Yet I am told that the humors, as eczema, erysipelas, scarlet fever, and other fevers, diphtheria, must all be treated as an outer crust trouble. What do you think of this? I am not quite decided, as many of the doctors of earth call them blood poisons breaking out on the skin. I sometimes think they

are wholly skin or crust troubles, which so worry the mind as to cause less appetite, and, therefore, weakened blood. The happiness and content of the mind, I find, have great influence in all diseases; and it is often a problem whether to begin with the outward and purify that, thus letting the effect reach the inner, or to begin dosing the inner to reach the outer. For all I belong to a fifth-sphere faculty who decide important questions relative to disease on all earth and in air islands in space and lower spheres, yet sometimes I cannot quite agree with them. Father says, "Well, Wadsworth, you are young, and can afford to wait and think and consult with your mother." There is time enough ahead. I don't want to know everything in a minute, when I think of the time there is, for it is such a pleasure to rise in the morning and know that there are things not known, glorious secrets hidden. I rise early—for, remember, in the third sphere there is still day and night—and then I go out to the large basin of pink enamel in our garden by the fountain, and plunge in; and the air is so electric that I have no need of towel, for I am dry in a moment. And, indeed, the basin is full of air-water, as I call it—a kind of bubble formation. And this is very refreshing. It makes me strong in sensation, and here I think the soul has more sensation than in earth. If there was pain here, you can see how terribly exquisite the suffering would be. Why, mother, you have a kind of nature-sense—a guide told me it ran in the family blood—an intuitive sense as to the right of healing. Uncle T. has it now as ever, and grandma, too. The reason I consult you is because you are nearer to the human bodies, and I have to compare the idea with how it will fit a body spirit. Comparison tells the story, you know. So it is with father. He goes up to the fifth sphere laboratories and finds out mixtures, and then compares them with ours, and we decide which is better. By this means I have given even the higher faculty some good remedies for the quick vitalization of the new-born spirit, or the color of an extract as adapted to the color

of an individual magnetism . There is very little ache or pain in the fifth sphere, but much in the lower, especially in borderland and the first sphere. Because of the grippe, there has been a great commotion in all the lower spheres, and, as you know, many physicians are called down to attend to needs. I have left two cases of very curious condition, and must hasten back. One has only, you may say, the seed of stomach, all eaten by indigestion and worse dyspepsia—only a bare, dry seed or pulp. Stomach is as much king here as there, and a ball of fire when it is in action. Gastric juice is no longer a creeping fluid, but an active fire; and so the stomach is a deposit for magnetic power, a focus of heat in a glow. You see, I have work to do to animate that spirit's stomach and make him live, else back he goes into a babe, or maybe, if called to some medium, he could get necessary fire without reincarnation. Mediums raise a great many, and by your light I have risen hundreds. Yes, I have brought hundreds near you, for you are a healing medium; and they have vitalized a stomach or a lung, so they need not be placed back into the first seed. More and more I learn here to do this, for to save incarnation sets a spirit one hundred years ahead. Well, now be in courage, mother. By and by, after I grow more, I can send luxuries, I hope; but father and I see to needs for you.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

Sees as Never Before the Use of Prayer on Earth.

O dear, dear Mother,—I know you have called us very often of late. I often hear your voice ringing out, "O Wadsworth, come to me!" And I hurry back from my journeys to give you a bit of comfort, and assure you there is no need of any distress. Clouds have to go over the sky—even clouds as dark as thunder ones—and we can only keep steady till they get by. I see nothing you have done out of the way, only made all the effort you can. Now you have only to hold on to your effort, already made, assure yourself you are right, and then let things come. After one has made the

best effort and tried hard to secure the finest result, it does seem cruel to have people think another way; but then these are the thunder-clouds, as I have said, and they must go over. Keep smooth and trusting; and I have already sent some real practical spirits to set things straight, and they will do so. Some other light will come in if that turns around into darkness. I cannot always do things myself, and even I do not know always what is best; but these bands know, and for all seeming evils that rise up they are ready to turn them to something good. I can see how the law works out. I do not yet know how to change an evil to a good, as they do. I can change molecules and perform chemical changes in the air of plants and fluids, but come to take principles of the mind and change these is something I have not yet learned. This is why I tell the higher bands, and why it is of use to pray. I see now, as never before, the use of prayer in earth. It is to attract these chemical bands who deal with the muddy, mixed principles of a mortal, and infill them so the black will turn out white. Although it is hard for those in earth to see it until after years have gone by, they are always ready for the effort and motive, and I am sure, if they reach yours, they will make some new purpose upon it. So have courage, and say to yourself, if such a thing happens, why there will come some new way, perhaps even better, for me. Every day I am building up in character and finding out some curious preparation. Uncle T. helps me in regard to the head and all nerve disorders. You would be surprised to see how few there are with a pure, whole, straight order of nerves. The accident, the pain, the poverty down here, and especially the fear of death, sets the nerves frantic. So there are more than half who are out of base, and who have to be arranged after the second growth of the body sets in. Habit is a kind of set state of the nerves, and the first symptom of insanity. The will gets fastened to a peculiar, curve-like motion along the cells, and will not vary. When this second body is in a magnetic mist, we

separate the brain into lobes, and turn the current or curve, to destroy a habit. If doctors in earth could safely do this they would restore all the insane. Uncle says they have made tunnels for habit all over the brain. He has an immense garden, most lovely to smell or see, and glass houses all within it, for those who rise by the habit in the head; and he soon straightens them out. I could work with him, but I like my own work better; and that is a general restoration of true circulation when the blood begins to be a fire, and not liquid. It is a beautiful sight to see what I call the fire angels. Their blood is a mist or halo, and surrounds them sometimes as garments, or forms crowns or star symbols. Blood is the stream of life—liquid in earth, but can be made as fire, as the soul kindles by inspiration. See the necessity of waking up all the dullards of earth and getting them ablaze. You have kindled many, mother, and mingled your light with the lights of the bands. This is how they know you. The minute anyone mingles with them they feel the soul by intuition, and can send all the need. So we are not strangers to the highest.

WADSWORTH.

Impressive Statements in Regard to Spirit Life.

March 2, 1892.

My dear Mother,—It seems a long time since I wrote here, but I have written my impression many times, as you know; for not a day passes but I come to tell you of some odd case or curious spirit whom we have raised. I am busy about four hours per day in the lower worlds over the weaknesses and frailty of the newly risen ones. Then some other physician takes my place, and I go away into some other sphere for entire change and rest. I usually come to you, for earth rests me, and I want to encourage you all I can; for at this season, when life is beginning, the great change of life's tides is coming for people, and there will be many deaths and much sickness, and the beginning will be in the earth. It is not that we can stop any-

thing, but can ease it. That is the only thing. For people do rush so into inharmony that they really call in disease. If all would keep close up to the quiet changing of the seasons, there would not be much sickness. The most important times are March and October, the two great points of all the year, and when people should most heed the laws of health, avoiding the sharp winds and the decay of the autumn. Now is the turn of the tides, and we can do much in the beginning; but still try to do as I do, and work only four hours of the day, reserving the rest for silence and for receiving all you give out. I have met with the faculty in the fifth sphere for discussion on microbes. They assert that these are the cause of inharmonies, being as small eggs deposited in the network of what is called flesh. And I have a theory that these atoms are builders of tissue, and, if allowed to carry on a structure without any inharmony, as liquor, vice, or evil, they would make a healthy form. In my way they would be life germs, while in their way they would be death germs. Now we will see how the discussion goes on. Father thought I was quite bold to disagree. But I have a right to my theory, and there are germ builders as well as germ destroyers. Why, the whole State of Florida is built on coral, and by a small polyp that one can see only by a microscope. If a polyp can build land, the race of them can build the structure of a man or woman. I call the white corpuscles polyps, and they are builders. Well, I am going to argue this theory until it can be ruled out. Idell says her birds were alive and passed inward through the mist, seeking the inner warm air. I have seen many small things passing through, as butterflies and moths. The small fly called a day-fly is an escaped shape from borderland, and this is why it lives so short a time; and the day-lily is another escaped shape. These small substances pass through very easily. The hunters will tell you about larks and other birds rising up out of sight by the boom of a gun. The vibration of sound carries them through. I can see your spirit very plainly, dear

mother, when I come for inspiration, and send my thought direct to you as if it were a voice. The only difference is you feel my words instead of hearing them. I often do assist you in business, and turn things around for you and send many dear guides to arrange matters for you. I know that in every need, at just the right time, they will make the way clear; for these planners can do more than I can, only I have to intercede for you and send them. You must not keep afraid all the time that such and such a thing will happen. For fear is a weak principle, and we cannot step in it. Just make effort, and this is light, strong, and secure, and then the planners can step along. Amid all the friends we had there are ways for carrying on our work, and these will not fail. Since I joined the faculty for discussion, I have more honor and renown, and am called for many odd cases. Besides, Uncle T. begins to have good trust in me. The more power I gain, the more I can bring for you; and with father's order and the children's growth in all ways, and by striving, there is no such word as "fail." There will come much weakness in and around the people for March, and then you will need strength and supply of force. The health planners will send them to you. It is to begin at the roots. So, if they do come over, they may take higher position and rise quicker, and, if not, then they may be more harmonious for earth. Many new facts are to be sent into minds now in the turn of the tides, and foremost will be the power of magnetism, sent by hand or the will. Mind is in high action, and in less than twenty years it will be able to conquer any disease without medicine, save, perhaps, the very finest quality of some herb. The power of hypnotism will rule, and limbs will be amputated and pains eased by the patient being thrown into trance and controlled by belief. We have one hospital just arranged for hypnotic treatment. The liquid spirit or magnetic form of being is placed in a large glass jar and put under a skillful will physician, who assumes in his mind a figure of harmony and

health, fair and correct in outline, all sin, all weakness cast out. The doctor says you are to be as my harmonious mould, and form without desire for drink or sin. The belief being in liquid, it soon begins to ferment and form and gather as the inside of an egg, and after many months the man is born again with the beliefs which were settled in the egg liquid, and thus a perfect spirit is formed, ready to live in the fifth degree, escaping the intervening ones. But you know only the very worst sinners can be taken out and reduced to a liquid or albumen, ready to form spiritual protoplasm. For some are partially formed after death, and retain many heresies and beliefs of their own which cannot be hypnotized. This way of cure is to be introduced into earth at the turn of the tides, and, if faithfully carried out, will cure the insane and the drunkard and the fragile ones. Well, do have courage now, mother, and do not work hard, but wait to receive as fast as you gain, thus holding balance. Father sends love. Your son,

WADSWORTH CECIL.

Has a Botanical Garden Around His Spirit Home.

March 24, 1892.

My dear Mother,—I love to meet you because it helps me. A mother's interest and love is the greatest support in all the world. I am encouraged by it and lifted out of myself. Father often gets low within himself, and the old worries come to him, and the cares. You see it takes a long time to keep the recurrence of the events of earth from worrying in the spirit. Now I had not passed through so many trials as father, and so I do not revert so easily. I have more spring of hope and faith. I think I must get this from you. I don't think you get so down in yourself as he does. He helps me more than tongue can tell by nicety and selection. I have only to telegraph the letter or number of the fire-liquid I need, and he sends it by messenger immediately. Messenger spirits live in the planet Mercury, near the sun, and absorb immense heat and light, and thus are able to turn the whole lung

outward, like a bird's wing, and so fly swifter than the mind or sunbeam to any place. These fire-medicines wrought from roots or plants or air are needed all along the spheres until one reaches the fifth, and then there is more spirit than body and the ails diminish. For in pure spirit there can be no pain nor ache, but peace and harmony. This is possible to attain while living down here, if the faith and will and trust are sounder and more perfect. A preacher told me if the people of earth would not keep reaching over every trial and wondering when it would end, but would allow some discretion to the one they call Almighty, that the powers of faith, will, and love, would have some chance to grow. But the human tried to take the place of God, and pushed him aside to see where and how a thing was to end. You see by this, mother, that I have begun to go to church. I did not have much of what is called religion, but here there is a sense in what the preachers say. I wish some of these could animate the ministers of earth, and so give a new creed. I think that some are thus animated. You know that bands of spirits are always traveling through earth on purpose to hear the need and learn the supply. Sometimes the answer comes close to the need, and again there is space of time between; and then, in a way one does not think. This great law I learned, that people must try to get so near up to harmonious feeling and trust that the longing is sharp, and there is no room for mistrust or doubt to creep in between the need and its answer. Isn't this a good law? When doctors on earth try to heal a disease, they must first long to have a good result with real zeal, and then go on quietly doing their best, and never entertain a doubt but that the result will come. For a doubt in the doctor's mind affects the patient, and then there is a looseness of the powers and loss of the tension needed; and results cannot run on such mesh. Our little girls are now growing lovely, and will soon have a small cottage of their own near ours; for I have often told you that no two spirits live together long.

But still they will beautify the home as ever. I have now a botanical garden for miles around our home, and many doctors in it, learning from teachers. I, myself, belong to a class, and study roots and herbs and examine the fibre of plants. These are only deposits, mother, or little green or pink or white closets for the great universal strengths. They are full and overflowing wine-cups, as you might say, for the healing of the nations. But the trouble is, we physicians do not understand the fire-fluids rushing within them, or how to adapt them to the body. And, if we did, our skill could never change the fact that death must come. The only thing is that we can relieve pain and dislodge the germs, and change the color of the magnetisms. But, when death is *so* marked on the great maps of immortality, it will come, whether by accident or seeming ill or whatever cause. Yet a physician is of vastly more worth than a minister here. They hold high positions, and are the only ones who can raise the spirit body into form. After my botanical gardens are more firmly growing, we are to have a family party, and invite all the relations far and near to join us. Then I will know them all, and feel more acquainted with our ancestors. Grandfather—and now I mean your father—I often see. He lives very closely to himself, and seems to have fear of rising lest he lose the little home he has, notwithstanding I said there was room enough and food enough in the higher worlds. The habit of holding on to the little is in him. He has a garden, and I wanted him to help in my botanical garden. There are also some in father's family whom I mean to ask. Why, it is healthy work, and much easier than on earth, because the golden flash of electricity in the soil makes heat for growth, and there is a rapid coming of leaf and flower; and the ground is sometimes covered with petals for two feet deep. These are utilized for couches and beds instead of feathers, for spirits cannot use aught which is a growth of red blood. The birds which come to borderland have only to fill every hollow tube with the ether which they find within

the oxygen; and, being so small in frame, they become light all through, except the claw and the bill. These will not illuminate. So nearly all arrive with a short fleshy bill, and feet which somewhat burden while they stay. I notice to-day that they were repassing back to earth, which is done by breathing the oxygen and letting go the ether. A man is too large-bodied to do this; for the oxygen overcomes the ether on account of his fearing that he is dying. A spell of fainting is something like it. The spirit is breathing ether and striving to let go the oxygen; but the body, being large and full of red blood, will not translate. Let's see; does not the Bible tell of these translations—of bodies becoming etherealized and ascending? It is all a wondrous study. I find many bees pass through, also other insects, but birds particularly, because their bones can be filled as a balloon. If mankind made less marrow and lighter bone, they would learn it, too. To live alone is not quite my meaning, but to have a self-home, so the children or I could not lean on you too much, is the meaning. Of course, father's home would be yours, and yours his, if you so desired; but a home for each shows what each soul can do. Uncle T. has a garden also, most lovely to behold, and it is not only for beauty, but for use for those who enjoy its fruit and shade. I see as many as fifty glass houses in it for the use of those yet in a confused state. They think they are out of doors, and do not realize the glass between. I do want you to keep courage, mother, and believe in the answer to the need. But don't think you must be the only one to take up all the ills. You can only do your part.

Your son,

WADSWORTH.

There are Two Ways to Reach Disease.

April 21, 1892.

My dear Mother,—I feel glad to write in a letter, because so much I have that I cannot tell you by impression. When I write in your mind, I have to leave many things unsaid, because I would confuse

you. But here, on paper, you are not obliged to receive it all at once; for we can re-read, and so think together leisurely. I saw our old friend E. B. B. on Easter Day, and I did not realize before he was here. Easter is a time of births, as Ellie says; and so many seem to be born to my sense, or to have risen from borderland. Sometimes friends come over here and I don't know it until they are born up to my country. Heaven is large, you know, and at first, when I met an old friend in borderland, I could not tell it from the earth; for it does border down deeply into earthly things, and is hard to separate, unless a spirit has studied the phases of atmosphere and the atoms. Even when I meet friends in the third sphere, I cannot at first tell whether they are over here by dream or by real. The dream things are very like the real things, unless, as I say, one has studied chemistry, and can separate. The first thing the children have begun is chemistry, so as to know a clay atom from a spiritual atom, and the different degrees of atoms, and what they will form. The children now have their own female house; and, though small, it is a perfect bower of beauty. When one owns a thing, he has more home and more duty —a something to care for. Not that love is less, but more independent; and one can help more when not right in the fullness. Now you can help more—these poor unfortunates—when you are not living directly with them, and right in the stress of it all. You have time to advise what to do. And so Idell can paint better in colors when she is not right in the stress of hearing father talk about the remedies for this one or that one. There is no need she should know every particular case when she can do no good. It uses her color; and then she cannot form a picture for the academy, which we are aiming for. Your picture hangs in the small parlor in their new pearl house. The walls are all white pearl, real mother-of-pearl; and it glints into a thousand hues of warm color, which seem as your affections. I am sure they are so, for we can put ourselves in metals as well as in flesh. There is no

law against this. The cousins often come to this new parlor, and say how much it seems like you. This picture is as your spirit; and it looks young, but yet like you glorified, or as you will be when you find that all I am telling you is true. I have many patients in borderland, and some in the fifth country. The diseases of the fifth land are mostly of the too great yearning of the soul for those in earth below, or to go onward into higher zones. There is possibility of the body getting too high pulse as too low pulse. I have to study pretty hard to work in both countries. Some doctors prefer to work alone in borderland, or alone in the higher diseases of the soul. But I take both. I could not take those of soul, only for you; for your light gives me that great rising power to doctor the soul so it will reflect back into the body. There are two ways to reach disease: by infusing the soul, which will reflect inward and animate every cell, and thus drive out weakness; or by directly healing the cells, and thus giving more stability to the frame, so the soul can give good expression. It makes not much difference which way, only we should seek the quickest. There is always a ring of life from spirit to matter, and so either way of the ring the trouble can be reduced. You belong to both ways, and so I have to; and I like it, because we are then sure to heal. I saw Uncle T. He is yet in the large garden, with its glass houses for patients. I wish all the asylums in earth would empty their distressed ones over here; for so dreadful is the massing of these in earth, the one catching the other's pulse, that it is hard for us to see it so. And yet the celestials say it is better to be as it is; for a man's spirit rests, even though the body moves by unconscious cerebration, and the insane are resting, and do not suffer as it appears. But this I cannot see as yet. I do wonder where Mattie is, and I see Aunt S. in her little snug harbor in the fourth country. I see grandpa nearly every day. They had a birth at Easter time, and rose up toward the north of the third country, where much land is now theirs;

and grandpa has some duty in raising fine flax for the pure linen garments, as well as cactus threads for lace. Grandma lives near him, but is busy in weaving these threads for those in lower spheres. I often think of E., and try to find my old classmates; but they don't send light to me. How can a man travel to them without their light or need of me? Needs are the only things answered here; and, if a mortal needs me not, how have I any rail-line to meet one? Of course, I can search, through your light. I can go to the old school or the hospital through your light, and yet I can get through no sound unless they unlock the other end of the line. I hope you will not worry about the future, for, as is the need, so will the answer come. Just keep your needs up in your heart, or present them to the angels with their mouths wide open, and there will be no need of worry.

I wish, dear mother, I could send over some of the gold I see in fine rocks over here; for it is as a need, it seems to me, on earth, although the guides say it would stop the striving of soul, and thus all the heat of heart would die out. I suppose they know better than I.

Your own dear son,
WADSWORTH CECIL.

May 20, 1892.

My good Friend,—This day is full of bright glory. It is God's own presence in green foldings. You see how God gives his presence, and covers all the trees and soil with his love. So, also, he covers the mortal form with peace and gentle love. Thus it is that some of those larger spirits, as Franklin, or Humboldt, or Napoleon, are often sent to earth to cover a purpose with strength color. They each have some mission for earth, to raise her by the people into glory and truth. M.

Nature is Full of Glory.

My own loving Mother,—My whole heart comes out to beat with yours, and to think with you. I am

full of geometrical curves, lines, circles, and pretty shapes, to weave on paper or tablet. I often make a tent of fine tissue, like a leaf, and go out in the deep forests of borderland to sketch as they do upon earth; for Nature is as full of glory in one world as in another. And, oh, the lovely pictures that she draws in color on the canvas of the air and the land are plentiful and beautiful. My tent is of leaf-green threads.

IDELL.

Most People's Ideas Have to be Changed.

Oh, Idell and I do have such lovely times; but never could we have learned to come to earth or to go to the higher worlds to school unless for your call and dear brother's help. We were so little, and did not know all the ways to journey or what we needed. I asked father why he did not find us at first; but he said he did not have Wadsworth's spry motion, and it took him a long time to get strong, and to know what heaven really was. Brother is alert and swift, and he had not brought over any settled idea about heaven; and, so as he sees things, they do not have to be changed. Most people's ideas have to be changed all over; and it makes them so thin and small in shape that they don't feel like moving around until they grow plump again with some fresh and new belief. Father grows more. Now we are more in knowledge, we feed his soul, I guess, don't you? and give him strength of love. He hates to wait so for you; and, if he comes to earth, he gets coughing and feeling as he did once. To put one in the same condition, does it make them as they were, or only seem so?

ELLIE.

Death is a Wonderful Change.

My dear Mother,—I am wearing to-day my regalia. It is blue, with stars of gold upon it, and signifies truth with royalty. Every physician who means to get the truth, and know the outer as well as the inner substance called body, wears one of these

brotherhood symbols of dress. I can tell who is in my class by this, even if they are a thousand miles away. You may think here, how can Wadsworth see so far? Sight merges into feeling in the fifth world; and the moment I feel, then I see, because every nerve has an eye and sees. I know that in my other body the nerves had eyes, only they were undeveloped; but, as we progress, sight comes to every nucleus that carries sensation, for sensation is keen, and cuts through every little bunched-up process. If it were not for your worries for other people, and your taking on their shadows and trials, you would begin to have nerve eyes somewhat, and develop them into what is called the sixth sense, or intuition. There is a way of worrying for others, and not letting it into yourself. God worries, I suppose, seeing all the seeming darkness and the pits that people fall into, but at the same time he keeps the worry out of himself and on one side, so as not to block up his intuitions. Those we must keep clear, so as to be ready for a sixth sense. By so doing we can gain what is called clairvoyance, and then nothing can escape our attention. I am trying to gain this power. One of our doctors said to me, "Seems to me you don't have that pity that you used to for these poor ravelled-out souls coming up to borderland." A Brahmin came in and said, "Oh, yes, his pity is just as strong; but he is learning to kindle it into immediate action." This is a Brahmin creed,—not to allow pity to dwell in the soul as a descending power, or ashes, he called it, but to flame it into faith or deed. And, really, we don't help any by allowing any shadow to rest on ourselves. It is only the quick far-seeing of hope that we can help. This is one class I am in. I think on earth they call it theosophy—the hoarding or storing of the feelings for immediate action, changing all such feelings as pity, or anxiety, or worry, or bitterness, into great flames of faith. I can't quite explain it yet, but I am studying. You used to tell me about it once, only I was too practical then. But, mother, I think now of a thousand things you told

me, as if they were air seeds planted for me after I should leave you. They are now comforts, and more than this, I tell the children and the father. He often says: "Why did mother say that? She was wise, and must have heard the spirits whisper long ago." Death is a fearful change. One hardly knows where they are to live or what to do in a new world. The first thought is to try to get established, and try to have purpose. A man is loose, utterly loose, at first, and like a ship without any rudder. And it is more important to get acquainted with the guides and helpers than with our own relations. Relations don't help us much on earth; and they can't here, only give love and sympathy. All very well, but it does not establish a man, and put him on his feet. Even father, loving me as he does, could not establish me in purpose. I had that as my first impulse. The idea ran on with my spirit that I must do something to return all you spent; and so I have been doing that. And, finally, by help of some large guides and my own good sense, I have got established, and hope to repay, and have you settled fairly and comfortably for the time you stay. Meantime father has established a home; and the dear girls are gaining the ornamental life, which is as useful as the practical. By and by our home and garden will be orderly, and ready to invite the relations to; and then there will be yet more social intercourse. I have seen M. and G. and some aunts, and grandma and grandpa on both sides, and they are getting established, too, and have comforts, are dropping the habits of earth. So after a time all will be in order, and we can go to and fro into earth, and into every sphere. One wants to feel that there are no separations, and that all is alike. Sometimes, when you rise into borderland and help me in a case, I have to really think whether you are dead from earth or not, you seem so real. It grows on me to feel this way.

Whatever law has been written in nature is truth. The need will be answered if it is only placed high enough.

The little girls are daily gaining power, and thus more strength comes. It is good to have working angels, mother. This was why I raised the children. They, too, are magnets. Father is a home spirit, not real active, but is in the principle of order and fine result, while I am activity and force, and all that is the need. Well, mother, I might see a thousand things, and yet not speak of a thing as a certainty; for on earth nothing is sure. I always know I can find you by the thread of love. I know that ways are opening now, because we all have a family and united will; and I know it must result in something good.

DEAR WADSWORTH.

Bring Patients Into Soft, Golden Light.

May 22, 1892.

My dear Lady,—Your light is pleasant this morning and full of tenderness. As I come within its rim I feel soothed and peaceful; and I know other spirits do. I notice the doctors bring their patients into the soft, golden light, and bathe them, as it were, in your balm of soul. A soul is a mighty power, and, when developed to its highest extent, can control all material things. Your light is gradually developing, and has reached the gentle blue, and almost white. M.

The Robe is Spun by Spirit Artists.

O darling Mamma,—Here we come with quick-stepping feet, and we welcome you with our warmest love. Ellie says I must say our pinkest love. I wear to-day a pretty robe made of mulberry leaf. Brother says it is the same plant that grows in earth, and worms open it into threads. I should like to see the worms. My robe is spun by the spirit artists in the great ivory looms up yonder. All leaves give threads of silk or linen, or something pretty. This mulberry is golden thread. Brother says it is green in the earth; but here we get the spiritual side of it, which is yellow. We

have not been away from you all the time this gate has been closed, for you know we sing to you in sweet rhymes; and I show you many pictures of my own ideals. We do not depend on mediums always, only to send words or works in. But we come directly to you and give you our sweets of love. Many little questions I give to you and hear your answers. This is the way we get the mother needs.

IDELL.

My dear precious Mother,—We love this way of telling you what we are doing and how we progress. So you will keep acquainted with us, and know us when you come. I see some daughters here who have lost the mother, because she believed them to be far away, and did not call; but, maybe, in time, they will find each other by love. I know how tired you get sometimes, and we both begin now to feel with you all the sorrows of the passage through earth. We must know the dark side as well as the white side.

ELLIE.

A Thin Skeleton Moving About with Nervous Step.

My dear Mother,--I am glad to meet you at a gate for words; for, although not a day passes but I am with you, yet to express word is something tangible, something that goes from heart to heart, and is real. A tree is word, I suppose, from God to the people—an expression of green. So I love always to go to what are called mediums, notwithstanding I used to laugh at the idea. But so afraid I was that you would be carried away by any false belief. I can see now that you were being prepared for all that was coming. I can see now that you were building bridges even then, so as to welcome us back. It seems curious that I could not believe such a simple thing, especially as I knew the great impulse that animated the nerves was a peculiar fire, and not the stir of the nerve itself. But I had so much

of the material to think of, as in the bones and muscles, and diseases in them, that I did not then see or judge the spiritual side, as I do now. I am glad you were prepared. Somehow, a mother always sees higher ways than other people. This control tells me that the universal law works more quickly through mothers, because of their intense love and forgiveness. It takes those strong currents to work out the problems of life, as it takes a current of wind to stouten an oak tree. I gain honors every year from the royal society of the fifth degree. I received a purple shield starred with diamonds, to denote my power of assimilating the fires of being; that is, to learn how to change from one degree of spirit to another without dying and forming anew. Suppose now that your spirit slowly assimilated the fire of the third degree, and at the same time your body lost weight, and finally pined away, so it was as tissue, and all drew within the atmosphere without any burial, *i. e.*, dissolved in elements, and the spirit which had slowly emerged rose to its proper sphere. Well, this is called assimilating the universal fires, and is a study taught to pupils. I learned it myself first and shall soon take pupils. Idell and Ellie know it by a natural process because they were brought up here; but all who have lived on earth have it to learn. I can now easily pass into the fourth or fifth sphere by this process, and leave no body to be buried. Sometimes I leave an impression of my form. Once I passed through and up, supposing I was clear from all parts of form left below, but found, on arriving in the fifth country, I was in pain, and could not stay. A doctor said something was left below, so I returned, and, sure enough, in the fourth country was a thin skeleton of my body moving about with a nervous step. I absorbed it, and had to stay a time in the country to get blended with it or assimilate it. Christ was a man said to have passed through these changes in a few moments, so he had great control over himself and over matter, and could shape as he chose, or go any distance in a

moment. This power makes all worlds one, and no separation. A great oneness of feeling! Suppose a man had to die and leave a body and go to England, there would, then, be more of separation. But he has learned not to die for that distance; and he can learn, if he will, not to die, coming to all worlds. Nature pushes for it in consumption. Don't you see the body thins to a wisp, and all the time the spirit grows brighter, and gets power to ascend long before the body is assimilated by the air? But this is a process of years. We do it in a few moments. I have joined many societies. One is a vast band of spirits, who are bringing in the equal power of woman with man in earth and other planets. For they say in Mars that the male power is warlike, and females are slaves, while in Saturn the opposite is the case. The mother rules, and there is a pure white soul-light over the whole planet. Body gets its nourishment from the air; and so fruit is only for beauty, throwing out sustenance for all needs. I am not prepared for such kind of nourishment. I like to have a little tea-table, and to gather around it. For all our dear Ellie and Idell are in little houses at the other end of the garden, yet they come and set the table for father and me, because they love to be messengers awhile. If they did not love it, the law would give them something to do which they would love; for all need to work as love calls, and in no other way. When we feel the hour for hunger, Idell comes, and both of them can now form glass from electric waves of light right out of the stems of the vines. So all our dishes are just above the point called elemental, and last while the need is. If we desire a pretty shape to last longer, then Idell strengthens it by a second making, and it is used as an ornament. But so high is the skill of glass-forming that no dishes need to be kept and washed and stored. Thought, in books, is stored. Sometimes we invite the cousins to sup with us, and Uncle T. often comes to Idell's lovely, artistic table; and, mother, your place at the head of the table is always left ready. Father says it

seems just as if you came to it and ate with us. We can have tea or coffee, juices, or any wine of plants we choose. There are in the lower worlds a meat-eating class, who catch the risen bodies of animals in borderland; but this keeps the red-blood stream. I met one of the physicians where I studied. It was pleasant, but odd to meet. I find hundreds of the hospital patients, and show them how to return, in many places. I wish there were more mediums, for some cannot learn to write. Father sends love. It makes him weak to use a medium, and I have to doctor him. You see he lost red blood, and so cannot take it up easily. I am now sent down deeper, as I have learned the quick change of body without dying and leaving any shape. You know they put hard cases on young doctors always; but it is not to ease themselves, as it is on earth, but that we may gain experience by actual work. I am not now afraid of death, having learned to dissolve every bit of body as I rise. I have conquered the tightness of the shape, you see. I have not as yet let the children join any society, because the mind must form. Do take many rests, mother, and so let your golden blood gain over the red. If anybody gains that, then nothing tires them. They feel light and lifted above all trials. Father comes every day as a spirit, but to touch a medium makes him weak. Have good courage, mother, and know we love you.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

The First Spiritual Structure.

June 9, 1892.

My dear Lady,—Our hearts grow light as we come to earth, for we know that here are the roots of beginnings, where things must change in the seed, in order to grow straight and sure and be tipped into true principles. To begin at roots is our motto; and yet, if we are not invited to earth, how can we do that primal work so needed in all growths of progress? We then have to begin on the first spir-

itual structure, or that which is born from the shell of the earth. M.

Glad to Grow in Spirit Life.

My dear, darling Mother,—I come with my white arms to give you caress. These arms have grown longer and plumper now, and I shall soon be a tall young lady, with understanding of the law, and able to help you and papa and dear brother. Oh, is it not lovely to be able to do things for another, and to think how to plan for them! I think we take this from you, although dear papa is a great orderly planner. I am glad to grow up, and, above all, to have my soul keep equal with my body in growth.

IDELL.

The Seven Feeding Doves.

My dear Mother,—Idell did not tell you about her pretty picture, of the seven little feeding doves in a nest of pansies. This is to hang in Wadsworth's room; and every dove holds a principle, which he is to guess by the attitude and expression of the figure. Isn't this a pretty design? I am to make a verse for it. When we finish it, we will try and put it in a dream for you. A dream is sometimes very comforting.

ELLIE.

Must Keep Up a Bridge to Earth.

My dear Wife,—Our boy wants me to come first this morning, and not keep saying, "Wadsworth will say all." For he says I must keep up a bridge to earth and with you, if I ever want to feel whole and well. I suppose it is so, but I can't get over my weakness when I touch anybody's flesh. He says I can and must, else I cannot go into higher spheres. According to this law, if we cannot go low down, then we can't go high. Maybe 'tis so. Oh, my lungs feel so sore. I must now go out.

You know how comforting to me are your words through our son.

DEAR HUSBAND.

A Work in the Spirit Garden.

My dear Mother,—I am glad to find you here, for always I have so much to say, and need sympathy; for, although father is good and kind, still somehow he cannot understand the great make-up of the body, and how seriously the soul swells into it, filling it with just such principles as we call in. I know the past is good as a beginning; but I hate to look back into all our hurry and worry, and feel over again the hurts that you had, and all you had to give up for me. My heart questions sometimes if a mother has a right to work so hard for a son as you did for me, and almost lose the home and all. Yet a guide assures me that all the past is as a foundation for the spirit, and maybe I can see it so after a time. We are so apt to see that everything is all right when we are not in trouble. But the moment that we have a dip in the great billows, then we think we are forsaken. I used to think sometimes that there was no God when I saw things going so, just for my education. But I do see now that I am higher in sphere on account of that education; and, if I could make your rewards for self-sacrifice, I would be content. But the angel's plans don't work fast enough for me. Still, I know they can't help coming out right somewhere; for all things tend toward right. Father was in our garden the other day arranging the roots, and said to the children, "Now you see how the last year's leaves have turned into good rich juice, and are running up the stalks, showing how waste is good for something, after all." Idell said, "Yes; and maybe, papa, that all mama's trials will make good gold blood for her."

. . . . . .

In these worlds there is no marrying, and so all girls are as friends, not wives. There is no need of the passion-loves here, because no children are

born. I cannot tell the thoughts of some any more than I could in earth. Because we are one degree onward, we have not power to know the future or to see all that transpires in earth. I once saw a young man in earth, and a guide showed me his thought. It was: "I wonder if father sees me doing this!" Well, the father was hundreds of miles away, and did not see him. It was a theft; and a fine, dark stream of soil was rising from it as from a cottage chimney, and attracted a guide, just as a smoke on earth would attract a police force. And this guide came down and summoned the celestial planners, and one was set to watch and make such movements on earth as should save the boy from temptations. So, you see, fathers are not always called in trouble, but those who act out and guide the principles, just as a doctor is called in disease or discord. I often come to aunt M.; and, if she did not doubt that we return, we could soon get messages to her, for her children are all eager, and so is uncle. They all come up to our house one evening a week; and the cousins have lovely good times together, with music and games, and a braiding party, of a peculiar kind of grass which grows near the shore. When I say shore, you must think of air, and not water, although some air is dense and becomes water. I have several large microscopes. The boys bring in small insects from borderland to examine, and atoms of all sizes. I have seen Belle and Olive, and Angie and John, and hundreds of mates, both here and when I descend to the hospital. Once I could not separate the worlds or know which they were in, whether dead, as it is called, or in earth. But now I can distinguish by their thickness. Uncle T. goes on with his great work of gardens for the insane, and is very earnest about it, curing a great many. Some, though, remain in the unrolled state, and have to be put back into earth even to come right. It is according as the head atoms are lost. I saw a surgeon take out the lobe of the back brain, where the optic nerve branches out, and arrange it for

reflections, and then reinsert it, so it cured a case of blindness. The change to spirit brings the habit of blindness to those blind; and this habit must be changed in the cells of the small blood vessels, where they turn around the disk of a nerve. This makes the reflection come in the eye, and breaks up the habit of earth, as it were. This will yet be done on earth. There is not a single organ but that can be taken out and mended as a top can be, and wombs can be extracted after the bearing period is over. The whole system is a series of parts; and, although dependent somewhat in action, yet they can be separated and not endanger the others. I spend my evenings sometimes with the children or entertaining father with my cases in the borderland, or even in the third sphere. When one reaches the fifth sphere, diseases are pretty nearly outgrown, and so the body is considered free from the effects of earth. But, to get that fifth body, one must drop the dark threads woven in, in the beginnings; and this is why return to earth is good. I want father to get used to flesh, so he can come to borderland, and even to earth, with a real firm feeling. He could be twice the help to you if firmer. To be a planner is excellent, as he is, but to be able to lift the air of earth, and reach through, is still better. The contact with flesh in the hospitals gave me this quick return. I go to church some, and am advised by the guides to go more, so as not to get into the rut of the physician. I have made some new paths across, one to Maine and one out to where the Columbian Exhibition is to be. I always had one to the old house and hospital; and well you know I have what I call telegraphs attached to your place. Don't do too much for all the frail ones.

Your dear son,

WADSWORTH CECIL.

A New Body Requires New Remedies.

June 22, 1892.

My dear precious Mother,—It does father good to come to earth, makes him stronger and happier. I knew it would be all summer before we came again, and I wanted him to have a strong line of magnetism. He speaks well about fear. I have not so much in me. I am more daring and courageous. But his long sickness took out a good many forces, and he will have to come to earth to gain them again. When a man is long sick, all his courage and hope oozes out into the earth. Father's was all over the old house, in corners and over the sills, and even out in the garden. And it lies there now, and every chick or kitten born in the place uses it for life. But gradually he will get it, for all—that is, the possession of one individual soul—will return to him. One cannot grow strong until it does return. Now I had a great deal of father's soul in me; and, as I rose from earth, I renewed him, just as if I had brought him money. And you have some of us both, but we need it down here to descend by. If you had none of us in you, we could not descend, any more than the sunlight could get to a flower if the flower had not a little seed with some sun in it. The like attracts like: that is better than like cures like. I have several times met Hahnemann, who founded that belief. All doctors are as one faculty here, studying for the uplifting of races; and there are no oppositions, because of no object to gain. Hahnemann had a primal idea, which needs much unfolding; yet, in the main, it holds truth. Curing by smell is one of the highest methods and is always used in the third and fifth sphere. In borderland the new body is still in earth-habits, and no amount of smell would give relief, because people are so bent on the same routine. Down in flesh the juices and mixtures must be used so as to correspond with the descent; but a new body needs new remedies. It is a vast study. I must never try to think of the end, but keep on working for the present. If we had to be responsi-

ble for ends of diseases, and how they would turn out, we should be gods. We can only do our utmost and best, and keep the great power and skill to the foremost. I am not so boyish as I was in thought. I can't be. Death was so mighty a change to me that it made me a man in less than a day. I saw what there was to live for. I was very much favored in finding a good home here already; for father knew just what preparation to make, and worked fast. I have met some of the patients here, as I told you, from the hospital, also some of the doctors, and have seen Frank and John and Uncle John. Grandfather has a nice home and many flowers, tall trees, and a large lake for the prettiest boats I ever saw. I go up in vacation time. It is prettier than down in Maine. I wear white with blue sash to-day, and wish I had a blue morning glory, such as used to twine over the old fence. I will go and get one. To dress well is to feel well; for order implies nice clothes, and also careful comparison. The sisters have studied comparison; and so, if I wear a green sash and a purple rose, they charge that I am out of color in comparison—that is, I am not carrying congenial principles, and my work would not be so good. You always had comparison, and could choose corresponding colors; but I am afraid I did not study it enough. This control tells me pretty well what you say, but it is not like talking in the same kind of body. I have to lessen my pulse as I come to earth, so as to get in tune with the natural seventy; and I never can quite do so. I saw a spirit try to do this in his home, and the pulse fell so that he almost became insensible to either heaven or earth. I had to wake him up and raise him. Since then he has tried and succeeded. A medium is useful to hold the overflow of pulse, so as to keep us from getting insensible. I work in the lower sphere mostly, because there seems more sense in beginning with primals and eradicating disease in the roots. But these doctors say there is a way of reaching roots by a process in the fifth spheres, and working down-

ward. This I have not learned. If so, then all things are ringed in process, and to begin either way will reach the desired result. I wonder if this is so. If life and health and all ways are rings, then there are two ways to get a result, and Hahnemann's like-cures-like process would still be more truthful. Well, I have much to study. To come here gives me your force of mind, and I get new ideas to study. Father suggested to me the other day that herbs of the fifth sphere were more full of fire than those of borderland; and this may be the top of the ring of cure. I shall often be with you, mother, whether I write or not; and at your call we always come. So keep patient and cheerful—cheerful because it keeps away all dark threads of worry, and lets in the true high angels, who are always scattering light. I see them every day going about with sparks flying from their garments. I sometimes wonder they do not scatter gold, and let earth people have all they need; but a guide told me it had been tried in ancient cities, and resulted in gluttony and war, for the spirit in man was not yet over the flesh so as to control. But at the same time he said that money was what they scattered in fluid sparks; and those who had real need could attract it. But they did not want the general classes to have too much, and evil was not an attractor. So keep your soul white and without fear, for by white magnets—or, as the ancients used to have it, by white magic these sparks will come to you for needs. From dear son,

WADSWORTH CECIL.

Worry and Prayer, Their Effects.

Sept. 26, 1892.

My dear Mother,—I give you welcome, and glad I am to be able to write you a letter. Not but I have written many times in your mind this summer, but all by impression, and not in words as now. Impression is as good as a word, provided the meanings go through. People of earth are more used to meanings in word, and impression is what

very few can get accustomed to. Yes, mother, I am sure you have felt me near, especially in your hours of doubt and almost despondency. Where else should a son be but beside the mother?

Grandma said she wished the celestials would bring you through to us; but I said, "No, indeed, for there are great purposes in earth to carry out through mother." I know it seems hard, and sometimes alone, when all the relations laugh about us, and, indeed, I used to join them in the laugh, and defy a spirit, or anything to appear which was not adjusted to my earth eyes. But eyes have a different focus after the change and the first body drops off. And so, again, the second change and the second body drops. And a spirit in the fifth sphere has to arrange many self-lenses in order to see at all into earth. I do not myself see plainly as I stand here, only things spiritual. Your spirit rises to meet me, and yet it is not quite as natural as it will be when it is cut off from the body-case and rises. But I understand why that is, and so now it does not worry me. I know that by worry we can change nothing, but by effort and desire we can change many things. All worry carries things into descent or into the mire, while all prayer and all good wishes help toward the thing we want or need. This I have learned. I have many times been near you when you had a little lost hope, for I could tell by the glow of your spirit; and still I kept telling you that the way was clear, as if many thousand dollars laid in front of you. I never saw how curiously God, or force, or whatever this is that governs, can carry a person along on a dollar, and skim them through the most hard and rough places; and all the while the mortal soul is worrying, and not helping the way. It seems so dreadful to have the ways covered up in darkness, because, if you could only see as the celestial angels do how narrow the way is, and yet how fully the needs are carried out, why, you would learn trust. I am taught that every principle must be learned in some world, else we

can never be wise spirits in the sixth degree. The hardest one to learn is trust, because every one leans so on their own self-work, utterly casting aside the thought that the force of God knows anything about the needs of self. Well, I know here we used to plan along narrow ways, and how carefully you saved and planned for me to get education, and then, when I went away, it seemed such a loss. I felt, myself, that it would seem so to you; and, as soon as I found myself alive, I determined that, for the worlds coming, it should never be a loss. And I have proved that it will be a gain. The little life down here is nothing but a seed life. And so all the education was a good rich seed, and puts me ahead into the fifth sphere, gives me a chance with the faculty, and with the opinions of fully-rounded men, who have analyzed the several bodies, just as they would analyze the peelings of an onion, taking off coat after coat to find the heart. The cholera is now being studied by us; and, as diseases spring up, we have companies, banded as one, to travel in earth and examine, the same as astronomers band together and are sent to different parts of earth to observe a comet or the planet Mars. All worlds are studying not only stars, but diseases. You know, when you open a door, how the cold air rushes in and the heated air rises. Well, so, when winter begins to open or any season opens its door, there is a start of strange air up from space; this whirls all dormant germs or seeds up in eddies. In these germs lie cholera and all the poxes. They would not rise only that the change of seasons opens the doors and lets in the new fresh breezes. The only way to cure is by prevention. Leave no dirt in the wake. Let every inhabitant utilize his own dirt. Cleanliness is a principle so undervalued that it really needs schools for the teaching of it in earth. No one can enter the fifth sphere who has not thoroughly learned to utilize the chaos of body, and bring it into use. Out of chaos springs life, and life should carefully return all waste to chaos speedily without rot or

smell. This is a rule in one of the great halls of our faculty, and there are spirits who see that the rule is carried out. Well, mother, I must not tire you with all this. I tell you these things, so you will know I am active and using my education for uplifting all who are in ignorance below me in spheres; and I know you will also teach the rules to all below you in ignorance. I have been over grandma's old home with her some, and have seen Aunt M. and all the cousins. I have enjoyed bits of vacation with you, and am sorry you can't be transported into some lovely woods, all solent and still, where the weight of earth would not have to come. But in the good time it will come. When we cannot do things, we may be sure it is not the way; for, after using every effort, and the thing we ask for not coming, we can be sure it is not the way marked out on the great map. Much as we rebel against it—and it seems so good to us—yet we have to give in to the wiser law. Now I wanted to live. I had my mind set on a useful career in earth, but, you see, the way was not marked out so on the great map; and a higher marking was there, unknown to you or me. Now the autumn is coming, and I hope there will be wider ways open; not but the narrow way is all right, but I can see you would have more ease if you could see something over the need coming, so you could afford to lend a hand to those who falter and cry out. But love and effort are even more useful sometimes than money for them. The other people have got to be made to take hold and help. If you had means, you would go on doing all; and the other people would let you. Have good courage now. Effort is shining; and your prayer, dear mother, can be seen many spheres off. Father has been near you when you were sick and silent, and still he always worries when near earth; and he cannot see abroad over things as I can.

Your loving son,

WADSWORTH CECIL.

A Spirit is Only Man's Second Self.

Oct. 12, 1892.

Dear Mother,—I am glad to come, always glad to get a written word to mother, although I get impressions many times during the day, but cannot so well tell whether you receive them as when I make the flow of mind down in this arm. I can see my words as fire, and watch them glance along the nerves and come out at the end of the pencil. But I do not see the marks or the paper that is in the outer world. If I thickened more into matter myself, I could also see the paper. To see and hear exactly as we did in earth, we must take the same apparatus, with the same vibrations, or else use what we call a medium to see and hear with. I know I used to laugh at the return of spirit; but, as soon as I came alive here, I soon saw that death was only a process of chemistry, and that matter itself is only a coarse condition of spirit, the same as ashes are a coarse condition of fire, the outside scale cast off, or what is called the burnt refuse all ready to turn back to chaos, and find way again to fire. Chemistry is a grand study; and those who study it have less doubt of return, as they quickly see that the worlds are in their origin as one element. Well, dear mother, how nicely you do come along through the needs! I know your soul is looking into the future, wondering how this or that will turn out; but still the clear straight road of the needs keeps on. Father and I often say we wish we could lift you up in luxuries; but no spirit, only the celestials, can give much besides their effort and sympathy and their will. When I am a celestial, then I will lift you above all these worries; but it will take me many years, and maybe ages, to get to be able to control the particles of matter. I may be able to know the component parts of things, but to control matter so as to change water into wine, and back again, will require great effort in progress. Christ did this because he could control every element. And it is done on the principle that in the finer air all the elements exist,

or all that composes the earth is elementally within the ether. And Christ, and many of the so-called masters of occult forces, knew how to adjust an atom, or turn one over, or take one out, so as to change the tone of any one substance. Suppose, for instance, that I know certain fire atoms within the air, which, mixed with dew, would make a red tinge all over the grass, and be as dew-wine; or supposing I could take any gross atom from a child's body, and make it transparent as a spirit. You see, all things contain a bit of all other things. It is only necessary to make chemical changes to have the desire. To control matter, or the crude substance of spirit, and to convert it into use, would be to have power as a celestial. Why, mother, I could then change a copper cent into a gold dollar, or a pebble into silver. And this is sometimes done by those spirits who lived in caves in ancient times, and worked in metal. But, if I only get so I could lift you above the run of the mere needs, I would be content. And yet, if you could only trust, the supply would be equal to the need. You would be content. Now father is apt to worry some about the future for you; and I often have to send him up higher, where he can see the great over-rule of the celestials, and know that, as long as anyone keeps doing the work of this world for God, he can't be lost sight of, and the needs will come. You may say that many worthy people lose heart, and have to suffer. That is just it. They lose heart, or effort; and effort is the very thing that keeps the needs coming. Of course, there must be a line for power to run into earth by; and there must be a line for anything to run on. Now the question is: Do you make line enough for the payments of the old business to run on? You are almost too mild with them; and, when they see you have not strict justice enough, they use what belongs to another, and so wait and wait. If you can make stronger line—that is, be firm with them—then father and I can push along the line and reach their spirits, urging endeavor and truth and honesty. It takes

effort even to bring a need. But the beauty of it is that by effort a kind of door is opened, and a great deal comes in that is altogether unexpected. So nature requires a very little effort in order to send a great mountain of needs, and thus to create luxuries. I watch the earth sometimes getting dry and parched, and finally the whole body of it heaves, as if with great desire or effort; and this causes the settled mists on the ocean to rise into air, and change into the need of rain. It is a sure law that finally brings the desire; and it cannot fail, for the true natural law is the very support of the whole universe. You may think, "Well, wicked men seem to get rich." That is effort for wealth, great desire answered by push; and desire comes to the just and unjust all the same as rain. God does not look at the man, but the *push.* At the same time he knows that any wicked use of the wealth will somewhere turn to sting, because in wickedness is always a sting. I am telling you some of my lessons in church wisdom now; for I was so longing to help you to gold, and to relieve you of the worry for the future which you have, that I fell into thinking with the church guides. But this does not disturb my work in the medical way. I still raise the limp magnetic bodies, and help to get them form as a spirit. A spirit is nothing only a man's second self, that is always in him from the beginning, and is strong according to his own light. If he weakens it by excessive use of his power, there is no way to become a full spirit at first, until he is helped by doctors or those who understand chemical processes. Many chemists are good helps, if they know how to adapt these mixtures to certain portions of body. If men or women use all the sex energies, it is more than likely they will lay by in coils of pulp or egg for years, or else be reincarnated and live in cocoon of body on earth. I see many people in cocoon of body, all tight to themselves, and waiting to die out again. I see others filling their spirits with sympathy and faith and comfort for the weak, and so light they can hardly stay in until they are called by the celestials. You

are light, mother, because you give of your soul to others. You almost give too much, and so weaken yourself. But you do better than you did about that. You know you can't help all, and besides you don't leave enough duty for others to do. Now be sure that father and I are always alert to help as fast as we can do so, and many joys come by our efforts. Your will is effort, sent out in asking. Don't worry about the future, and don't try to help every single tired soul; for the moment you are tired yourself, then you must rest. Keep fresh for the work, for only when you are fresh can you send good strong will. Your dear son,

WADSWORTH CECIL.

There are Rivers of Force Always Coming.

Oct. 29, 1892.

My dear Mother,—This is indeed a bright morning, and so it is in our country; but whether it rains or shines, it always seems good to come down and write to you. I go up cheerful and able to do duty. Oftentimes I need your encouragement, for seldom do the doctors over here give praise. I said once, after a peculiar case, "Do you consider that I have done well?" He said: "The doing well always shines in your face and glorifies you. Your own soul knows whether you have done the best possible in you." So now I always look in the large mirror which is in the parlor of our home over here, and if there are no dark places on me, and tongues of light on my body, then I know I have done well, as far as my knowledge goes. To raise a spirit into animation is a delicate art, for sometimes the least wrong turn will hold them in trance for months. I do believe if doctors had known all the subtle agencies they do now that those old mummies need not be lying in trance in hospitals, all rolled up like eggs. I can hardly remember how long I have been here by earth time, but should say it must be five or six years. Time in the fifth countries is not so divided, because, having time in ourselves, just as we have

courage, why, it is not necessary to divide it. But we are all creatures of habit, and the habit of sleep clings to us a long, long time, and disease clings, or rather its sensation. A spirit told me he was deaf, and I said: "How can this be so? Your old tympanum is down in a grave." "Well," he said, "I can't hear; what will I do?" I saw at once it was a belief, or sense, or long-continued habit brought over. I could not teach him *will*. I am not myself strong in will yet, so I notified some of our aurists who have learned to exact sounds through the new organs by will, and they soon made him realize the idea was habit. As soon as a spirit understands this, the soul asserts itself, and sends out vibrations. It is so with all lung diseases: the spirit will try to raise and cough for a long time, and bend over. This is because anything which affects the body gets seated in the spirit, which is the very second body which rises. I can see this is where the Faithists and Christian Scientists get their idea. To keep the disease from clinging to the spirit keep it local entirely by believing it is not there. This holds the spirit free and poised, and not weighted, so it is free to act and call from all sources. Now, mother, you get afraid for the future sometimes, and this fear lodges in your spirit, and weights it so it cannot use entire will-force to call in its needs. The body must not be tangled with the spirit, but only used as a box to slip into. If a spirit is free and not in worry or weight, it has command over all the rushing currents sent in every day. Why, there are rivers of force always coming. One is a money river, one is a river of word powers, and a healing river, and everything needed as use for earth. I wish I had known it while I lived, but I did not sense these spiritual things as now. I laughed at them. But now I see that you were right. But we either have to die from earth or go through suffering, to have a sense of these spiritual things and draw up from the material. If I had seen how the insterstices of body are filled with the spiritual pulse, and how

this pulse is a part of every river of power, I should have made a famous doctor for earth, because the hospital doctors don't see it. They cure the crust or assist the crust, I may say, which is very good as far as it goes, but they send but few and thriving spirits over here. Almost all have to be remodeled and their habits cast out. The human body is a terribly condensed arrangement. It is packed close, and well it is, else it could not stay as an individualized thing: it would keep melting and disappearing as water and ice. The most I want is to do more for you, but the guides say I must gain soul to be able to conquer matter and to make it obey. So I am trying to gain in soul by every effort in me. To use it is to gain it, making it larger, taking it out of the great rivers. That, I suppose, is what is called God, isn't it? I can see the rivers flowing and flowing in fire, and once I stirred a rill of golden fire right into your room. It was kind of a faith river. I must find the one which is will. This preacher said you had two questions. I forgot them. The children are getting acquainted with many now—Martha and Bert and Lucy and Hilda—and we have very lively garden parties. Father enjoys it. I suppose others laugh about my coming back to write, and it is not much use to make them believe. I might speak of a thousand spirits and pleasant evenings, but it would do no good. Uncle T. works hard. He often says, "Is everybody insane?" for so many insane rise. Father is well, and he often comes to your room. I must have him write next time. He hates to touch the arm, as it seems flesh, but he ought to, so as to overcome sensation of earth. All things are done by sensation, and, if we did not give up to it so, we could not even catch disease or weakness; but we do, and we don't seem to know how to avoid it.

Oh, yes, I often see who is in your room when I am there. But I have to attend to duty, so I am not always there.

From WADSWORTH CECIL.

Doctors Who are Not Living in the Borderland.

Nov. 2, 1892.

My dear Mother,—Every day I grow more and more content, and more and more interested with all the ways of progress here. After living here three months, no one can wish to go back to the slow earth and live. Somehow, the soul sees clearer and has more sense of the high touch of wisdom than when in earth. We are not so afraid of diseases, and not so subject to temperature. Things do not perplex and plague, and so there is less depressing and more easy mounting of the mind into understanding. I often wish you were here with all my heart, but still I have the assurance that you are coming sometime, and so can be contented. Father says the time seems long, but he grows stronger. A doctor told him he must not think he could ever again lean on you, even if you were called over. I really think he had the habit of leaning, by sickness, and so was waiting for it. For, since the doctor told him this he has been more upspringing and not so low in mind. Every one must lean on himself if he wishes to be independent and rise into spheres. I never saw any spirit more full of order and plan than father. He is quick to execute, and after he sheds off the weakness of earth he will be an extraordinary spirit for progress. I hardly know what I might say about the ear. Of course, the soul cannot catch a sense of sound unless the air-waves roll it along easily. If one cannot hear, something ails the small shores or walls, and the waves move irregularly when they should toss along, as any other waves. If it was a trumpet sound, it would be only a little higher wave, but easy, regular, and clear. So we are to search for any trouble, in the drum, or tympanum or ossicles. The main thing is to give them electricity or motion, so no wall or particle will resist the waves of sound.

Electricity will not do this in all cases. I mean, of course, through the regular batteries. Yes, you are right about giving it by the hands. That is

just about force enough. There is a fine yellow stream of electricity always coming from your fingers, for healing power; and, when you send your will to connect with this, it is powerful to electrify all currents, and at the same time subdued. But suppose the drum-plate became stiffened and could not carry sound, could you direct your will through the fingers over this without affecting any of the rest of the parts? I see this case in some of the ears you are treating—a stiffened plate, and at the same time the paralysis of the small bone on the end of the chain. These need a single, direct, separate will. I notice our doctors separate the ray of the will, and focus it on the parts in order as they can bear. The drum can take up much more of an electric stream than the small, delicate bone can. This separating the intensity of the will is something I have not half studied myself, but in a measure I understand it. To think of an air drum, bringing it into your mind as hard and stiff, is to focus the mind on it, and make as you desire. The reflection of this desire will fall back to the person you are treating, and thus the drum be healed. Then take up the small bone into the mind, and move it to and fro. This is to focus the bone with your will. Still, I think the ways I give in the other letter are good. Of course, there are many avenues of healing the ear, and each doctor has a way peculiar to himself. I do not get their ways too much into my mind lest they confuse me. Things come to us if we call. I notice that you have lately a current for message from some of your sixth-sphere guides, showing me that they have begun to send you impressions as to what would be right in such and such a case. The rule is to make every part vibrate and do its duty. Sometimes, you know, the several parts are too far gone, and the soul-fire will not re-enter. Age paralyzes these fine atoms of ear and eye. They are generally the very first things which begin to die. Being nearer to the seat of life, they are called over first, and so separate from the material. I was over to grandpa's one

day. He has a more contented look now, and has got used to life on this side. He wears nicer garments and has a sprightlier step. Hope has come in, and the fact that one need not pay for things in money makes it all pleasanter. For to pay in good deed or labor for others seems a very easy thing, as these are always in ourselves, if we cultivate them. Do you ever hear from our cousins? I hope soon to get them all interested in return, for as soon as I do get them believing there will not be this curious mist of feeling between us all, and it will not be so hard for me to go and see them. Uncle T. does believe, but many of them laugh at me, and discourage my educating the sisters. They say they ought to be little seraphs, as when they began here. There are many opinions as to this earth, or any other earth, but all agree that people are coming here when they do die. Whether they return or not is an open question. I see many men who were doctors for the remuneration: they were not using their will to make the kingdom better. These hardly know what to do, and are living in borderland. I said: "Why don't you use the education you have, and go into science? Give us some ideas more about bacteria and the formations, so as not to lose the principles you got in earth. You will then be serving purpose."

So some of these banded together in class, and are studying the minute atomic structures in the air-seas, which are as wonderful as those in the water seas. Thousands of people mistake their true vocation while in earth, and never find it until after the change. This is why the faculties are so filled up down here, and earth has to get an army of insane and criminals in order to give support to an army of doctors. And, if any new way of healing the insane appears, as in hypnotism, there is a great outcry because the doctors that are born of the colleges yearly could not get support. A good many of us cannot help laughing at the criss-cross way the doctors manage to live down here. One-half the money paid by the government to these armies

of doctors, given to provide necessary wants and needs of the poor, would keep thousands from insanity, and so the prevention would be worth more than the means for cure. Somehow, all things are pretty well inverted down here. They need turning around or to walk the other way. Well, mother, have patience; earth is a lesson-place, and for all we laugh, we realize that the criss-cross of things calls out emotions and principles, sympathies, and so prepares souls to rise. To pinch and torture people is a way to cause them to jump and fly and rouse the material, same as the rough winds blowing on a nut-tree crack all the old skins and shed them. So let us strive with the rest to call up the best ways, and reduce the inflammation and fever of hearts, and so make the path along life a little easier. I wish I could tell you more about the ear. I can, of course, begin with the entrance wall, and so go on through all the coils and treat it in essay, or I can get some one to do this for us. If I knew what part you needed particularly to get into vibration, I could do better. Sometimes, as I said, the soul won't enter the atoms, they have lain so long unattended. There is a great fact, that the moment the soul neglects any part of its mansion it begins to die. Body is a thing that has got to be tuned up in every minutiae, or it loses its sounds and its vibrations. I come to give you impressions. Your loving son,

WADSWORTH.

Large Gardens and Flowers for the Insane.

Nov. 19, 1892.

My dear precious Mother,—I am always glad to write, but I tell you a great deal by impression. I find your spirit rises at our call now, and in dreams I have seen you moving about our house. Oh, if you could only remember it, you would feel as if we were here all together! This is all the mystery there is about death. If only consciousness would come by the dream, then there would be no death.

I can see how there is none to a large, bright spirit who can descend to earth and act through a doctor to heal, and then ascend and carry on the same work—all things joined as one world, and no separation. If I could learn to descend into our old hospital and act through some of the students, thus carrying some grand spiritual idea, and then rise again to my own work here, would I not be conscious of two worlds? Would there be any actual separation, more than as if I had gone to different patients or different homes?

If the doctor in earth was skillful and gained honors, all the better for the faculty, and all the better for the universe. I know some doctors here who have already learned to do this, but refuse to help the earth merely because themselves would not get the honor, and would only be giving fame to another man. You can well inquire if these do never rise from borderland and never gain nobility. The more I see of life, I know the true deed is done for the universe, and not for itself. But look at the little mortals puffed up with the great "I." Well, I suppose if I had stayed down here I would have had the "I" pride, and not the universal pride.

Uncle T. is active on a good principle, and tries to introduce it into earth. He has large gardens and flowers for the insane,and fruit ready on the trees for them to eat—freedom of feeling and yet in lines of order! He succeeds well by impressions into earths, but so long has insanity run on under hard conditions that this has gone ahead of regular order, and it will take ages to get it under control. Uncle says people are born under hot blood instead of cool, and so are just powder minds from the beginning. All his gardens are in the first sphere, because a spirit bringing conditions of diseased mind could in no way rise to the third sphere at once, but has to get a start in lower worlds. Some are too far gone to rise at all, and so are sent to the islands as figures which books call gnomes, elfs, or hobgoblins, and thus they are many years fading out into nothingness,

It takes as long for a limp soul to let a man dissolve back to chaos as it does for the man to die out, or any other world. Life lets go hard. Uncle T. really lives in the third sphere, where the family are, and grandpa and grandma. I have not much time to visit. I am always in a hurry to arrange the fire-vapor and the drops of herb juices and the immense perfumes which give immediate relief. The olfactory nerves of a spirit are more expressed than those of a mortal, and take up the remainder of the taste sense after the red blood of meat is out, and so are much more effective. No one could have headaches here, because the sense of smell absorbs immediate relief from some of the soothing herbs. In borderland there are many sensations of disease. You know the Christian Scientists say that disease is a sensation, and can be governed by will. Well, they are right in a measure, but in the mortal the sensation is deep-seated, and becomes buried in the flesh, and heats it and burns it and makes it sore. In the first sphere the sense does not run so deep and is a reflect of earth, but still it must be got out of the mind. You see that, in earth, sensation becomes substance and is as flesh, so it is pretty hard for the uneducated will to control it. But in the first sphere or rising place the sensation gets to be in the mind, with light touch in the flesh; but we use the perfumes to make all the cells animate, and then cure by will or relief of the mind. In the fifth sphere the sensation as to body is out, but there is often a soul sensation, as of recall of memory. Father often has this. This is why I send him up to Joseph's to rest. Some of our doctors are sending impressions to those in earth interested in chemistry to learn to build a mortal body, by the albumens and the protein tissue. The wastes have already been formed correctly and its processes set going. Would it not be curious if the chemical doctors should succeed in creations by forming protoplasmic cells, and a living being should grow up? Would anybody say then that we came up from monkeys? What would be against special creation?

I said this to one of the old Presbyterian saints that I met at grandpa's house. He said God could create a man out of dust, and did it. I thought to myself, maybe it was so after all, and the first man was a plant growth, and these animals were the things that would not develop, the same as our gnomes, elfs, and hobgoblins are off on the islands. Shape must always come up to terms of order. Do you know, mother, when I think with you about all these things, I grow more in mind. Father has not got the impetus to think high, as you can, but he has extreme order and capacity to plan and arrange, and to know where things are at the right time.

So his is a very useful purpose, and a real foundation for my purpose, for without someone to arrange and select I would never be able to rise as I have. He loves it, too. I demand that he rests more, and Idell is now a great help. She labels every vial and decorates in color, and the sisters, being all spirit, their motions are very swift, so they accomplish a great deal for father, and have time for art and study also. Discipline and order are learned by this, and Idell likes to get these powers. Well, mother, I have told you what I am doing. Now what are you doing? I mean are you getting discouraged any? I hope not. I wish I could lift you up over the need of working every day. Maybe I shall. For, even if I had lived down here, I would scarcely yet have had much practice or means. It takes years to get rich as a doctor, and maybe never.

Perhaps I am doing better for you than if I had lived. For by will we can reach out into the needs, and find those who have diseases and troubles, and by will we can help you to cure these. There is much to do all over the universe, and the ring of life is always moving. Do take comfort, mother, that I am doing all in my power for you.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

Spirit Fruit That Tastes Like Turkey.

Dec. 7, 1892.

Good morning, mother. I am glad to meet you here, for I think my letters sustain you and give you comfort when you come to read them over. You seemed a little low-spirited this morning, I think, so I hurried down. We must make ourselves as is the harmony of day, so as to get on well. I have a real nice rule to go by, which a guide told me, and that is, to make my whole being seem at ease and smile and almost dance, even if I do feel sad or sorrowful inside. When I pervade this feeling all over me, then my soul soon takes it up, and I make myself just as I ought to be by just this rule. I have another odd way of finding out what ails patients who come up from earth and are placed in the hospital of borderland. I arrange my face in every particular, eyes, mouth, and expression, just as they have it, with corners of mouth all turned down or eyes leaning over to the ear, or any peculiarity, and then I study what kind of sickness or weakness of an organ corresponds with that expression, and one can always tell the seat of the trouble. The stomach will always affect the mouth and turn down its corners. The lungs diseased will affect the eyes and brow, pulling them inward—what one calls sunken. The heart affects the nostrils, widening them and thinning the curves. In an expression there is a great truth, for the lines of the face or the body tell the exact quarter from which the disease comes. I don't wonder, when God looks down on his children, he can tell their needs before they ask, for he can arrange his expression of being as he sees theirs, and of course knows immediately what caused such and such an inharmony. We must be ready to take up the rain as the sun, and the changes as well as the things that go straight on. I have been going straight on in duty, and am working now in the first sphere, which is always harder than any other work, because it deals so with ignorance, and spirits are no easier to get on with in regard to any

disease than mortals. If they would not let the worry get into their souls, they would not bring any seed of disease over across, but usually the soul gets infected while in this earth, and so the new body feels it. And I should say, looking over the borderland, that we do not get rid of diseases by death. But the heaviest clod of it is off, and, if a doctor is skillful he can assist the new body to resist the seeds better. Any disease is lack of life particles, and these have better chance over here to renew, and so harmonize as a whole. It is a glory to see a perfect man or woman, with every organ set to the tune of health; but seldom one sees this until after the third sphere is passed. Father now is not strong yet. He is whole, and his lungs are all formed right, but there is a lack of sprightliness and force. This will gain in time. I saw Frank again. I don't think he realizes the return, or knows about it very well. Again I went over to grandpa's, so as to see what they would do for Thanksgiving. No one seemed real interested in it; said there was no home table now to go to. So what do you suppose we all did? I told you before about the large table always set with fruits out east over Jerusalem, called the Lord's table. Well, we all went out there in a lovely little white yacht, sailing over the air. I thought it would do father good, and the little ones can have no idea of a home table at Thanksgiving, only from what I have told them. This table is in no way a charity table, as expressed in earth. It is a pure love table, and all are invited who choose to join. And so productive are the eastern worlds that there is an abundance of all. We sat together, some of the neighbors that lived near grandpa, and Olive and Sarah. And so you see it is about the best way to have a Thanksgiving, although many do have it at their own homes, and entertain as in earth. There is a fruit here that tastes as turkey, and every taste of meat is in fruit, so we lose nothing by not having the animal flesh over here. Flesh is thick and an outside rind. Those who eat it eat

rinds, and that one never thinks of doing in nature's melons or fruit. I can see, looking down from here, that flesh is rind, but still it is not quite safe to advise a patient to stop eating meat. It is too deep in the heredity, mixed with the blood. It has got to die out by degrees. We as a faculty are trying to set aside pork. It has a terrible gain upon this earth, but not another planet has it. It is as eating mud or mire, and the juice is slime. I wonder not that people die who are made up of it. I get so eager sometimes to check the ills down here that a guide has to check me. Well, mother, you do your little bit, as you say, but remember all great bits come from seeds, so you can't do more than plant, and it is enough. The great power called nature will attend to the seed and make it grow. Do live quietly, and keep your heart at ease. You do all you can. Don't strain to do more. It is so here. For all we can see far over into reasons, we have always longings to do more. We could not grow but for this feeling. Your son,

WADSWORTH.

Vapor Balms in Small Vials.

Dec. 17, 1892.

My dear Mother,—Yes, this must be our Christmas letter, for grandpa and grandma are here, and want to write, and it will do father much good, for he is often worrying about you and the old home and some conditions he sees in patients. Sometimes he will find one of your patients, and hurry back to me to beg me to go and assist you in faith cures, and I do this. You notice what the control wrote, that, being invisible, a spirit did not always get realized. But I assure you I always do what father asks me, and carry vapor balms in small vials or folded buds, so as to assist in raising them out of pain. One trouble is the patients have no self-will, and droop down so low that nothing will reach them, and thus the change has to come. No one can do more than they can. If so, they would be

equal to God. I suppose God really means change as a better condition, where the droop and the ill can be reached by the higher workers and the more spiritualized plants. We can only try with our utmost good sense. And this trying is a fire of effort with which the great planners manage the affairs of earth. There is very little effort among people down here. You have a calm, quiet fire, which is good, but you can't make all the cures and all the happiness you long to do, because, do all we may, there comes in the higher law, working always beyond us, and in which we have got to flow, helping it to grow larger. I give you greeting for Christmas. We hope to decorate your rooms and be with you.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

Went Right to Work in Spirit Life.

Feb. 2, 1893.

My dear Mother,—I need not tell you that we were with you when you felt so weak, and father mixed wonderful stimulants in fragrance and in fire, and your spirit came out and took them. Yet he wants you so that nothing but duty to the law kept him trying to save you in that way on that side. Although we want our friends, we must make effort to hold them to earth, and it often is a great sacrifice to do this. Father cannot see your usefulness there as well as I can. I know how much good you do, and how you give the real spiritual food to many, but I often think you go beyond the law, and give away too much of your soul. Certain measures of soul belong to every one as a self life. You are strong to desire to do, but the current of doing is not so strong in your physical, so you must try to deny them, and they will fall back somewhere into some other help. The world has got to look out for its people in some way. Father and I are learning the highest method of motion, higher even than rolling one's self in a fire ball and willing the way to certain points. It is a simple infilling with desire to be at such a point, and consuming the body,

as it were, in the desire, and thus becoming entirely unconscious for one moment. When the eyes open, and the distance which was in the mind is gone and we are at the point, I cannot quite describe it, as it is a thing to gain by experience, as hundreds of other points are. Experience is the best teacher of these finer methods. We have need to know these ways of quick motion, because, when we are in the fifth zone, we wish to reach earth in an instant, so as to see how you are. I could scarcely leave you, although I knew aunt would do well, and father would strive with the elixir. So I tried the desire method of journey. It is an awful intensity, and could not be done by anyone on earth, as there would be danger, for memory and every principle of self are dropped for a moment; and, if the life thread would not connect, then there would be loss of individuality. After anyone has slept, the soul easily catches the thread of life, because memory and ideality and nearly all the soul forces remain attached. But, when a soul drops all these and remains entirely isolated for one moment, so as to overcome distance, then is the danger. Supposing I had lost myself and could not connect! Well, it must be learned if we would be in all parts of the kingdom at a moment's notice. This is something like the way they say God is everywhere, only he can hold up in a desire without danger. It is a height of soul, mother, and the more powers we gain, the greater we are.

I mean to attain the greatest heights if I can, and there is nothing in my way; everything is open to one who strives. If I am a quick mover, they will send me from all spheres, and I will be alert and able and take high position, not for vanity, but to be of use. When you are free of body you will do the same thing, because even now your desire is to reach a thousand at once. We never have to advertise here. Think how odd it is for these people who have advertised in earth to have plenty to do without it!

I have given A. some work now, for when one

has powers he can help others to rise. I have brought several children down to-day with Idell's help, so as to get more stability. Some of them need the smooth quality that is in your nature, the motherliness and support, and others need to inflate their lungs with oxygen, so as to get started again at these gates. It is always a duty to bring in one or more from borderland to help shape them. All who are able to rise to the fifth zone are well formed and need no physician for body, but often for the mind to hold it in peace. But I am not so much a mind doctor. I think I must study more the effects of mind, although I have Uncle to refer to always and his people in the garden to watch. I was more used to the juices and structure of a really clay body, but there is enough of it brought over here, at first. The very first thing to do is to inject the golden magnetism, and let all the red hue die out, and this is easier than you think, because the true plasma is yellow, so we have only to rarify the corpuscles and raise the tone. This can be done in earth if one tries, only it is more dangerous there, because so long the oxygen has gathered clay particles, and all have to breathe it. The lungs get in the habit of just such a course, and so rising in a balloon or on the tip of a mountain, changes the whole relation of what is called blood. If a rock could have living veins, it would carry along red corpuscles because of so much clay, and yet the plasma of the sunshine of gold would be in it also.

Oh, yes, I see Q. every day now. When anybody gets able to come up in sight, then they can be seen. I have not myself learned all the ways into worlds and spheres, so sometimes I can't find those I most want to see. But I am learning the quick journey, as I told you. So, far away as they may live, I can put my desire on them and go, and I shall soon know all about them.

You see it does not take money to travel, but it takes what it is harder to get, and that is power. This is why I want power, so I can find all our friends and go to them. Grandpa—that is your

father—I know, lives not very far, and also grandma. But Grandpa C. is at quite a distance. And father is slow in motion, so is he, and there is no way of daily seeing each other. People think, when they come here, it is all one little space, but it is not so. It is ten million times larger than the earth, and we have to aim for power, and we then soon know where everybody is, and the lines of telegraph and messengers. But one must be alive and alert, and call for knowledge.

I was going to sink down at first after I died. I never felt so utterly lost as at first. But I soon thought I had had too much done for me to sit and waste my life, so I began, heavily at first, till my lungs got adjusted so I could rise higher. It was some time before I found the little girls, but I found father pretty quick. You see I had to go right to work here, because I saw the need all around me, as much as in earth, and so I felt the need of giving relief to them and to myself. There is no relief for a sudden shock of death like work and beginning to do for others, making a way. At first I thought I was not noticed—just thrown over and not of any use. But the minute I showed a kind thought for others a whole band of doctors came to welcome me. Now, dear mother, you show your use every day and you have many friends, but earth doctors are never so sympathetic down here as in spirit worlds. They fear others will step into practice before them or get the best positions. But in spirit worlds there is a kinder feeling, and, besides the merit gets the place by power and never by any underhand policy. A worthless doctor shows it in his face. He cannot shine, because there is no real desire or soul in him. To rise, we must have soul and let it shine. But in this earth we may try ever so hard, yet the husk doctors keep to the top by secret service and help and money. Don't do much yet. You cannot give away your magnetic force until you are really strong. You can teach a little and advise, and so make small efforts which are all good for the future, and enough. I

know father sends love; he is afraid of using mediums much.

WADSWORTH.

The Soul Principles.

Feb. 16, 1893.

My dear Lady,—You have filled your body with the fresh air of this morning, and have thus made a new physical self. But very little of the magnetic aura which was in you on yesterday morning is in you this morning, for bodies are renewed from top to toe, and begin to cast off by the perspiring tubes and all outlets. The question comes, does the soul-body or substance also renew? And is it not as necessary to give it those soul principles which it longs for so, as to give the body the needed fresh air and life? M.

Good to Have a Mother.

Good morning, dear Mother, Oh, how your dear face comes into my heart! How good it is to have a mother, and to be loved as you love us! It makes us cheerful and bright in our duties and kind to our mates and quick in our motions. Love is a kind of wine, I think, which quickens without harming us. I am now taking lessons in reflections. On earth it is called camera, but here it is the reflection of the picture falling on tablets and forming impressions. I can get impressions of the north pole in earth and north poles of all planets and stars.

IDELL.

Pictures, Song and Music.

Dear precious Mother,—I am glad we each have a gift and are not alike, because now our homes can have pictures as well as song and music, and not always one thing. I told Wadsworth his work alone would make the house as one thing, and we were useful to introduce more things, for dear father needs beauty in picture as well as lovely songs. Sometimes

he tells Idell a better color or me a better rhyme or thought. I call him a good teacher, and so orderly is he that we are careful to have a place for everything.

ELLIE.

Christ's Blood Like that of Others.

My dear Mother.—This is a fine morning outside as well as up yonder in our country, and yet there is as much difference as between Canada and California. You see those could be called spheres also if they were separate balls; but, being in earth, they are called countries. The stars and planets and moons are all spheres with countries in them just as down here. Some spheres are gold clear to the centers; some are silver; some clay and rock, as in earth.

So, of course, each would give as its center would allow, and not all alike. If you planted a seed in gold dust down here, it would not grow, because it is not the kind of world for the plant. But I see gold worlds every day with gold sands shining, and trees and plants with lively yellow sap, and all thriving with beauty much more than you could conceive of. It is something that could not be told, but must be seen. I think the country where father and I live, called the third sphere, is partly gold, but in lower lands there is much clay, as down here, and many other mixtures of mineral which I do not know. You see a deal depends on the structure of a world as to its power of drawing spirits and its shining. Worlds have quality the same as diamonds or human beings. Some worlds are all iron dust, and no one can live on them until they have attracted other mineral products from the air, and mixed the substance of iron with other metals, and so get information for life. I find about enough to do in the third sphere that is right around me, and now the study with the large faculty of physicians in the fifth sphere has again begun. So I do not have time to think about what is called religions; but I am told this: that, if I

do my duty toward teaching people to have good healthy framework for the soul to act in, whether on earth or in a planet afar, or on a sun or ether heaven, I am having active religion, which is as good as preaching it by word. Indeed, an act in our world is considered better than a word. It ought to be so everywhere. I shall have to let some preacher answer your question; for, although I know every molecule of the blood, yet, when any one comes to think of being cleansed in it, I can't believe it. Blood carries life, but it is not at all life itself, only as the stem to a plant helps carry the sap in which is life. Life is something you can't see, hear, or feel; it is not adapted to any sense of mortal, and never shows itself only as result. The plant, the child, has life; but what life is, nobody knows, only that it animates into various kinds of feeling certain ligaments and nerve processes. Christ's blood when he was in earth must have been as all others, else he could not have breathed oxygen. I see no way it could have cleansed other people unless they absorbed his life which was carried along by blood and by nerves. But that I will not discuss. I am hoping soon to get time to study religions. I told a superior guide I ought to study religion. He said: "My youthful spirit, there is no religion any better than building the body in health and teaching the economy of strength and the power to raise the soul into all God-light. You can gain this by direct action among the ignorant better than in all your dogmas of earth, for all are faulty and false." Now I let the preacher take hold of the pen, and he knows the curious problems of the Bible better than I do. I see things in a plain way, and I was going on to say that even what I call the fire in the blood could in no way cleanse a man unless that man reached up with his own fire-blood and so absorbed some of the Christ. This would be mind influence over another, and I see no use in using the word "blood" about it. "The blood of the lamb," that

is the way it reads in the Bible, isn't it? It is a curious sentence.

The Blood-Fire in Voice and Action.

My dear Lady,—I am asked by this young man to tell you what we preach in these worlds, and if we still uphold that the races are saved through the blood of Christ. That is what is allegorically represented in the Bible by being washed in the blood of the lamb.

Several meanings could be deduced from these words of the text. Your son took the physical meaning, as being nearest to the work of a physician. Now there is a more ministerial meaning to the phrase, meaning washed, or influenced by the fire or light which runs in the blood. It would have been less misleading to have written the text in this way. Yet that was in the day of sacrifices, and killing of bullocks and lambs to let out the blood, while the principle of the act was so hidden that no one could guess it. The whole Bible is written in this way, the outside, or material, hiding the beautiful inside law. But this itself corresponds to the blood conveying the fire of life. All things created embody the same idea. Yet in more modern times, as thought has lifted the material and let up the immortal sparkle of life, we are coming to better expressions. We do preach that the races, if they were washed or influenced by the fine, delicate fire-principle which Christ planted in earth, which included all loving charity, the whiteness of sacrifice, the doing unto others as we would be done by—if the races were influenced or washed by these fires of Christ, they certainly would be saved; that is, brought up beyond the need of reincarnation or re-living again. What we want is to get more Christs with this all-saving power in the nerves or in the blood, so it will echo forth in vast halls unto people in bold words of—

Justice to thy brother.
Unity of thought.
Love to the poor.

White sacrifices.
All-loving charity.

This blood-fire in voice, in action, in the very air, would bathe the nation so the true meaning in the text would be plain. Yes, we preach this so our young guides will give it to mediums and scribes, and those worlds who love duty, and thus help build up earth and many other planets and stars who much need a Christ-fire.

Oh, there is plenty of work, plenty of purpose, for ye all to carry forth. (Rev. Channing.)

That was swift word, and, you see, he knew his subject well, but on physical blood and its germs I could keep up with him. You see each has duty. Yet, mother, I will look over these texts as I grow older. You know I did not start to be a minister, but a doctor.

Still, they tell me, as I grow older and more experienced, texts become plain by reason of common sense, and all the basis of life also becomes plain. To have one study perfect leads to all other studies, as much as one needs. Now our little girls know nothing of the formation of corpuscle or gland, or even the change the blood goes through from a mortal to a spirit and from a spirit to a celestial shape. Blood has quality, you see; and when I look at it in borderland or earth full of germs and red, and then ascend to the fifth country and see it there as a shining fire and as a mist of white glory, I declare, I can't tell that it is the same thing purified. I suppose that is what he means by being washed, isn't it? Well, mother, we must look at more parts of the body by the microscope. Every single cell is essential; that is, the cells of need. Yes, and the waste, also, for in the ring of need and waste the secret of health lies. Life is the great flame. I was taught something by the lecture also. Father sends love.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

The Influence of a Good Deed is Wonderful.

March 22, 1893.

My dear Mother.—I think, if Ellie would practice more, she would be able to give you yet a more beautiful poem, but as yet her metre breaks. But she will grow in mind by her school, and I have already placed her under Whittier, and Idell has lessons of an artist of great renown. I think all those arts are so much prettier for women than to try to govern or wield what is called their rights. The males ought to have the wisdom, and the females the arts, but I suppose other minds think differently from mine. I am glad to see you this morning. Father is not down, as the weather is full of little hail-drops, and he was afraid he would get into it, although I assured him there was no need, for the ether is calm. I asked a guide one day why the ether was so calm and the storm in earth wild at the same time. He referred me to the toss of the oceans in earth, how the greatest storm possible cannot affect the deep-sea water, or, in fact, more that a short quarter of a mile down in the water. The rest of the mighty four thousand miles is quiet as a baby in sleep. So it is with air. You see, although the outer or billowy air is tossed, there is a deep-sea ether or quiet always ready for us of the second body to journey in, and pass through the outer at our will.

Why, mother, is Whittier above us? I am sure you would not think so if you saw his interest in youth who seem to have a gift for poetry. He seems to give them a part of his soul. I know of no angel or spirit here who is above another one. It is not an earth existence here. Even the doctors do not toss high heads and feel larger than those who are climbing. So it is not strange that Ellie, who is a lithe, delicate spirit-shape, and straight as an arrow and full of song, should attract his attention. The form and glow in it immediately show the genius of the soul. So Whittier, entering the school where they study, singled out the poets by their shape and glow. A painter entering the

school could single out those who are real geniuses in color. It would be so on earth if it were not for the body, crowded down by starvation so it never shows its natural glow; it gets covered up by lack of care. My work is mostly in the borderland, where they come over all jelly-like, and nerves all rolled up like twine. I said yesterday, when I took up a new pulp of magnetic force that had been brought in, that it was more terrible to look upon an unshaped mass of protoplasm on this side than on a corpse on that side. If I was on the shore of earth and found such a dark, pulpy mass, I should revolt from it, and throw it away; but here I know it is the germ of a second body. I am not saying that all come over so, for it is according as one has gathered the spiritual forces in the old body.

Some are whole before they get across the air, some become whole when they touch the land, but something ails the greater part. For you know the lack of magnetic force that is in bodies, all the wrongs and the frets which they let get the mastery of them, and so make a gray pulp like what is in the brain. If they could only make the white pulp, they would come whole at once. That is life.

But worry and fret gaining mastery instead of faith and gentle effort, there could be nothing but gray tissue and gray cell substance, which has to be worked over and electrified. Now you will be able to help about this, as you understand the electrical appliances, and how to touch the nitral valves and cardiac orifice, and so to start the fires of being. As soon as these masses of pulp begin to swell out, why, shape grows and the head comes up out of it just like the plumule of a stem. After all, man is a plant, and has got to have stem and branches of arteries, no matter what world he is in.

But there is a certain white glory to this plant to be attained, something as in the Easter lily being whiter than most other flowers. We rise up out of old pulp, and renew exactly like these bulb lilies. The body is a kind of bulb, and some doc-

tors say it is better to be burned than to be drowned, because the spirit escapes whole. But I do not agree to that. A spirit needs a little of an earth body in order to support it. Burning cuts off this little, and so the new plant is terribly tender. I call it flesh. Well, it is a tissue resembling flesh, although more as the tissue of a rose petal, and not so porous. It does not need so many pores, for the fire-blood can escape more quickly than the waste by red blood, and besides no meat or heavy things are eaten here. The ails and ills are all in borderland and along the spheres. When one is able to live in a fifth sphere, one is supposed to have overcome diseases and to have faith and ability to teach broad lessons.

Yes, do try to keep faith that things will come right for you.

It is not always necessary to have money laid up, when God has ways to pull it from every corner, if it is a need. You might say it is a need in some cases you see every day, but without the poor and the striving there would be no way to open sympathies and ward off miserliness and set the conscience of the mortals into tick.

I talked this over with father. Father and I study about these evils and goods, and he says it seems to him it has to be so, as long as people will mix their shells with their wheat. The sifting and grinding of it out must go on until all learn how to make the wheat of mind without any shell. Father goes to church regularly, and is not so nervous as he was, because he sees the law of things more clearly. Of course, it is a hard, tight experience down in earth, but I see nothing better adapted for ripening a soul than its ups and downs, do you? All that you have uplifted from the shells is seen by the celestials, and it makes money for us. I say money, meaning power to push our way. The influence of a good deed is wonderful, and it makes as much light as a thousand dollars would if used well. We help about your patients some. But, dear mother, you have so much insight in your own soul

that you scarcely need us. The streak of healing is in all our blood, both red and the spiritual fire also. And so we are natural, and not acquired. I meet many lovely females here. But the soul in me seems to cling more to deed than to love. Yet I do enjoy their thoughts and sympathy. I think all the sex fires go to mind here, and the desire for children turns to idea and deed. This is my experience. Yet I do see mates who live together and act in concert. These are the real lives which outlive earth, I guess. I hope you will keep well and try to be happy. Your own

WADSWORTH.

The Air-Ships Away in Space.

April 20, 1893.

Dear Mother,—Yes, Idell has the right idea, that things come to us as fast as we are ready, and I have noticed they come to earth also, or any world, as fast as it rises in mind. Mind is a magnet, and calls in the higher mind. I am feeling well and alert, and am working hard, only we are not allowed to work but a few hours at a time, and then rest. The rest equals the work in these worlds, and sometimes the fact that we do a good makes the work a pleasure, and then that is rest itself. I could do something every minute, there is so much to do and so few to do it.

For physicians are not so plenty as they are in earth. None can be physicians unless they understand and love their work and care for the race in earnest. And so the hundreds who die from earth soon learn this, and have to begin all over to seek some other occupation. You can be sure the third sphere and the fifth would not carry on a spirit who was not fitted for his purpose. In earth people get a little name or fame, and are pushed onward by friends, but are not in earnest. To be a true physician, it ought to begin far back, and, you know, in our family it did. When it is in the blood, then it is a natural river of power. For in the blood is the fire, or the truth, which is fire or

action longing to do something to better humanity. Those troops and armies of spirits which shoot across are all fire. Their longing to do and help shines in them, and gives them motion. I can telegraph from a far point to my studio for such a remedy, and father can send it by pneumatic tube along the air, or, more properly, in space where there is a quiet that can hardly be called air. There are natural tubes or atoms drawn in line, so things can be sent to and fro by pressure. It is slowly coming to earth, as you see by the process in stores where money is sent to and fro. Everything which is to be in the earth is also now in the heavens, either in spheres or along space. If a balloon could rise from earth high enough to reach one of these pneumatic currents, it would not be subject to storms or winds, but move along in direct and safe line. The air-ships away in space follow these lines or atomic tubes, and are safely guided from sphere to sphere. But the moment one of our air-ships touched the atmosphere of a planet it would dissolve.

So, in coming to earth, we can only descend to certain distances, perhaps a hundred miles above, so as not to get into the whirl of the planet. Then we come by swift descent in the under air, or ether, which is like as albumen lies beside and around a yolk. My studio is prettily ornamented with Idell's pictures and Ellie's designs, and delicate vials with wonderful vapors are on the shelves. Oh, it is a real world here, a working world, and plenty to do. You think there must be debris, and wonder how it can be clean and neat. The air is more electric and has a quick absorption, so any waste is drawn into its elements swiftly, and then rinds of fruit are never thick. There is a ripeness to the whole. Every particle of decay is almost instantly absorbed, changed over. Heaven is a swifter moving world than earth, and all action corresponds. In the fifth sphere there is no sickness of body, but often depression of mind and great longings, and, as these long indulged in would affect a body, we

are called on to heal the mind, if we can, and here is particularly where you help me. I get your faith and hope, and this looking into causes, and all your affection for the race; and, infilled with these, I have a kind of spiritual help which is of great use in the fifth sphere, enabling them to stay. I often send father there to be healed, when he longs so for your actual presence and to hear your voice. He can go there easier that he can come to earth. But there are so many in need in all earths that it alarms me sometimes. Yet I view it this way, that, if they can't live down here, these worlds are just as good and much easier to get along in, because more brotherhood and feeling is expressed.

And yet I know how hard the parting seems, because the people don't know the beyond. They don't rise in mind to see it or feel it. I can help more with the physical ailments. I think your spirit seems calmer than when I was here before. There are many ways we have to turn things into your needs. And you can be sure we strive hard, and our very effort is of use to those angels who can do what was miracle in old times. The higher law is always working inside the natural law, just as ether is within the oxygen, or the small germ in the acorn. Nature has curious folding for physical things, and so God has curious ways folded in spiritual things. Poverty is a lack of effort and being afraid to act. But disease is something got by the low state of the earth's pulse. She is not above fevers and contagious diseases, and so these run races. But effort, strong and healthy, will overcome sickness with other help.

I am trying to send you more quiet and peace. I hope I shall get mind-force sufficient to send you the gold, so you can feel at ease and work lighter; and still there is so much, oh, so much to do!

Your son,

WADSWORTH.

Those Who are Hurt.

June 25, 1893.

My dear Lady,—We have to hurt the mortal sometimes, so as to press out the sympathy and the tender emotions, in the same way that nature presses her buds and blooms with the fierce winds, that the aroma may rise and give its soothing balm to the sense. Those who are hurt are more able to help heal the wounds of those who climb and are tossed and are torn. Christ plainly showed the hurt of the thorns, and the rising power gained through these trials. We welcome you to our gate.

M.

When the Soul is Unhappy.

My dear precious Mother,—We are standing in your pink light, all folded over so no harm can come to us. Some mothers give golden light, some give pink, some give white, and all these are good.

Sometimes you fold us in your white soul, but to-day is warmed by your pink heart. I am learning now to tell the quality of any spirit I meet by the shining. If I see a dark mist, I know the soul is unhappy, and, if I see a pale pink, I know the soul needs a caress. After we have learned to distinguish the need by the outer hue, then we can begin to heal people, as you do.

IDELL.

When She Visits the Borderland.

Dear Mother,—We study many curious things. We found the one brother called Uncle T. in a large land of flowers and trees, and many odd-shaped souls were walking and moving about, but Wadsworth found us and led us away. He said we must not take too many kinds of study at once, and that at present art and music was enough. But I want to be of more solid use. Music is good. It raises the soul into beauty of expression; but isn't there something at first that needs to be done so that soul can appreciate music? I notice that the odd-

shaped people did not notice my songs. And, when I go to borderland, I see many who stare at me, and are so drawn and pinched in face that it seems as pain to them to hear me sing. One poor thing groaned out, "Miss, Miss, don't be so happy, when all is so terrible below!" It checked me in song, and I went right to Wadsworth, and said: "I must learn something deeper than music. It does not give the solid comfort; it does not reach the very depth." Brother thinks we are too frail spirits to do any of these vital things. But, mother, you feel all this power of giving something more than music. You give the law of harmony. Can't we also teach this? I want to save people, and help.

ELLIE.

Has a Lovely Office in the Fifth World.

My dear Mother,—You do write to me in your heart always, and I can get your thoughts as they come on the surface of your mind. These are letters which I can read to father, and we can talk them over. A thought can be taken by camera, and come forth in symbol, every little sign of which we know. The tongue acts as camera into expressing that side, but we use a fine, smooth glass tablet on this side, and it is called transference of mind symbol before it gets to words, as a bud before it blooms. This is a late invention, and only those in our faculty can use it. We are studying invention and finding out new things every day, and sending into earth the flame. It is curious that all light or knowledge has to descend and come up through earth, on same principle that the power of wheat or any produce has to descend into darkness and come up before one can get the good of it. Were it not for this, an invention could come to fruition quicker. Now electricity was sent to earth by Franklin to get its root-power, but see how slow it works, as the human mind is not ready to receive it at once, but must slip in through all manner of distress and worry. I find the children eager after knowledge, as they grow. You see Ellie has already found

there are roots to all those beautiful things, as poetry, art, skill, and she feels the true woman right. I had hoped they would rest easy, being ornamental spirits; but I see it runs in our family to be useful at the roots. Ellie is more like you than Idell, and says that she must learn to deal with real sufferings. I told her there was too much of it for her to cure, but she said, no matter, she must do what her conscience thought right. So I shall let her be led along by natural ways. I have a lovely office in the fifth world now; also one in the third world, and when in borderland I stay in a hospital. I have some hours in each place, and yet I have time for many pleasures and for reading in the libraries, and to make father social and comfortable. Time seems to last here, because there is no more night than one needs. In the fifth country the night is only two hours long, and in the third world it is more as earth. But, as one grows strong in duty, the night goes out from the soul as something not needed. I can keep awake longer now than at first. I see cousins very often. They love to have me come in to tea, and sometimes they have most beautiful glassware, oh, so delicate that I am afraid to touch it. It is made by skillful artists, who stand in the garden, and use the pith of plants mingled with green stock. These are as the sand used in earth, only more in another shape. Glass is a combination of sand, etc. Grandma always makes things pretty for me, and it seems good. I meet the cousins. The boys are busy, and do good work. I met one of the doctors the other day that came over. He was not as high as he expected to be, I think. I am more content than I was at first, because I see there is no use longing for the other body; and one must make as much of the new as possible. I find that lime changes to a kind of enamel that holds fine ducts, and is not so porous. There is no need of so much outlet, because, when one stops eating meat, there is less to press away from the body, and so the bones have less openings. Everything follows the need, and so body is more

aesthetic and fragile. Father's bones are quite fragile, but he has firm principle of order; and so he never gets out of joint or in ill health. It is only the habit of sickness that he must overcome, and he could do this quicker if he only had more will. But this coming to earth helps him; and I can give him your courage and sympathy, which I coil up from your light as I write here. I shall be with you as much as possible this summer, and I know you are lighter hearted and have more clear light.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

All the Senses are Quickened in Spirit Life.

September, 1893.

Dear Mother,—I welcome you gladly, and am glad you got along all right. Oh, how I ought to have been there with you! I felt pretty bad about it at first. It is the first time I really wanted to be alive as I was, not but what I could go with you, and yet there is difference. It is hard to be present, and you not turn to me for protection and care. You could, but you know you don't see me even if I am there. This sometimes makes us terribly sad. But we have sense to know that earth is short and time goes along swiftly, and in these worlds are fairs of a thousand times more value than in earth. You thought I did not know about it. But it was this feeling I had of desperate attempt to get alive, so as to be outside instead of inside. It was just as you felt when I went over, and seemingly out of your care; you had a desperate feeling to follow me. Well, I did, for the first time, and father had, too. But he has been here longer, and he said to me, "Wadsworth, at first, when you or mother went anywhere, I almost tore my body to go outside; but I got over it, my boy, and became reconciled, and then peace came, for I knew mother would know I wanted to be outside." Well, I am glad you had the chance to go. And I could not see very well unless I had a guide; and the motions of the cars, and the feelings of people as regards money and business, are very thick over

that way. It is a vast center where many spirits are gathered, so as to make a balance. It is the place to weigh the understanding of the earth-mind, so as to see how she progresses. I often see these weighing angels in churches, to get the lightness of the belief or how much gain they have in their faith. What we gain by coming off the earth by death is lightness of body and chance to work for merit instead of money, and deeper insight into the vast law that runs like a lightning stroke through all things. And all the senses quicken; hearing is livelier, sight is extended, and the sensitive nature extreme. But these new gains do not always go into earth for us unless we have conquered the great run of atmospheric feeling, and also the dust and mist around the earth. The dust I can conquer by chemicals, but the feelings that rise from people are as iron ribs.

Father is down here to-day. I think he will write. He is more willing now to go visiting because you went. I have sent him to the fourth sphere, and he has a nice little home there. It is not a tent, as we sometimes take in borderland, but a real house, made of a kind of spiced gum. It has strong odor, and is healthy. He has not coughed once since he stayed there. You think, perhaps, we ought not to cough in spirit land; but we have the same organs, and, although they change somewhat by being a higher charge of electricity than red blood, yet many old habits stay a long time. Father sets value on everything as soon as he sees it, and never fails to be right. I have two fields of operation. I come to borderland to ensnarl the first magnetism and start the new vegetable. Father laughs as I say this, but we all are a kind of vegetable growing by electricity. And then I go higher to lead those spirits on farther who are so sensitive that their blood is almost a white fire. Now, as I stand here, my pulse is really two hundred. If I had the other body with this pulse, you know the effect it must have. But here I am the second body, and so the pulse fits it, and all my being must be in

vibration exceedingly swift, so to be above mortal sight, although to myself I am quiet and normal. Mortals have low pulse according to a spirit. The celestials I cannot myself see, they move so fast, unless they lower their temperature and become in the same plane as I am. You know how quickly a fevered patient will get sublimated, or hot, as we call it. The mind lets go, and, if let alone with mind burning, the body will burn. I have never seen any God, and I questioned a very high guide. He had never seen him. I don't think he comes to person, as there is no need. I am told that in the seventh sphere, after we have conquered all the lower principles, and become creatures of will, love, justice, and mercy, that we also lose form. The legs and arms all draw up into a ball, because they were only needs for certain worlds; and, when we can control by mental action, surely we would need no limbs. So I suppose God, having arrived where he has control by mind through this thread of law, has no need of shape. He sends his warm love by objects which his breath makes. A guide said God talked in and through things of nature, even the snow or icicle, as well as a rose, but came to form partly in those who had reached the highest sense of his image. I go to church now, and I am studying these things because I see it has much to do with the healing and the forming of a true body. One study leads to another. Ellie said each one had a specialty. Well, for a beginning that is so, but the soul can't take up one thing unless other things border upon it; and all studies are branches of one tree. I never thought much about God or his plan before I came here, but so glad I am that we are not confined to the short time in earth that I begin to feel I can study more than the one specialty. Now I have an idea that all these stars you see are parts of God's body let down materially. They seem to me just like organs, and there is a kind of cellular mist over all the sky, which corresponds to the peritoneum and the synovial membrane and other delicate tissues which protect. Then, again,

you find the nebulae, which look precisely like the parotid gland, all waxy and interlaced; and, as I watch the progress of the moisture in these glands, it acts just as the saliva does, the same properties. So I think God's body is in these heavenly worlds themselves. He is as a body in his stars. We are really he, and we all live in him.

WADSWORTH.

Seeing Rolls of Unripe Magnetism.

My dear Mother,—Oh, how I wish I could step out in material body! If I only knew how to thicken up as some of those old prophets did, and so be as a ghost for a little while! A ghost is that which is neither spirit nor matter, but a thing between—a balance between the fire and the ashes of flesh. But to become chemically this appearance requires a most curious skill. But this morning it seems as if I must know the art; and yet how it would startle you, and startle me, too! Whenever we used to find some wonderful solution of mystery through the microscope, how it startled us, and gave us unseen links to truth! Well, if I can't be a ghost, let my mind impress upon paper; for, surely, the mind can penetrate where the body can never go. I wish I was mind. There, that expresses just what we shall all become. Body will be mind, and then there will be no separation of things; all will be a wholeness. Indeed, body is mind now, only it is a solidified condition of it instead of that kind which roams free into poem. Sometimes I speak to Ellie, and she says, "Don't speak; I am floating." You see, she is at the moment all mind, and her body grows smaller, so that she looks as a mere doll, then she returns again and swells out in proportion.

All this earth was once mind, and now is projected into space, and assumed in shape a little bundle of mind power. The more I see it, all these earths seem glands of the great God-body. Folks say there is no personal God, but I say there is. His head and organs and limbs are stretched all about space, and the veins and the big spine which we

used to call the Milky Way. It is all full of vertebrae and little nerve processes, and acts like any human spine, carrying the spinal column and cord across. Of course, God has a form, and the great head is some central sun. I think by observing this form called God stretched out along space, every organ moving round and round and giving life, that a new healing doctrine might be brought forth. For just what he does for himself for health is necessary for mortals to do. We see how all his organs are kept illuminated by suns. Light works in every dark corner by motion. My theory is that people don't have enough light—I mean the pure sunlight. I think any diseased portion should have focus of sunlight carried upon it until almost a blister is wrought. Don't you see how the sun shining in a dirty pool will purify it? and, if not, it absorbs it and draws the whole up. If I had a throat to treat again, I should illuminate it several times a day by letting the focused sunlight, long as the patient could bear it, right into the throat and again on the outside. That would be just as God heals all the outer expressions of his own body. How do you like this theory? A light brought to bear on a skin humor ought to heal it as the sun dries up the mire and mud. Well, I must not preach, dear mother. I must tell you what we are doing, and how we are seeking your comfort and health. You get tired, I can see, with all the ails and ills of those people. They press too hard on you. You are are not bidden to take up the whole creation, and do for them. You are not strong enough for too much. Now Ellie could never go down in borderland, and find the sinners and give them her shining. She is not made so, and so it is not required of her. She has her place in song. And you are not strong to do too much. A certain amount, but, when the thing begins to worry you, then it shows you are using too much of yourself, and must leave the work to others. It is not casting them off, but simply leaving undone what you are unable to do. Father sometimes tries to help

you, but, you see, he can't. To stand one day in borderland, and see the rolls of unripe magnetism come over and lie like pulp, is terrible. Very few bring enough vim of life to spring up alive at once. Some are days, some only hours, some are years renewing the second self. I notice those in Uncle's great garden of fruits and roses, who were called insane, come out of the state about as quick as those who were misers or selfish to the bone. Insanity is a kind of stoppage of mental activity, and in the new body it can be set going like a watch after cleaning. I hated to have you in the city all summer, and made several recreations for you. We planned some good things, but then the green fields and trees would perhaps have been better for you than even money. I have just begun to stop hurrying, and take things easier. I find hurry does not help me in either physical fire or mental growth, and there are many ideas I got in earth that I have dropped. There is no use in them. So I shall soon have more time to go about, and see what all the relations are doing and to help grandpa and Uncle T. and all of them. Not that they need help, but the companionship does each one good. You have much patience, mother, else you would not attract so many who have needs. It does seem hard that I can't melt some of this gold in rocks around me and send it to you. It seems it would do these needy people so much good, and also lift you up over the fear you have. It is almost all fear. We are trying to lift you out of all this, and to get things more quiet and settled. I don't want you to get so worried, even if it is a little dark while we are pulling things about. You can be sure the light will come. There never was a light but it was born out of some trouble. You see the roots have to be stirred to set up a new condition. Keep a light heart, and go on doing as well as you can while we plan things and make things seem brighter to you. I wish you could get enough means so you would not have to work. I don't want to see you held down so, but to have enough pleasure and to

do good as far as your strength will allow. Father and I talk this over, and think of many ways. And we have told the help angels, so they know what we want, and by keeping good cheer you will help them. You cannot see into all their ways to move things about and make a clear path, and even I cannot always see. The good you do to others cannot go unrewarded, although I know you have no feeling for reward; but a good brings its own help, just as an ill brings its own sting. This is a law which no one can change. It will come so. I have other ways in my mind to push forward, and I hope to see you more smiling as the autumn goes by. Father and I have ways of driving up money, as one would a flock of partridges. It is only a solidified feeling, and can be stirred up to its proper place. I stand high in my position. I am gaining every day in power and in chemical methods. Father sends love. Your dear

WADSWORTH.

The Ear Like a Bar of Written Music.

My dear Mother,—Ellie means she is not one of the strength spirits. But in her way she does give strength. It is not always by medicine that power comes, but oftener by the sympathetic process and the instilling of hope, surety, life, and purity. So, in reality, she is a light spirit, giving light by music and rhyme. I feel bright this morning; so does father, although he is away up in the fifth degree of land. Somehow, he thrives better there, and so I carry him up for a while; and he has learned to return himself to the third degree, where the children live and where my studio is. When he comes to earth, his breath seems to go, and he cannot learn to materialize. Some spirits give away too much power, and part with all their shining when they come to earth; they can't seem to hold it. Of course, we must hold enough for our own ability. You give away almost too much of your shining, because you see so many needs, and father does the same. It is necessary to be a little selfish, as the

faculty teaches just enough selfishness to keep the circulation in balance with the spiritual fire coming in.

I have studied with many doctors who are specialists about the eye and ear and all parts of what is called body. A doctor told me that one organ was enough to study. He said the time would come when every doctor would be a specialist, and take up one study of shape with a general idea of all others, in so far as the sympathy of one organ was felt by others. I thought, if I settled down to one specialty, it would be the throat, as I am most interested in that. Uncle T. has the brain, Harvey the blood ventricles, and Hahnemann the assimilation process. They are all taking specialties after a general education of shape and its attachments to the great magnetic and electrical forces. I know about the ear and all its chambers and the line of small bones or notes on which sound enters and gives the last vibration to the soul, or the thing within which is connected up through the sutures of the cranium with the broad universe. The waves of sound are carried by anything which stirs the air, and thus disturbs the small atoms of oxygen or nitrogen. You know the air waves dash along and surge into all ears that are near. But, if the drum is thickened or the notes of bone are dull, the waves won't enter and give the response to the soul's call. The ear is just like a bar of written music. The treble, tenor, or bass sign is the drum; and, if this does not sway in and out, there can be no such thing as hearing. But, if the waves go through the drum, and find the ossicles torpid, then the symphony of sound stops, or is jarred and rough. Sometimes the soul itself stays too near the top of the brain, and does not come down to the note-bones. Uncle T. told me he had two cases where the soul was pinioned in elevated ideas, and could neither hear nor see, which constituted the feeling called insanity. Many insane are lifted to their top brains, and nothing ails the physical senses or their vibrations. But with almost every-day cases some-

thing ails the bar of music, and the only way to start it up is to soften and make flexible the parts, so sound will enter and give the requisite ting for the soul to understand. Cleanliness is the first process, a thorough good syringing and a careful wiping, then to make the passage stouter by some gentle astringent. Oil should not be used: it leaves debris against the walls. I must get some receipt from our doctors. There is nothing that will tone the small bones behind the drum but electricity—nothing else will reach them. They need toning, just as a piano does, day by day and in gentle shocks, less and less until it is scarcely perceptible. The electric doctors give all one power for the notes, when it should be graded to suit every one. They are not alike in the receiving power, and the fifth auricle would not be touched at all by the power given to the first. But I shall not settle on the ear for my specialty. I like the throat better. It has more avenues, and somewhat includes sound by the larynx. Yet there is one man's practice in one organ; for, to understand it thoroughly, one ought to be able by chemical combination to make an organ, though I don't know as they would breathe life into it more than a minute or so, enough to get the natural movement to study. To make an ear is one of the duties in the laboratory of the faculty, then every atom used is understood; and, if we know the composing atoms of anything, then we can restore it better. In the first lands where the spirits arrive, sometimes without throats or without eyes, the high physicians have to create new ones, and get them under process of a second body, subject to new life. So, you see, each organ is a thing of itself until it is put into machinery, like a wheel, and set going. These wheels are not understood when they are in with others. The only way is to form them in chemical ways, and so study. It is a builded house, and indeed it is made of the airy elements, atom by atom; and we must learn each one before we can cure and make whole that which fades out and decays. Well, mother, I am

glad to see you looking better. Be sure that we come at call always.

WADSWORTH.

A Spirit is Self, and No Other Like It.

Nov. 22, 1893.

My dear Mother,—I give you good-morning, and my heart bounds with cheer to see you look smiling to-day. I feel quite smiling myself because of good success in rousing several spirits last week from stupor and getting them in good shape. It is worth a great deal to me to see a form gradually fill out into fresh magnetic fire, and begin to circulate into golden breath, which is not blood, but a kind of mist which sparkles. Think how it is on a bright October morning, going out into brisk air, and feeling the elation of joy that is all sparkle. Well, this is so for those coming alive after death. I am not now working so hard. A large celestial spirit came to me and said I worked with all my nerve-power and will, and it was not bidden any one to use all fullness of themselves for others. You see, mother, here was a high angel telling me just what I told you: not to use all your vital self, even for another's suffering, because we thus lose seed of life. So now I work slower, and do not feel that time is slipping away. The reason that Uncle T.'s patients get on so easy is because he is not now feeling that the daylight is slipping away, and he must hurry. In earth we feel thus, and can hardly get over it here. When I have a complicated case—that is, a man shot, and the parts clogged in the lost pieces, or in any case where the shock comes sudden—then I have a feeling of hurry, lest the parts will not rise. When a man is torn in pieces by these cars, there is an immense scattering of his spirit, sometimes for miles around, and it clings to the wheels with the flesh, and is tangled for a time until nature begins to act. This is what I term real death for a while, because there is no consciousness, and it often takes days even to to get the film together. The same film makes the same man. Supposing we were

killed at once, and mixed, there would be no possibility of the one spirit rising into the parts of the other spirit, because what each has made belongs to each, and will naturally rise to it, just as vapor rises from water, and forms again in the air as water or cloud. A spirit is a self, and no other like it. Well, I had some work of this kind to do, as I am in the lower hospitals part of the time as well as in the fifth worlds. I change so as to get the usefulness of both extremes. This is a thing father can't do, only when he is close by you. He can come to a really sick patient and help you if he is right in your light, but could not possibly arrange the dead, or what is called the dead. I do this because I have a scientific love to see the new come from the old and grow into higher quality. I even think when I pour the curious oils over a little, thin mass of magnetic film, I wonder if this is a man or a woman, just as in childbirth we wonder whether it is a male or female. I cannot tell you half what I do; but, if I had not studied the composition of the flesh, and known the places of the bones and muscles, how could I ever set the films in order to swell out form? A film is the first thing, mother, that appears, unless one dies from earth all right and in perfect order. Then there is not much time between the separated mist and film and quick form. Phillips Brooks was forming at the exact minute he was dying, and yet others were rolled in balls and floated across like seaweed, and have to be brought alive. Some lie for ages, and sometimes they come so fast that they are piled up like a mass of cannon balls until we are ready. Oh, it is odd and curious, and yet anybody who has peeked under a hen when the chicks are just coming out in various attitudes has seen it all. Life is the same everywhere, I find. But it is the amount of real solid principles that we get in our magnetisms before we come that determines the shape we come in—that is, the fire, the warmth, the propulsion that gives the soul the tendency for fine and quick shape. I met E. B. B. and had a good

talk. I must search soon for others, and find them; but they laugh at me for this return, and so I do not say much. When I bring my reflection tablets made of quicksilver, and mirror your answers to my letter, or your thoughts, they call it all my imagination and transference, and so, you see, unless they will really try for themselves it is hard to believe, especially as they cannot see the arm I am using, or you. Earth is not much clearer to a spirit than we are to you. There is a mist that will always be until the mind penetrates it, and knows how to overcome it. Now, if this outside oxygen could be suddenly rolled up and leave my face in the ether or next division of air, you could see me plainly. But no chemist knows as yet how to roll up oxygen, and so separate the qualities of air. But it was not long ago that no one knew how to separate aluminum, when it exists in every bank by the roadside and in all strata of lands. And now they have done this by electricity, and so they will separate the air in time by the same. I have full faith that we shall be able to look square into earth some time, and yet not be exactly shape or flesh. Do not work too hard.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

Spirits Have Not the Worry of the Dollar.

Jan. 4, 1894.

My dear Lady,—Your heart comes forth to us with yearning for the advice and comfort of your dear ones, and I love to call them. I love to feel that they are with you and giving happy words. To see a homestead together pleases the angels. Often I call my loved boys and wife together in council, and we are as content as when in earth in our old home on the Cape. We have not the worry of the dollar now as then. Oh, how I wish all people could be supplied by government with food and home and clothes. The government should be the father of all.

M.

His Love is Full of Lustre.

Darling Mother,—How softly I come to give you a New Year's kiss! How brightly this kiss grows on your brow, and will sink down in your heart, and animate you with joy! When dear father kisses us good-night, I feel as if a jewel was on my head all night, so full of lustre is his love for us both. I was in the beautiful white church on the New Year's eve, and sung a poem of my own; and now it is published in the book called the "Golden Seal," and Wadsworth has two copies. I wish we could get one through to you.

ELLIE.

So Happy in the Spirit Life.

O dear Mother,—We have so much of interest, and so much that pleases us to do. We are so happy; maybe this is because we do not know earth and all its curious joys. But it has pains also, and they are sharp, I am told, so we do not ask to live down here. I am glad we did not stay in clay only a little while. I wish you were not down in clay, but you could have your second body, which I often see, oh, so bright and full of color, and beaming with shining. The picture of you which we have is not so alive as when we come to see you in earth. I come to your own room many times.

IDELL.

Willing Out Old Forms of Disease.

My dear Mother,—Ellie tells me that she would send the poem, only the medium is not up in the poet-tone yet, so she cannot. Yes, mother, I wish you a glad New Year, and I know you will call for it. Whatever we call for must come, perhaps not in a minute, but as soon as it works up from depths. Everybody's needs are in the realm of peace, and by true desire can be called up. So call, mother, for a glad New Year, and it will rise to you as the days go by. I, too, wish you could come over with us; and yet I have reason to see that the high

angels know best. Yes, it is New Year's time, and I won't write a discourse, but let the others come. I have been selfish, maybe, but they all laugh so at my attempts that I had better let them learn a little about it by real trial. There's Q. now, laughing at me. Grandma believes in this very well, or, rather, she believes what father does is all right, and grandpa has to meditate about it. We had a large New Year's social among the doctors in the evening just before the New Year came in. Hundreds of us stood silently waiting for the sensation of the New Year. You may think this was foolish, but diseases will follow sensation. We were willing out the old forms of diseases and willing in more sense and harmony and strength against sin. And our united will went a good way toward carrying out the small-pox and lung diseases and bringing in a greater excellence of strength. The end of a year or the beginning is, of course, as so stated in the almanac, a division of time. But there is sensation in all hearts as to an ending and beginning, so we used this sensation to will out the diseases. I am sending you much courage and hope; and, if you have these, you can attract all your needs, and more, for anything will follow a strong will. I am working near earth now, in borderland. I do not love it as I do work in the fifth world, but I have to change. All doctors have to make changes so as to share the labor. I want to let father try writing to-day, and some others, so I will stop, leaving you my love, care, and happy greeting.

WADSWORTH.

A Mighty Principle in Each Nerve.

Jan. 18, 1894.

My dear Mother,—These dear girls love to fasten their lines to you through the medium, and then they are sure they have a mother. At first, when I told them, they were too young to understand the word or its meaning, but now they always know you by your peculiar spirit and its useful light, but do not always hear your words. They have not yet brought

acoustics into the general lesson, and do not realize that the sound you utter is different from the sound they utter, because the waves of air are not the same lengths. Uncle T. and I have been studying the brain and all its nerves of late, so as to get more into the reasons for insanity. We were intensely surprised the other day when a man who had been insane in earth for thirty years died and rose fully in his senses, and able to remember the past. Uncle said he had never had a case before but that was a long time gaining the faculties. So he was eager to understand it, and we drew out the brain processes of the dead body, and have them now in our laboratory to study. But I had some general knowledge of the tympanum and all the tubes, and I can arrange my air waves so that your voice rises up into spirit tones, and then I hear. If I do not hear, I can immediately look into that part of the brain governing of the tongue nerves, and so get the meaning before it comes to sound. Thoughts look like eggs as they advance along the ganglia of nerve centers down to the mouth and run off the tongue. Then they break, and a kind of a mist yolk runs out and moves the air, so the word is born. I love to watch a thought being born. What do you suppose people would say to see us extract a body by impression in fine wax, and bring it over to study why it died and how it retarded the action of the soul? In this brain we found the links between the motor and sensor nerves were very thin. The fluid or light passed into the ganglia, and then the fine nerve was too small to carry it on the next bundle of nerves, so it was more of hesitation of the nerve fluid than an utter stoppage. For thirty years this had been, and by death all the nerves were enlarged, and the ganglia shrank, so the power emitted was almost more than came in. The whole process was reversed by death, and the man came into more sense than he had seemed to have on earth. I am told by the guides that the mortal has energy enough stored, or bottled up, as it were, to move the mountains, only it is held back by all the

network of nerves and capillaries. If allowed to sift through, why, every power and principle would at once glance along swiftly, and so make the man an immortality at once. Now, as soon as I come here, although I was full of sorrow for you that I had to go, I realized at once the large state of my being; that is, the blood seemed more leaping in all parts of me. When I saw a beautiful scene, or even a rose, I had ten times the delight, ten times the curiosity, to see how it was made internally; and the moment I got my sense able to come to earth, I wanted to see why I died and to examine my own throat, but I was not then able to do so. I had not learned the chemical act of separating the air so as to act. I was as a diver under the water, not knowing how to manage to keep fresh air, so I had to go up. But now, by Uncle's help, I can bring up impression processes, and so study them.

To learn every part of the body is of use, because hidden in each nerve or cell there is a mighty principle to be worked out. And I don't wonder that the Bible says, "Know thyself," for, if these loose men and women could only see the result of their practices on the spiritual body, and know the length of time it takes to renew any worn-out principle, they would surely desist for the sake of the future. I have processes of embryonic decay, and I see that wherever rot sets into the body it lowers the principle. Now this woman has slight irritation in the throat and stomach passages and rectum, and the principle of the throat is liberty. I see, somewhere in her life, liberty to do or act as she wished was restrained; and so, if she does not carefully cure herself, this principle will be clipped or slow in the first worlds—that is, she cannot soar up into fine ether houses until all is healed.

The head is wisdom.

The throat and lungs are liberty.

The heart means broad affection.

The stomach means activity.

And as these are hurt by disease, so is the principle low and lacks shining.

Principles and powers raise us, and nothing else will. So you see, mother, what a grand enterprise a true doctor can carry out if he tries. So heal the organs, and thus strengthen the principles they bear, so the spirit may rise off from material conditions into a divine state. I must let father or some one write, so no one can call me selfish.

WADSWORTH.

Spirit Doctors Cannot See What Matter Is.

Feb. 1, 1894.

My dear Mother,—I feel your mother-light, as sister says, the first thing when I come near the medium. She drew your sympathy, and it comes through her to me. Mediums are as prisms: they separate the light of the principles so as to present them in color. To get your love and feelings makes me grow eager and true, as it is used to in earth. This is how you help me in one way, and then all the seeds of principles which you planted in me as a boy are now coming to value, something as a field of corn comes to ripeness and goes out to feed the millions. So my boy sense is ripening. Why, if I did not have you to tell my honors to, and to watch and praise me for my work, I would, indeed, be lonesome and alone; for, although father praises and believes in me, yet he is not so right in earnest as you are, and does not really feed my soul into progress as you do. Still, I could not do without father. Our dear daughters of the house are having honors now in their work.

Father came home from earth one night and told me about the old gentleman to whom we had given treatments with you. He said he would have to come over because no one down there could quell the trouble in the back brain. I went down, but the nerve force in the medulla was very much strained, the ganglion was over-full of the yellow fire, and it could not return down the spine, as there was no intelligent stroke given to carry it

off. So it had to burst upward into the nerves of the cerebellum, and this was the suffusion of which they had a dim sense, but should have it brought down. However, it might not have lasted, and would have kept filling the small cells. It was not exactly a fluid, but the life fires, clogging, in the large ganglion, filling every fibre and not coursing down the spinal cord as it should have done. But it may be that the time had come worked out on the large maps. If so, all the strokes given would not have cleared the ganglia, for the life force would have fastened in a knot right there, and death would have ensued finally, but we could have tried. To try is one's duty; and then, if the time has come, we soon know it. Many come through by the stagnation of blood, many others by the stagnation of the nerve fires. It is an easier death when the cells are overloaded by fire. There are nervous deaths, and circulation deaths by blood. Whichever way is marked out, so they go; and we all must make the best of it. The only way is to save as much pain as possible. I have given many lectures of late in the large hall before the faculty, and they are pleased. I take one organ and go through it. You give me many spiritual ideas, and help me in this way. Even here the doctors cannot see what matter is. They seem to call it a different thing from the spirit, and they cannot all understand when I tell them that matter and spirit are one, only taking variety of shape, so as to accommodate to the situation. I said that the soul burned itself clear and cast ashes, and ashes is what is termed matter. And, to cure this ashes of its ills, we must set it burning again. Now, for instance, this woman's lungs, or the tubes, rather, leading to the lungs have lost the fire; there are bits of dead ashes or matter lying about; and these must be set burning or drawn out through the flesh. Now she can't bear a blister to burn, and the creosote is very good to set afire the ashes again, so they will lift and go off in gas. These helps that burn —as alcohol, caustic, and all burning remedies—

are good to start the ashes when they cannot be drawn to a surface. So the faculty are quite proud of me. I have certain ideas that you planted in me when I was a boy and that would come to us when we would be examining through the microscope some curious cell or part. I guess you got yours from that ever-ready action for others. It is said that whatever we do for others, God will do for us. I believe that is true. I often watch the unfolding of that promise now, because I waked up the children and started them into knowledge. The same is coming to me, and I am sure there is something comes by the effort for others, as well as by effort for ourselves. The need is sent, but the luxury we have to work hard to get. Perhaps it is not just right that we should have luxury. The unemployed do not seem to think there ought to be anybody rich. I have a new robe nearly every day, sometimes a purple one or a light blue. I think I am getting to be a lover of costume, not from pride, but from a duty to look nice; and I find that the doctors respect a judicious dress wisely made and in discreet colors. I am teaching it to the children, but father will not be taught. He says, wait till mother comes, and then he will wear some beautiful gems which I brought to him from an Eastern trip. As we grow in honor, of course we have more dignity of dress. It is one of the gifts which the messengers bring.

From WADSWORTH.

How They Illuminate the Body in Spirit Life.

March 1, 1894.

My own Mother,—I am glad always to find you, and I know you are as interested in these two dear children as I am. I feel proud to have a sister, and you will enjoy us all when you come. Indeed, you do now enjoy our presence and our light, even though you cannot see us. Sight is not so open a sense as feeling, for there are always eyes to see with, but there are countless nerves to feel with. Feeling will yet be the largest sense after it is more

coupled with intuition. Every single nerve cell is an eye. We open currents to you as they open veins for the gold, and then effect follows cause. I am now working in borderland, and many are coming up from all quarters of the earth. It is a season when the change of weather comes, and there is much untwisting to do to get mortals and their second bodies separate. We have curious cases coming to our worlds. Oh, I know what happened. I saw that condition as soon as I began to use the medium. It was better to have it over while you were here, so I pushed the gas along and made an easier way than she would have had by waiting an hour or two. Better have a severe pain for a moment or two than to have a long, restless night with no sleep. It won't hurt her. It was the inactive condition of the stomach and passages. She needs more fresh air, more walking. Don't coddle yourself so; take life braver, that is, what I want to say. I used your light a little, mother, to push that gas down out of the way, but I am now taking it from you and giving you a new impulse. There should always be free circulation of food, wind, and debris, and I get nervous if I see things stopped; I have to do this. I had a child come to borderdand because of this kind of stoppage. It threw the brain into a stupor, delirium followed, and out she came. I had all I could do to make the stomach work; all else was formed, only motions had ceased; and we worked over that child for hours. Finally I opened her pyloric aperture, and another doctor opened the cardiac, and we poured water through and through, to imitate the food circulation, and the beat started, and the child is now a charming little spirit. I should like to push down many little coagulations I see in the system I am now working with, but cannot do so. The old gentleman we used to help you heal came in and thanked us for our work over him, and said he was glad to make our acquaintance. He looks much younger and better, and has no remembrance of how he got here. It is a good way not to know

death. I wish I had not. However, let the past be in the past. Let us only build for the future. I have many odd ideas, and the doctors listen when I lecture in the halls. I have the illuminator; that is, I place a peculiar pad on the stomach, and at the back, and all between is illuminated, so we can see the conditions of digestion and every weakness while we are forming the second body. I could illuminate a head and see where the poles were twisted with the nerve circuit. Uncle T. let me try this on some patients just risen. It will soon be introduced in earth, so disease can be located in a minute if one understands how a healthy body should be.

I don't think the one you ask for, Mr. Chase, can write yet. He does not seem to understand it. Q. is here, but laughs at me, and calls me a simpleton. They cannot see within as I can, and have no deep interest. I have the interest. I want people to live up to the law of health, so they need not come over with so many parts out of order. Then every other one here ought to be a doctor, so as to save people from being reborn into earth and living it all over again. I think father is not down to-day, or else he ran away when I pushed down that gas and cleared the tubes. Dear me, the linings in this woman are all rough to-day. It is as if I should crack the inside of a china cup so it looked kind of crackly. A smooth mucous membrane is essential to health. The flax-seeds and all such healing properties would ease this state. There is a fevered heat all the way to the arms. Well, I must now go **out.**

WADSWORTH CECIL.

Have Nature for a Bible in Spirit Life.

March 14, 1894.

My dear precious Mother,—Are we not a happy family—two nicely growing sisters for me, and father getting stronger, and I broadening into mind, and understanding more and more of the

wonders of shape and how to keep it from the jars and the ills? Why, I have often told you I lived in the third sphere, and yet I also have a house in the fifth. I work sometimes in borderland, and try to be useful everywhere. I go wherever a case opens in the sphere where I am appointed. As for heaven, no one ever saw the day they were out of it. Now, if I should have to return to earth to live again, after all the glory that has opened to my vision here, I am afraid it would seem a hell to me. Not but that I long to help you and have you with me, but, O mother, so slow it is in getting position, so hard is money, and so fearful are all the ills that it would be hard for me. But, if I had never known the third-sphere conditions, I could have stayed. So hells are when we are put back into conditions after testing the bliss and comfort and quiet. Heaven is the universe. All the stars far and near, all the planets far and near—these are the spheres or worlds. Some are way out of sight from earth. These are the fifth spheres or stars. Some are in sight, as Aldebaran, the red star, and Alcyone, the great bright one. The planets are all earths, just as this one is, and what we call borderland. Very few that rise are angels: they are simply second bodies and renewed. An angel is one who has conquered every sinful thought, has no bad habit, and would willingly give away a nice cloak to a bare, cold child. Anybody who can live down here, doing just what Christ did, with mind all for others, will come through an angel, and rise to the very highest part of heaven or stars. It is stars, stars, as high or as wide as you could go. Now Q. is in the third degree of stars. I suppose if you looked through a large telescope you could see it, but I am not able to tell you where; I have not yet studied astronomy, but must try to. The guides know every world, just as you know the towns on a map; and to cross space is never so dangerous as to cross the Pacific Ocean in a man-made ship. Here's Ericsson over here, who has monitors of safety and beautiful ships that sail the

ether. Of course, when I came here I did have the idea of a king on a throne, of great churches where they were praising and singing. It was my idea from boyhood. But I saw father first, and he soon told me that it was a natural and busy world, and I could go on with my work much faster than in earth. When I was able to look about, and live in all the beauty, order, and peace, and see how humane one spirit was to another, and that all were brothers in love, I declare I felt ashamed to go and look for any hell; and I am sure now that it is disease that causes crime and sin. If doctors could make the body healthy, and so fulfill its purpose, all sin would die of itself. A guide said to me: "The doctors can be saviors of the race much better than the ministers can, because a body set in order will run in harmony of its own free will, just as a clock will." Hell is caused by ill health, and is only a temporary condition. The guide said, when Christ said the sinner would be damned, he was right, for the veins and arteries were damned with obstacles of clogged blood, so the soul did not work; and this made sickness of soul and a perverted state of light. Tell the relatives it is all right. It is a continuation of earth for the better, unless they get aboard discouragement and pride, and doubt and sorrow, and all those heavy things. I just carried on a case of that kind in borderland. It was not from a planet of this sun, but away off, of another sun.

Here, now, I will tell you how the heaven is formed. All over the sky are these great suns with their family planets. Now, you see planets of borderland, where most people come when they cross over the air-sea. Their suns are the third degrees, and there are suns and planets afar up out of sight. But it is heaven all the same. And there is correspondence between some of these, but not all. It is just pushing into this earth, and in a few years the spirit can be seen passing along the upper air. It is only a chemical arrangement of the body adapted to the air. I feel sorry for the old beliefs. It was good to feel that somebody was ready to

pardon every sin if only they belonged to a certain church and were converted; but although the Bible is not at fault, the people have not yet got down into its heart. My teacher says they have taken only its literal meaning, and not the real seed at the core. I know you can understand this, mother; but, whether you can make them or not, I can't tell. I go to what you might term a Bible class, only we have nature for a Bible and the true acts of the people here. If any one of our doctors is lazy, or expresses a desire to work altogether in the fifth worlds on account of pride, he is not considered whole. Now Christ, you see, worked as well for a thief as for a rich man, so he was whole. Some doctors down in earth won't touch a case where there is no money, and so they will not be doctors here unless they serve out the failing in borderland. I was ready for everything. Had I not been, I should never have let myself catch the disease of throat in earth. And so I can go to the fifth as well as the third or the first world.

Immortality is gained only through effort and constant throwing off. And, as I help others, I throw off things I do not need. I am getting to be quite full of essays and thought. Some I get from you, mother. When you sit thinking about these things, your thread of thought flows out, and I wind it up in a ball; and, when I get home, I can unroll it, and get your thought. All mind is a phonograph. Of course all the little every-day things don't wind in coil. They have not the strength. But a thought of need, or of value, or of sympathy, or a call to us, runs like a flame. I must put in father's love. He sent it to you.

WADSWORTH.

Filaments of Mind are Substantial.

March 29, 1894.

My dear Lady,—Many happy thoughts come to us as we hear you both talking together. Your thoughts open a cocoon of fine web in mind, and we can read with you. You are both drawn out

in silken thread, and once all the world was mind and in threads and cells. If I coil up this web, I have a cocoon of you both; and these are carried above and unfolded, and thus formed into church, or house, or wall, or ornament. The filaments of mind are as substantial to us as the filaments of a plant are to mortals. M.

Stings in Evil Thought or Deed.

My own loving Mother,—I come with a real good warm hug for you, just as I sometimes come at night-time when you are all undressed and ready for your bed. Do you not feel my arms? Can't you get feeling higher than your sense of sight? Then you would see me by my arm. The eyes are not the only place to see by, for you can learn to see by feeling. When Idell touches me, I have not to turn around to see her. I know by her touch who she is. I suppose the one you call Christ knew by feeling who was drawing out his magnetism. I sing in churches, and the teachers tell us about the sting which is always in evil thought or deed, and will turn around and sting itself if we let it alone. This is why God said, "Vengeance is mine." Then he tells us about the darkness being opposite the light, and how we cannot have one without the other, and so must learn how to make our way through both. Oh, there is much to learn. Of course, Idell and I only know about darkness and weariness through you and Wadsworth. Father said we had better not learn it; but, unless we do, we will be as seraphs, and always stay in churches. I want to know all, and be a large spirit.

ELLIE.

Going Where the Spirit is Not Half Made Up.

My dear Mother,—Oh, yes, we learn all beautiful things, and we are happy always. I wish sometime I could be unhappy, so as to know what it is. A guide said we could learn this by watching and by growing able to look out through you, amid all

the poor and distressed, without experiencing it. But I wish I could experience it. So the guide said I could go with Wadsworth down to the sick-beds and where the spirit was not half made up, so as to witness the torture and frailty and be with it. Do you grow strong by being in it?

IDELL.

Can Change the Juices of Plants.

My dear Wife,—I have not been here to write for some time, but that does not prove that I neglect you. My greatest interest is for you and to help you about the sick and the ones who have lost plan. I think it will do me good to write, because you can carry part of me away on paper, and this draws me down near to you, and makes me more used to earth. I should come more, only I let Wadsworth do it for me. I think we both depended on him, and I was sorry to have him come away from you, yet glad also. We can be glad and sorry, too, when we don't plan things ourselves. I have time to rest, also time to study. I am now quite a chemist, and can turn the juices of plants into forms for healing as well as Wadsworth can. I can use every part of a plant—root, stem, bud and incense. But I cannot tell what ails anybody as he can. I have to use a microscope to learn about the cells of these herbs and what color they give forth, and I have thousands of small vials full of drops and strange essence all ready at a moment's notice. We have now established a pneumatic tube from the higher studio to the lower one, so I can send small packages direct without employing a messenger. I wish I could get one through to you. I would send you some astonishing healing fluids and vapors which I concoct. Strange that amid so much that is healing I cannot make myself robust and able to travel about from star to star. Wadsworth says it is my fear, but I don't know. I have always a despondence or low tide around me. Maybe it is a kind of awe I have because of all these worlds. Your dear

HUSBAND.

Have a Real Home Where Violets Grow.

How do you do? I am writing this because Wadsworth says so. I wonder if you can read it. I have been interested, but do not quite see the truth of all this. But, if I could get word to mother, or hear anything as I stand here, I should more believe. I do see a hand moving and electricity flashing about; but, maybe it is only a phenomenon of my own hand flashing. I felt as if this earth had slipped away from me and I had lost it all, but it does seem more natural as I write. Q.

Not Near the Throne Singing.

Oh, this is the strangest way of all ways. Instead of being near the throne and singing, here I am writing a letter home to you. I am astonished, and yet glad that heaven is a real home where violets grow and where I see grass. But, if it was all a solid gold street, as the Bible says, I should really be frightened and uneasy, but all is so homelike that I feel safe.

MARTHA.

Gained Enough Strength to Go Home.

Oh, how eager I am to get home! How long it seems since I left home! I have found this way to tell them all that I am safe and have come up into my new body. It was in me always, and was magnetism. Now it is my second self, and has all the memories and the feelings that I had. I hope mother won't miss me, yet I know she does. After this letter I shall have gained enough strength to go home, and maybe she will hear me. I wonder if the room will be the same, and if I can hear the clock tick.

FRANK.

New Juices and New Currents of Force.

My dear Sister,—L. says I must try to-day to say a word to M., but I have never believed this was

true until lately. I see now great sense in it, for, after all, it is only as spirit fire pushing through the trees and coming into sight. A flower that was light in the morning comes into bloom as a soft mass of leaves before night. I see as I write, my thought goes down and becomes a mass of words, and so is a letter. I shall study it with more thought now. I would always believe what L. said, because he is one of those serious spirits who never speak but in solid truth. I am busy in these worlds. I was sorry to leave, because I could not see what she would do. But I may be of more use if I can believe in this return, and get near the earth as Wadsworth does. I am not in their work, but deal with books and with the tablets called "newspapers" down here. I have learned to travel in the air balloons, and own one. I have a fine large house, you tell M.

New Juices and New Currents of Force.

My dear Mother,—They will run out all the time to-day, but I am glad. Did Warren write? It does me as much good as to write myself. I shall urge more forward soon, and those who have now written will not let go. I want to get grandpa writing, so he can be urged to assist us in gathering the herbs of the lower countries. We need all possible help, for scarcely anybody is whole when they arrive. They are hurt in some part of the body magnetisms. Oh, how I wish the race in earth would become healed before they come across. It is there where the building of health ought to be right at the roots. But it is all left for us, so a good healer has plenty to do. This is why the celestials are turning out so many doctors from colleges, because by and by they will be needed over here. These countries need good doctors more than ministers. A doctor is twice the savior of the worlds that a minister is. Why, that was father's brother that wrote to you, wasn't it? I think you take more time for rest now, or else your rest comes from the

great amount of good you do to others and the courage you give. I ask father sometimes if he is tired, and he says, "No, for the chemical analysis came out to suit me, and so it rested me." Just so when I meet with a success in my work, I feel as blithe and glad as if I slept a week.

We have some new juices and new currents of force to introduce into earth for the new diseases coming. In so many years the whole race changes, and thus the body gets a different microbe, and it appears to be a wider extension of what I call disease. I notice the grippe is thus. It is because the blood of races casts out the old and takes up the new, and so a change makes a new disease. Well, uncle was here, I am sure. Perhaps it was Aunt M.'s husband. I have to laugh sometimes because we get confused over the line, as when the telegraph wires are twisted. There are funny mistakes when our people do not understand how. You see they think they know best, and won't allow the control to show them. In fact, they come in with a non-belief and an incredulous smile, and the current is not smooth. But they will work it out. The moment they get a surety about it they will persevere. Now, I did not believe it, but there was no other way to come. I remembered what you told me and tried it. They will find it all true. I am wearing an Easter bud to-day. I brought you a lily, and hope you smelled it. It was lovely and fresh.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

Interesting Particulars of Spirit Life.

April 19, 1894.

My dear Mother,—This is a happy day, and always I feel it as I come to write. It brings me near to you, and I get more strength as regards earth to help you. I have strength enough for these worlds, but to come to earth one has to get a new body to know all the old body did, and to bear as much and to have earth vibrations so as to hear, see, smell, just as we did with the other body. It is what

is called descent and condensation. But, knowing as I did about chemical compounds, it is easier for me than it is for some over here. I know our people don't believe in me as one who can return, but all that does not keep me away. Nothing will ever keep me away, because I did not finish all I wanted to down here. I got good start, but no real practice, and so I must return to study about the thick body before I can fully understand the bodies of the fifth worlds, as they are thinner or more transparent, and finer, and yet the mould is the same. For all you might talk, mother, I don't suppose they would believe there was a return. I heard your arguments last evening, and I saw at once that they had made up their minds. They know where we lived, and all about the old store, and all the strain we had to keep things going, but some things they don't know, and those are our private talks together in the front room and kitchen about what we should do for this and that. No, they don't know the long, cold walks I took, and, oh, the thousand privations we all had so as to keep me in college. I feel bad when I think of it, for your sake; but after all it was for your advancement, too, and I know in your heart you are not sorry. I was not very demonstrative in my affection, because I was there on the spot, but, when I came to be called away, then it seemed to me that a mother's love was the thing I most needed. When people doubt me, it hurts me so I can't say a word to them. I have cousins, I know, who do not believe I am busy in my work. Would anything make me believe this of them?

Oh, I know how I scoffed at the idea of return, but no one was more rejoiced than I to find a way to earth. I certainly think, had I found none, I should be under Uncle T.'s care to-day, getting well.

But I am not. I am resigned to it all now, and am going on with the second world exactly as I would have gone on with the first, knowing it is only as if I had settled in Europe or in Japan. I should have been living away from you then. I

know how glad we were when I got in the hospital so as to have necessary practice, and how we hoped father knew it, and he did. Father watched all my points of life, and was glad with us. Well, that part is over now, and we are to build for the future. I have now seven patients in borderland, and seven in the fifth world. A physician has just certain ones, and then all the time is his own. But to serve the great government for certain hours is every one's duty,, and if it is shirked or not well done, it shows in our faces or in our colors. I should at once become of a gray nature with mist around me. But you can be sure I work with a conscience, and no such thing happens to me. The seven in borderland are not half formed. One especially is all a kind of thick jelly, as in an egg, and no sign of life. But I have kept the temperature just normal, and use the light shocks of electricity. They are on him now, passing through the vertebrae, and round the body up the sternum to the pharynx. He will catch the circulation in a few days, and begin to shape. Seldom one loses all image, as he did. It is very dangerous, too, for he might go to seed, and thus reincarnate. I have learned to save these jelly-like spirits. It is all a scientific method instead of a religious one; and death and rising is a chemical process, and does not depend at all on the Lord Jesus Christ, as once I thought, only that he showed the best way, by his life, to form a new second body. Q. does not laugh now about this writing, because it is plain as day that there is such a thing as using the nerves of other people to make impressions with. Nerves are nothing but cords, just like a white lead pencil. They do not belong to any one person only for a time that they remain in that shape. They are cords that can be vibrated or played upon by a spirit, as I am now doing to this arm, sending my mind in fire, which falls into words. I heard the arguments in your mind about this, whether, if I was in rapport, I could come or not. It was your mind I was reading. Did you hear me when I said no, I could not

make shape yet? Possibly in time I could learn to put myself together, but hardly to look natural, I fear. You would not like to see me unless I could thicken to my shape and face. This I could do if I really set about it, for it is only a chemical arrangement, and the life set going deeper into what I call the shell. But at present I have too much to do, I fear, with all my patients, to try to form. It is not hard work, but a long process of affinity with like atoms—the same as to form and arrange a bust or plaster cast. Father does not like me to do it, but if you insist I will try. To be material is no harder than to become ethereal. I have not let others write to-day, for I wanted to get some of your atmosphere (as the control calls it) to carry up with me to these seven fifth-sphere spirits, not sick, but struggling in the highest, and with not enough softness or forgiveness in their characters. Still they may be led towards it and gain it suddenly so as to remain. Some are so eager that they stand a thing suddenly, even though brought up in earth in great pride and under repelling forces. There are two kinds of patients here. Be restful, mother.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

The Recording Angels Have a Book.

May 10, 1894.

My dear Mother,—It seems a good while since you came for a letter, but I have given it by the touch of mind, and so kept near you in thought. I know you can't always read what I write by impression. It is just as the wind writes on the leaf, but even the leaf says something and makes an impression. However, I like the real old-fashioned way of impression on paper. It is more as I learned it from a baby. Why, yes, mother, I am happy now. I did think it was hard to be called away from you at the very point when I was to return all that had been done for me, and I was sad and sore about it for some time. If Jesus said we were to rise into immediate bliss, he must have mistaken our home

feelings. If I had known more about these new countries and where I was going, I might have been more reconciled to it. I had pinned my very life and faith on returning to you all that you had allowed me, and I looked back on it as a terrible thing to be cut off. I see now that we must not pin ourselves to one world, or expect to repay in that one world. I am now having the same and better experience than I ever would in earth, and can do more for you as a spirit, and a spirit is to last longer than the mortal. I can see that it is coming out right in the end, notwithstanding the breaks, separations, losses, and great longings. I often say now that I did not know what was best for myself. I think we do not know which way is to bring out the best end, and some one else does, greater than we are, whether you call it God, or power, or what. Father is happy, almost always, but it takes him longer to outlive his weakness of earth than it did me. He worried a long time, and now sometimes the spell comes over him, but he sheds it sooner than at first. He has not the hope that I have. Hope is the loveliest radiance that ever you saw. It is in long streams, like feathers dancing about on the head, and sometimes I appear as a plumed knight with my hope light.

I can then overcome father's weakness and carry him into more trust that the one who plans knows about as much about things, and the best way, as he does. He is getting so he believes me.

There are only two powers needed to brighten a soul. Sometimes it is hope and use, sometimes love and kindness, sometimes charity and sympathy. As surely as two powers start up in a soul, there is warmth and truth. I have been busy, for all our physicians are to meet in June in a large library in the third country, to consult, and each one is to read an original essay on some disease—principally upon the germ topic, and dust and smell, and all things that effect the linings of bodies. I shall write about this, for I was always more interested in the linings than in the real organs themselves. Nature

has so enfolded organs in their membranes that it seems to me that disease must come from something creeping in beyond the linings, as dust gets into a watch. But I must begin with this essay soon, so as to finish it in time. I can write now very spontaneously. This way of writing to you has helped me to express my meaning quickly, and has given me just that nearness to earth which I need so as to contrast and compare the one kind of spirit flesh, or cover, with the other more porous and fatty outside. The flesh down here is water and pulp, but in the spirit it is light and fibre, or mesh, as a spider web, or the filaments of a fine brush or petal. In higher worlds the flesh is yet more spiritualized, being composed of ether and light and gold exhalations.

Why, no, mother, I told you the recording angels have a book wherein all are known when they come, and what are their needs; and you could not be born here unless father or I were summoned. If it is easy to keep record in the UnitedStates, so it is in heaven, for these countries are under much wiser law. I am sure you could not lose us, and you need not feel lonely, for I am not packed away in the dust. I am a second body now, having to cast the one that distressed me and had the diphtheria. But my second self is ten times more alert and light and youthful than the other. I improve in my shape. I try to do this by living fair and easy, and by not doing too much. Ease is a good medicine. I must let father write a word. He is here, and also some of the others. I don't see as any of us are right near the throne, or in the arms of Jesus, as the Bible tells us. We are just as we were, only the conditions of the new world are easier. Don't you see that truth is more out of the mire here, and that merit gains position instead of money? Money would be nowhere if here. It is "How much shining has that man or woman? How much principle has he made in his soul?" The very act of

gaining power makes one able to have all the beauty and glory there is.

WADSWORTH CECIL.

Experimenting with the Brain in the Fifth World.

May 24, 1894.

My dear Wife,—I thought I would come to-day and write to you. I feel pretty strong lately, and can bear more changes, and the earth does not hurt me so. I think it is memory of all I suffered and the feeling I couldn't help, as I ought to, that keeps me so weak when I come to earth. I must try to overcome it. Wadsworth thinks that by coming to this place and by sympathizing with you, I can get more real help than by being sent up to the fifth world. It may be so. A guide told me it was better to throw off all our troubles in sympathy before we rose to high places to seek more shining. It is always the spiritual self that we see, but still this self looks out of your eyes and is always you in every particular. Of course, it does separate and come out beside the shell body sometimes, but usually we see it through the shell. I never see the dress or the bonnet, and yet I can feel by sensation the color and the texture. And, when we see a tree, it is always the magnetic part shining through, and not the real earth bark. I do not see rock or iron, bark, or any of those outside and heavy things. It is a long time since I saw iron, or even tin, but here are lovely metals, some of which I never knew in earth. And glass is of a finer quality and very easily made. I see skillful workers weaving it out of the pith of stems and from roots, without using sand as in earth. These little vials I use for W.'s vapors and liquids and essences. I think I have grown strong by this handling of roots for him. The soil, you know, in our world is not clay; it is what they call silica and silver, or sometimes gold dust. I have seen gold rocks large as a house, and people carving it into bowers of shining beauty. The studio in the third world is built of glass and a fine white metal corresponding to aluminum.

I do not go among those who are ailing now, as the boy says it absorbs my sympathy too much. So I am storing the roots and herbs, and extracting the rich essence for him, and I can send what he needs if he is millions on millions of miles from me; for by our power now gained we can command those spirits who are extremely swift and look as if they had wings. It is a simple arrangement where the pleura of the lung is extended outward, and thus helps give a wing motion. These spirits can separate every part of the body—what Wadsworth calls the linings—and form wings, or sails, or membranes of any kind. They slip out of the spiritual body into a finer web-like shape, and then take the other apart, raising the thin membranes into silk sails and banners and ropes, until the whole is the prettiest ship you ever saw. There is one class of doctors, in a little place of the fifth world, who can take the brain out and clean it like a watch and set it going. I am very happy with the little girls. You will enjoy them, I know. I am sure you will get on well. L.

The Fourth Sphere and Reincarnation

My dear Mother,—I think father will be much better now. I did the wrong thing to send him up. I ought to have sent him down, so as to have shed of the weakness.

Spheres are certain stars. You know I told you about that. First spheres are those you can see moving about, but third spheres are fixed stars. Second spheres are where people are carried to hospitals, mostly for healing, and some doctors dwell there, but it is for straightening out the body and waiting to see who can form and who cannot. The shore of air comes up to the first-sphere worlds, and people are carried over in ships or boats to the second-sphere worlds. Some of these you can see, some you cannot, as they belong to other solar systems. You know there are millions of suns, each with its family of planets, same as yours. Worlds are divided into planets of family and usually one sun,

but I know a system where they are all suns revolving around each other. These are fifth spheres, where the celestials live, and the houses are so light as to hang in the air like a balloon, and the gardens are suspended. There is not so much healing in these golden, airy spheres, because people are supposed to have reached quite a perfect state, and so can control all their own darkness. The fourth sphere is a country where people go who want to be reincarnate, or have to do this because they cannot make up a form. But some really long to return, so they petition the law in these spheres to get liberty, and under certain processes they are returned by the babe process and grow up on purpose to get some principle which they did not have. It is no worse than going to jail. It isn't so bad, because they have liberty, and when they come out they have gained in power. They are then conscious of all they have lived through.

These old ancients dive down in an earth on purpose to carry some great invention of force, and think nothing of living fifty years or so in it and then coming out to be conscious they did it, although while in here they are not conscious. There is a way, too, of living along and shedding the age by not dying, a kind of caterpillar condition. This is the old Rosicrucian system, and is done in caves and deep forests, and the bands help about it. When Jesus, as the Bible tells the story, went up in the Mount to pray, he cast off his outer self, and renewed without death, and so came down fresh and young. A great many do this. They are very wise, having known many generations. I could not do this, because I cannot command the fire and power yet. The ancients who have lived in Saturn and in other worlds can command all matter. Matter is nothing to them. I have more chemical power, though than I have here. Q. and others laugh because I come to write, but they do not enjoy all I do by it. It is not as a religion to return, but simply a condition of reducing the light into matter. A celestial becomes filmy, and then fibre, then

web-like, then lace-like, then cell in cell, so as to darken the light, and finally he is suited to the earth, although even then too thin to be seen by mortal eye. A ghost is pretty well down into thick matter, all threaded and concentrated in white. So, you see, it is simply a way of control over one's own body, and in no wise a religion. If I had thought of it before I came away, in this way of atoms, I should not have laughed so about it, for chemistry is so deep there is no bottom, and many things are possible by its relation to soul. I shall probably always have body of some kind, and must learn to use it. Father told you of the spirits who had control enough to utilize the outer self. This is a high condition of the law over atoms. See what good the fire did, worked the poor right out of filth into a cleaner state. These bands work through what seems suffering, but they have to do this because the wealthy drive them to it. When the very pits are reached, then there comes the opposite to heal and help.

DR. WADSWORTH CECIL.

Practical Work in the Borderland.

June 7, 1894.

Well, dear mother, here I am, and full of mind as I can hold. I study every day and try the very highest principles to conquer, but it is sometimes a long process and slow, according to the zeal which I give. You know I would give that always, and so I get on fast. I will not have to reincarnate, because I have such zeal and eagerness to excel. People who never feel any interest in anybody else but themselves, and are black with selfishness, have to return, for they have not enough light to strike the match of themselves anew; that is, enough God in the spirit to be illuminated. Sometimes they ask to return, and beg and cry so, it is necessary to let them, and again it is obligatory on account of lack of spirit substance. The very rich are twice as liable to return as the poor, for the struggle and endeavor stretches the soul far out and makes the ether or

light transparent. These have a sufficiency to begin with; or if in earth they took up a purpose for mankind, so it will be carried on. I guess it was my purpose to heal. You have the vast feeling of humanity and motherhood, and a great many qualities, so I am not afraid you will live over in a material world. It is mostly those who are full of self and pride and neglect of duty, and worry and insanity sometimes, and other reasons which the doctors know. To relieve is much more pleasant than to be put in prison for life. It is a way the celestials have to punish, and yet have a kind of hope about it. The skin of a reincarnated person is usually fine and delicate, and you can see the veins clear, and they have a high sense of life and a kind of justice about the brow. The old Rosicrucians, it was said, used to cast skins in the forest and renew while in earth without any death. This was a process of incarnation, not like dissolving into seed or spermatozoa, and thus being born a babe. So there are several ways of coming into material worlds to return. I don't think I should like it. I want to go on and on, and your great thought for others helps me. It is as money, and is recognized by the faculty here. It gives me the violet garment of sacrifice, and it is an emblem of honor for me, and for father. And, although I hate to have you give up so much for others, yet it is no loss. It is not wasted, but each effort has its reward. Father is much stronger now. I think he improves by coming to earth and also by going up high in the fifth sphere. The height and depth, you see, give him more balance of body, just as in earth if one shows a minister the lowest possible scale as well as the highest, then he is ready to teach from both ends of the spectrum. There is danger in getting too much good as well as too much evil, for the one runs over into the other. Joy runs over into pain, as you know how quick an hysteric will set in, if either is carried to a height or to a depth. So I teach and practice in borderland as well as the fifth worlds, and send the

children into the fifth country for music, but let them live in the third.

We should always try to keep things, as well as people, in balance, or the centers to the greatest pulse. I had a case the other day of too much mercy. A spirit was full of giving mercy to every one, whether black with sin or white with truth. Now mercy is a peculiar principle. It swells the brow over the temples, so the spiritual head becomes very wide and pointed almost as horns. I tried to correct this by drops and vapors, but nothing would reach his case, so he had to be taken to borderland and have his temples bandaged and his eyes darkened to quell this sense of immensity of mercy. The cells were actually squeezed into shape, and other powers made to grow. Cells, you know, get filled with principles, or that substance or colored pulp which makes the mind act in certain ways, called principles. So, when we look at a new-born spirit and make him up, we at once see the measure of pulp in the benevolence cells, or the mercy cells, or the peace, anger, or any other known power. Pulp is the living flow of principles coming into all shapes, and of course the brain is the receptacle. I have got to go down into borderland and open the bandaged man's brow, and take out a few cells that contain mercy. I learned this from Uncle T., for he opens parts of the brain and takes out the diseased part, inserting new magnetic pulp which we always keep ready. The brain is understood in these worlds thoroughly, and insanity can be cured by substitution of mind pus for the fevered and diseased part which afflicted the mortal in earth.

Well, I am getting honors. I see nothing more to do in one world than another. The main duty must be performed and pleasure maintained, and this constitutes life with its hopes and glory.

WADSWORTH.

The Storing of Light Instead of Money.

June 21, 1894.

My dear Mother,—This does father good, and I am glad to see he knows it. Earth is a tonic and useful for all. We must get acquainted with all worlds, else we are only half spirits. No, not all who come up stop in borderland. It is according to how they have stored light for a second body. If they lack enough magnetism or electricity to be formed, then they surely cannot go on to higher relations. Almost all who die are worn in some organ or tissue, and must stop in a hospital to be healed. Father was there quite a time. I stayed long enough to drop all the germs from my throat, and be renewed in the larynx, pharynx and pipes. I had hope to the last minute that I should get well, and scarcely knew I had changed. So I was fresher than some, and made up the lack quickly. Some stay for years, because they groaned and fretted all along earth, and so lost vital color and power. If every organ is full of storage, lungs good, heart even, and the effete matter all carried off the system, they would rise up from borderland without being awakened. I have seen wise, gentle, loving men and women passed along all the spheres, asleep or tranced, and the little done to them that was a need, until they reached the fifth degree. These, of course, had made themselves luminous by storage of light; that is, had used every principle for use and for law, while in the earth. I think, mother, you would come through to the third sphere very fast. You make light by your thought for others and your willingness to help all. You have no avarice, nor ill will, nor envy, and you are in fairly good strength. Oh, if people only knew how they could help themselves higher by storing light instead of money, how they would scrabble to do it! They will have a hell, and this holds them down. Well, I believed all that as well as I knew how to believe, but the minute I opened my eyes in this world and saw the beautiful order, and that God was more sensible than the Bible describes him

to be, I was sure there was no hell or devil other than a man makes himself by wrong-doing.

It is all right before we hear that the principles are the thing to gain instead of riches. If this earth was carried as our worlds, there could be no discouragement, no falsity, no disease, but all would be peace and ease, and the doing of the very best. I find that the flesh is as the mind, it follows it. A sore in the mind will result as a sore in the body unless carefully guarded.

So I keep evil from the minds of patients. I puff them up with happy thought, and then they can see truths. But I must not preach so. It seems to me that all people find you where you are, and, if you move about, you will lose the impression which you already have. Any other place would be new, and you would have to make new friends all over again.

WADSWORTH.

Drawn by the Magnet of a Cheery Laugh.

Nov. 19, 1894.

My dear Mother,—I am glad to write again. I missed something out of my life when I could not write to you, but this preacher told us the cause. I think there should be more writing mediums, as you call them. I used to laugh at these methods, but now I find my greatest joy in them; for, if I was cut entirely away from expression with you, what would all my honors be worth? If I could have lived in earth, I might not have gained much money, for there is such a competition of doctors all over the cities. I notice my chums in the hospital are not very prosperous as to practice and money. The hardest waiting in a doctor's life is after he sets up and tries to win confidence. I did not have to go through that so much, for there's so much to do that certain fields are apportioned to those who have a love for the duties. The one great disease here is memory of pain and ills clinging to the spirit.

Grief and pain are the most curious dangers I

ever saw. There is now a class of physicians and helpers especially adapted to healing the memory, *i. e.*, getting it straightened out harmoniously and dropping all that is useless; for these habits of memorizing pain seem to be the worst to overcome. It was long before father could overcome his weakness and aversion to coming to earth. Well, mother, I notice you get discouraged, and I don't like to see it. There is no reason why you should, and a great part of it is imagining things before they come. There is another dreadful habit the people bring over. One man, who was a patient of mine, said, "If it should turn out after all that I am dreaming and not dead, oh, how I wish it would!" He clung to that idea for what would be five weeks before I could make him drop it. Imaginings of things that seldom happen makes the whole body sick and keeps up a fearful beat of dark venous blood. This is a changeable earth and full of human will, and you can't expect that what you may advise another to do will last long. So you must advise every time differently, yet all tending to the same point. You are almost too honest with a patient, mother. You must give in to their imaginative whims more.

Let them think with their human will that they are depressed and worn out, and never shall get any better, and all that. It is a disease to feel depressed, as much as if it was a tumor. It is the imagination getting atop of all other ideas. Now is your chance to give them some lively bitters to tone up the stomach. Of course, exercise, pure air, and getting up early would answer the purpose, but they don't believe it. They want medicine, and medicine they must have. And, after all, fretting gets the stomach out of equipoise, and stomach is king. Unless it goes on well, these imaginings set in, and everything gets awry, and the world seems dark. I hope, mother, you are taking good care of your stomach, and I hope you get up a good laugh once or twice a day about something, because a laugh stirs up the whole system and

brings the blood to the surface, and makes you a magnet to draw strength from sky or air, or to draw congenial hearts, or even to draw those patients who have needs. The doctors here have a peculiar way of finding out who are sick and in need. They meet in a large field and begin to laugh at some witty saying, until all are giving merry echoes and the sound rolls afar over the land. In a few minutes the weak, and those who have imaginations, and those partially formed come creeping along in the grass, drawn by the magnet of a cheerful laugh. Then we note down who they are, and where they live, and send out healers. This is why I recommend it to you. There is nothing so good for patients themselves as a laugh, but they have got in the habit of medicine, and it is always better to humor the whim. The habit of medicine is very old and we cannot break it in a minute, especially down in this earth. I am going to let father write, as you can see how he depends on you for cheerfulness. The cousins are all carefully watching Aunt M.

She is stronger than you think, much stronger than you are just now. I want you to be happy, for happiness gives you encouragement, and encouragement gives you color. Oh, how I wish I could feed you on the ripe and luscious banana, brought from the eastern gardens, just off the tree and full of magnetism! You need fresh things, and bright, happy surroundings. You need bright flowers on your window-sills, so as to regulate things and get you rested. Keep up close in the believing that every effort is a magnet, and the things you so long for will come. Your dear son,

WADSWORTH.

How a Soul Can be Strong in Knowledge.

Dec. 16, 1894.

My dear Mother,—First, I will wish you a calm, peaceful Christmas, and a happy one you ought to have, if reward for all duty comes to you. Keep a brave heart, and make what effort you can. You

don't need an old-fashioned home, mother, again. You went through that phase, and all the time you were given sickness to deal with, marking out your sphere for the future. We cannot escape that which is laid out for us. I can see now that if we go right on in effort bravely, taking up that which offers, we are always working out something in our destined future, something we shall need. I am not afraid for you, and you are not in any way old yet, and have much to do on ahead. You are despondent a little at times, but do not for a moment long for home, for in such creep the same cares, although different in expression, as come to one living alone.

You see how care came into our home. Home is truly in the heart, and where love is. On Christmas morning the girls will deck you with violets and lilies, and you must go somewhere. Can you dine with some of our old friends, so as to get lively? Let your spirit fully out for enjoyment, so you can feel the soft caress of Ellie and hear the bright voice of Idell. They seem very young, and scarce know about sin and sorrow and the worry of earth; yet, unless they learn all this, we shall always have to treat them as pets of music and art. No soul can be strong in knowledge unless it has known ills and goods. I did not know it enough, but I have plunged into borderland and relieved the sore magnetisms until I have learned more. I am working now in the lowest spheres, because those Chinese are coming up by the thousands, and all doctors are called to the front. Not much magnetism or sense, and many are returned to other earths or material worlds to ripen. Some are barely saved as a spirit. I found seven Chinese all mingled together, a mass of threaded life and pulp; somewhat like a mass of brain, only dry and thready. You might think it was a last year's bush with the leaves all off. I tested it at once to see if the magnetic sap was running, and found it was. So I untangled them and stretched them out on a kind of dissecting table, and poured the balm oils over them, injecting the life elixir in every part.

In a few hours they all puffed up in shape, and gradually every one came to life. They were a family of seven, all reunited. The guides gave them a house and land, and they have gone to work making tea. I said, "Why don't you cry for your gods down in China?" "Gods no good," they said. "Don't savee from kill, and great war down there." Language follows a Chinaman or a Frenchman for a long time. It is only in the third sphere that people's roots of habits begin to loosen and they blow up into new life. I do not see in vision, mother, any real old-fashioned home for you. Your sphere is different from that. You belong to the faculty, or band of helpers. But we are the ones now to make home, and you may be sure we have already done so, and my mother will have the handsomest parlor in all the sphere, and fountains of sweet balm to bathe in. At the same time a room can be made to have the true feeling of home, if the heart is at ease; and, if the heart is not at ease and not brave, then the magnet that attracts patients fails you.

A heart magnet must be bright, hopeful, cheerful, shining far out as a lantern to lead the weak inside. Let them have their ails. Don't tell them nothing ails them; they won't believe it, and the mind has got to be turned so they can see. Their magnets of heart need illuminating, and you can do it. You know how you illume father and me. Help comes by cheerful effort.

From your son,

WADSWORTH.

Tobacco Held Many Spirits in Borderland.

Jan. 16, 1895.

My dear Mother,—I hope the children cheer you. They seem children to me, but still they grow. Anyone with no knowledge of the miseries of earth will always seem childlike, just as the new year does at first. I am glad you were pleased with my letter. I felt the gladness while you read it. It is just as I tell grandpa, a belief must be inside of

anyone before one can make it come true—just as motion must be a thing of one's self; and then it won't frighten the soul with speed. If a doctor goes into a room with his utmost will, and feels inside that he can cure, he seldom fails, because the patient responds to his will and meets his faith half way. If he has got to lift the whole cure, then it is hard work. I see you have many of this sort of patients; they lay back and don't believe, so you have all the lifting to do. But, then, one can do only so much, and then the consequences must come, and you must not feel that it is any fault of yours, for effort as great as possible is all anyone is bidden to do. Any more effort tires and wears out the self. You see we are never allowed to wear ourselves out. Only so much time is allowed us for actual practice, then so much for experiment, and so much for pleasure; and so, as we do not require more than two or three hours sleep, we get more time. If everybody in earth should work less, they would not need so long to sleep. It seems odd to me now to find all the people in bed when I come down before sunrise. But so it is when the spirit is folded in a clay body. I think, mother, you look more cheerful than you did, and your blood is running along livelier. I gave you a smell of our fifth-sphere balm, which grows in high latitudes and exudes a very strong juice and aroma which revives the body. It is a finer balm than grows down here. I find that while in earth we had to use the coarse roots and crude mixtures, because the bodies of the people were adapted to it, but here the very finest roots and little tendrils are more adapted to people for healing. I suppose the ministers down here would smile at the idea of an angel, as they term it, having a headache or a pain in the side; but, as long as the shape holds, there will be more or less ills. But the main secret is in learning to conquer these ills by the will. Every spiritual shape which has cultivated will and other grand powers can so control the body and its particles as to overcome inharmony. Why, I sometimes

have a feeling of illness over me, but I find my activity and immediate doing those things for others brings back my balance. We are watching with interest the cultivation of the serum for diphtheria in this earth. If I lived down here, I suppose I should say, with all the rest of the doctors, that it is judicious and wise. But, looking at it from a more progressive view, I think it is unwise, and a most contemptible way of lowering the human race, to inject horse magnetism into their blood. It serves for occupation for the doctors who can't get anything else to do. The only way to cure these scourges of dire disease is cleanliness. Let the doctors see to looking after the sewers and garbage and the out-houses, and what is thrown into Charles River, and see that the people wash all over twice a week, and that decayed meat and vegetables are not kept in stores or cellars. Rout out the dirt and filth, and there would be no need of the nasty habit of cultivating serum or vaccine. Man never will outlive the animal until all this ceases. I have had cases on this side sent over after using the serum, and the magnetic power is almost animal, so it can scarcely shape to a man, but is liable to shape as horse, or even cow, if one comes across after or by vaccine. One cannot be too careful what they inject into the system just before death. Tobacco has held many a spirit down in borderland for years because the body refuses to be light or to infuse the golden element into its veins.

I think we can make the rooms a home. I have myself felt it so when I have come down of a quiet evening and found you trying to feel lonesome. Remember we come every evening when you are at home. Sometimes Q. comes, and then I leave father with the girls. But he comes running to the door when he hears me coming up the path, and says, "How was everything, Wadsworth?" It seems kind of hard to go into our pretty houses and sleep on scented beds, with messengers going to and fro, and electric lights right in the house, fine lace garments brought and every comfort possible, and leave

you down there not quite content. It is as hard for us as for you. But you know one moment's sadness lowers the temperature of the spirit, and this stops the sight and the hearing and feeling, and creates a kind of separation.

So I tell father to be careful, else he will bring dark thoughts over you and the girls. It will all come right in time, mother, and you will have done so much duty that you will glow with radiance. You will be brighter than I am or father is. So be brave and follow all the new ideas. Study the germs, if you will, but don't give any horse medicine. You will see it will die as Dr. Koch's microbe did. People are not so heathen as in the time of Jenner.

I must go now, but daily I come to help you.

WADSWORTH.

Do Not Inoculate with Animal Serums.

Feb. 16, 1895.

My dear Mother,—I always feel great peace after I come to write to you, and it makes father brave and warmer, so I have brought him with me. If we could take you up when we go, we should be yet more peaceful. But each one must wait until the mark on the map comes to an end, and we might as well have patience, and be growing in good work and duty. I am doing exactly as I would have done in earth, and am following the ways which you and father thought best for me. And the scope of duty is broader and more earnest and truthful. The diseases are not so body-deep, and we have a greater longing to understand the ills, so as to start some of our important cures in earth. We are watching the toxine very earnestly. We do not like inoculating the man-body with horse or cow or any lower animal, and fully believe and know that there are cures of higher order for all skin diseases. Next we shall have eels and tadpoles for virus. A scientific doctor told me that this would lead to something better after a while, but had to come upon the earth as a root factor in order to bring about

the real tree of knowledge. And he laughed and said, "It won't hurt them, my boy, for, if some of the people were as staid and steady as the horse, they would stand better chance of the fifth sphere." We have great laughs over the germ theories. Will power is very good, but you have got more of it for healing than for real business. Most women have, I find. Let your will circle the towns for patients, for in this projection of a need there is great truth. Some people can do it for money, some for patients, some for love, some for hope. But all are not born alike. I am sent now toward the borderland to heal, because there are so many rising from the east, and it requires a large army of the doctors. It is a wonderful sight to see them roll in on the air-waves, fairly matted together so like is one Chinaman to another, and unless we separate them while they are hot, we have terrible work. The heat of the spirit is in them, and so, like melted wax, they are easier to shape.

And in America many are coming over by pneumonia, and these have to be operated upon chemically in the lungs. Magnetic pulp must all be renewed. I don't know who is calling Aunt, unless it is some of Q.'s nonsense, or it may be some of the cousins signing Q. People think a spirit must be sad and very wise. But a spirit is only a second self, and therefore as full of frolic as the first body. I often have a real party of the boys, and they love to come to our house on a visit. I live with father when I am really at home, but often I am living in borderland or in the heights, as is the case I am caring for. I am glad you are trying to be happy. It does me good to find you are peaceful when I come evenings to sit with you.

Your loving son,
WADSWORTH

Grief and Distress Make a Cloud.

March 17, 1895.

My dear Mother,—I know that our letters give you comfort, even though you do not see us in real prac-

tical effort for you. But your inner sense and mother love must tell you that we make spiritual effort for you always. And I see no reason why the working of the mind for another's welfare is not as good in result as the working with hands. Suppose I was in earth, working with hands, I might be more for piling up money than now. I might be an expense, we cannot tell. There are such shifting, precarious scenes in this earth below. So we have to be prepared for what comes, and the more cheerful we are the nearer we get to the answer of a need, as the preacher said. Grief and distress make dust and cloud, and poor electricity, and so the air is thick for visions or for message.

Father and I always make spiritual effort for you, and according to the truth nowadays spirit controls matter; and so, if we can only get power of will and power of motion, and all other powers, can we not control material things, not only in opening ways for your usefulness, but also in giving you rest and means to do good which you so long to do? And daily we are gaining more power so as to have more control.

Coming to earth is useful, because here we learn the difference between matter and the spirit and how the one regulates the other. Now a clock is matter, but the time it divides is a large spiritual entity, so diffuse that it has no significance to man only as it is divided; but to God it is an eternity, with no divisions. And so with a material body: it is matter, but it carries along a certain measure of spiritual energy which is called Man. The reason of disease is because there is not enough energy called in to vitalize the matter and make it alive. The first thing I do when I am called to a new-born patient is to energize the life power—start it winding up as one would a clock, and as soon as the heart begins to tick, and the whole system is springing to action, then I begin to shape, by hand treatment, because my will is not yet strong enough. I have seen some of our faculty sit beside a patient until the tick is established, and then, by forcible

will, or a giving themselves unto the patient in will, start up the shape into its usual image and bring out the outlines of the features, all without a single touch. This is what I want to learn, but as yet I cannot get more than enough of these grand powers to establish myself in due strength. I need to get overplus, so as to give off energy to patients. You have done far too much of this and left yourself kind of weak, mother, and it won't do. You have no overplus now, but you will get it if you take rests, and try to take it from those who can spare. Now, although I have no overplus, yet I can bring it to you from the universal law, as I do in these letters, and daily when I come. Father seldom gets overfilled with magnetic force, yet he helps you by those principles which do not require effort, as love and sympathy.

The little sisters are in school and improving. I cannot bear to think of them learning all the pains and privations of earth. I know, though, they cannot be full, whole angels unless they do. But my question is, don't we need an art side in our family as well as a practical side? Father says he wishes you would decide this for us. They each have a self-house, over which they preside and arrange as they choose with picture, song, ornament, and it is a dear rest to go there for an evening. They know not the depths of earth's miseries, longings, poverty, but still through their light they see some of it all, and thus sympathy is born. One person cannot have the depths of another, but they can have heights of art, genius, invention, and real truth and exaltation. I often see Abby, but she thought it hurt her to write before. I tell her the hurt will grow less and less as she learns to bear the cold earth air over her body. I should think she would try hard to come, so as to convince all her friends. It is not a real easy thing at first, you know, especially if there was any pain or distress at death. I will try to help her; but then, if one will not come of their own willingness, they lose control and their letter is good for noth-

ing. Many would write, only they want to see instead of believe without seeing. Just as I used to think there could be no spirit because I could see no one. I did not then realize that there was a keener feeling that substituted sight. Sight is only in the little round eyes, but feeling is all over the body; and so, if it is quickened into flame, it makes what they call intuition, or knowledge by the feelings. It can be developed to a large extent, so one can feel a letter coming, or feel a step a hundred miles away. The Indians have it more than the white race, and they also have the nostril scent in higher vibration. Oftentimes I employ an Indian to scent out a new-born body along shore, lest some lie too long and become thick and as the vegetative life. Life will spring out somewhere, and yet needs assistance to arrange the mould. If a child remained too long attached to the umbilical, it would become bloody, and so earthy, and vegetative processes would after a time ensue, as it does in bread or any mixed substance. So Indians scent out the peculiar magnetism of the man-mould and notify us, just precisely as they go searching nowadays on shore for clams or in the woods for game. Is it not practical, mother? Does it not take off the sanctifications and the mental elevations of the churches down here? Still, the man can by efforts serene and useful become all that they believe. But it is a struggle of time, and begins down here, or ought to, and then is sooner reached.

You see I am getting to be your thinking boy, always retaining my practical self, though.

From your son,

WADSWORTH.

The Spiritual Over the Material.

April 18, 1895.

My dear Mother,—I love to come and write, so you will know what we are doing, and it gives me a clearer sight and hearing into earth, so I can know what the doctors are about. I have to have wide vision and know all the new elements that are in-

troduced and what the prospect is. We had a good laugh over the death of those horses where they are trying the toxine, not because the horses died, but because the treatment killed them.

Do you think, in the face of that, that people will want to try the virus even for diphtheria?

It is bad, mother. Animal soil is too earthy to plant curative germs in, and the rot and decay of the fat structures change the conditions. There is no doubt but the whole system of body—animal, bird, or human—is made by the working of little germs, just as the great coral reefs are made by the action of the small polyps; but to try to cure a diseased human germ by introducing a horse germ is a descent, and altogether wrong.

Germs are live atoms. They are builders as well as destroyers, the one pitted against the other, just as are day and night, sweet and sour, and all the opposites. Sometimes the builders are in advance, then again the destroyers; then they balance, and off they go again, and this ever-striving for supremacy is growth. Unless it were so, all the molecules would stand still, and the fat, muscle, and nerve would putrefy. No disease will ever be driven out animal-fed, but, if anyone can find a way to increase the white corpuscles and set them against the red corpuscles, this will drive out disease. There are two sets of germs in a body: the spiritual or white (second body white germ) and the material or earth body red germ, and it is the red germ that gets too much in descent and so begins to rot the lungs in consumption, or the stomach in indigestion, or the liver or whatever is used or exposed too much. And the white corpuscle germ, if increased in numbers, will stop the decay. The trouble is, no one looks at it in this light, and so they don't try those particular elemental extracts from roots which will increase the white corpuscles and thus eradicate disease from the red ones. If I was in earth again, knowing what I do here, I could cure consumption and general diseases of decay. Of course I could not prevent accidents or go much against heredity

of bad blood. This gold cure, as they call it, is somewhat successful for the very reason that it increases the germs of the white, and drives out the rot of liquor. It is the spiritual over the material, that is all. We lecture, mother, about these things and many others as interesting. We came to find you on Easter Day and brought you some flowers. Do keep your courage to the very top, and rest a great deal. If your spirit is strong, it reflects into your body.

From WADSWORTH.

Must Cast Off All Worry to Live in the Sixth Sphere.

May 16, 1895.

My dear Mother,—I want grandmother to write today, so as to get some feeling of earth in her, for she often kind of mourns for you.

It is curious that a spirit can mourn. I always thought that belonged to mortals, but you see no matter where a spirit is, in flesh or in magnetic mesh, it feels lonesome all the same, and the chemical disturbance of the elements that make the separations are as hard for us to bear as they are for those in earth. But we must all strive to overcome this. If a big storm suddenly separates New York and Boston by telegraph, how they all rush out to repair it! They can see the broken wires and poles tumbled down, but they do not see the delicate mind wires and the posts of faith and trust that suffer through death.

And so, not seeing, they cry out and mourn, nor stop to mind them. These are thoughts I have been having of late. Knowing what I do of chemistry and its combinations, I can judge that, if certain parts of the atmosphere were adjusted with certain parts of electric force, sight would be possible from one sphere to another, and if you could really see us, mother, moving about, you would go on content and not be lonesome. I think father would, too. We do now see your spirit, but father says it moves so white and bright and spiritual-like that it does not seem you. He is looking for the mother with her

morning gown on, I guess, standing ready to give him his medicines. But father is stronger now, and strength gives him more courage and cheerfulness.

And, as the great magnetic push of life is now coming forth all over the lands, he feels the thrill of it, and I can see he begins to live more in the harmonious plan and to be a part of it. When I first came here, I followed my own plans. I thought I knew everything, but I soon found there was a large, orderly way of doing things with a best effort. And the strangest of it was, that as I tried it, a new knowledge seemed to come into my sense, and after a time I did not have to study so hard, for one experiment followed another as if I was going up steps. I asked a guide about this. He said the bony tissue of the cerebrum was much more porous and thinner than when in earth, and that the ever-moving stream of sense-fluid penetrated easier. He said the head of a first body partook of the earth, and was more stone than lime, but death changed all the elements, and the lime became charged with more calcium, and so the soul caught the orderly rushing of harmonic truths, and, if there was tact to retain them, of course the knowledge could be much enhanced. I have been busy in the fifth world of late. A great many rise too fast, and so their heads become too rarefied, and then there is lassitude, ache, and dependence, and a doctor is needed just as much in these worlds of splendor as in the worlds of first formation. They are often loath to go lower, because they feel aristocracy bids them stay in what they call the fifth condition. So I don't let them know to what world I send them, but call it a seaside, as they do on earth, or a "resort," and off they go to the world where they are much lower, but better suited, and they get so in love with it that I coax them to stay. The aristocrats are harder to deal with, for they have somehow an idea of rising up to God's right hand and staying there. One world is no better than another, only the condition is such that a course-ground spirit cannot breathe very well in a fine atmosphere, not being in accord.

To live in a sixth sphere one must have cast off all worry and ill and self and pride and ignorance of the law, and must understand miracle, which is really a high law working down into a lower world.

You know very few can throw off the self and the great consideration for the I. No, I can't do it myself yet, and I could not breathe a minute in the sixth worlds, but my efforts for universal good make me all right for the fifth worlds. So you must try to drop all worry, although not all efforts, for efforts for the need are the very thing whereby the great planners take hold and help.

I wish you could get out of the hot city sometimes this summer. You must make effort for this, and I will ask them to help us. In no way lose courage, for if the soul goes down into your feet they cannot find you. Keep up, mother, in your arms and head. We are striving to make the things you need come nearer. Father believes he can do it; if not, there are other ways which will be told us. I always help our old friends to write. Well, now I must take my boat and rise up for work. How I wish I could send you some of the gold pebbles on our shore, and build you a house of them! But then that would not bring you such a glorious future as effort does.

From your dear
WADSWORTH.

Sermons Preached in Churches of Spirit Land.

June 18, 1895.

My dear Mother,—When you call by letter, we come to make the appointment and fulfill it, if the medium is well. The children talk about it for days, and it is a glad spot in my heart, too, for I love to assure you in written word that we help you, even though sometimes things look dark ahead. I have learned a curious thing, and that is, that whenever there is a sorrow or immense distress, it is like the thick bark of a tree or the shell of a nut or the scales of a bud, and you can be sure there is something inside that is good and useful,

if the soul can only grasp it. I notice how thick and tough the heart is, so as to let the feelings bound up in beats and not burst. I note the skull, how it protects the jelly-like brain. All through nature we find the same cover for the tender life-giving spots, and thus I am led to believe that sorrows and ills are disguises and hold inside themselves all the sweetness and usefulness of life. My death seemed almost cruel, I know, but father needed me on this side, and the celestials would have carried the little ones away up to become seraphs, because they had no earth expression of consequence. Father was afraid to travel about, and was weak when he touched earth, so I was sent where I could keep the family kingdom together; and I am sure I have succeeded well, for the dear girls add beauty, music, and grace, while father adds order, caution, decisiveness, and many other qualities. You are the little mother-shell in earth, holding the meat of these principles through us, so when you come we can all blossom into a kingdom or home. Few people have home near together, including park, gardens, houses, lakes to sail on, and hills to climb or start from in balloons, and halls and bowers to dress in. All these are a kingdom. We should have lost our future and been apart if I had not been sent on ahead. So it is with Aunt M.'s family. She holds the principles of uncle and the boys, and they save the kingdom. Grandma says it is worth saving, because every one is making effort, and we have beauty and design and grace and music as well as usefulness. So you see that when the celestials make a sorrow they have some future good at heart. They plan for the whole volume, and not for one chapter, whereas the mortals plan for a chapter and hope it will come out as they desire. Perhaps you could comfort some of those who think life is all cruel with this thought. But I suppose words will not have effect while their stomachs are empty. I know all the stories of distress you have to hear, but you cannot go beyond your effort. You can only suggest to others who are more able in body and

strength, and the suggestion turns up a way, even if you cannot see it. You can't see the gas, you know, that runs down the pipe, but all the same there comes a light that is a result of it. I can't see my essences and mists working along the frame, but the result seems to come all the same. Oh, I think, mother, the great plan works orderly, even if we do not see and touch it. And, even though there seem to be cruel things along the way, somewhere the result comes out for good. I get more sense from the sermons preached in the churches of our spirit land, but this is because I am older and because my heart strains so to have your soul restful and believing in us. I know how you sometimes doubt these ways. I used to, but I see no reason now to doubt it, knowing, as I do, that a nerve is a string of electrical atoms, whether it is in a human body or running along the trunk of a tree or adown a frog's back. The whole system of nerves is atomized electricity combined in a little sheath. It is for the purpose of exchange in mind wherever it is placed. If nerves were all taken out of bodies, human vegetation, insects, and all, there never could be any transmission of intelligence, and things would be mere toadstools. The nerves carry the mind, so what can hinder me from sending mine upon them? If a leaf could write just as well, could I use it? But nothing writes but a hand, and these are the quickest way of giving message. I have seen the doctors here deliberately take out the nerve system of a spirit which was to be reincarnated, and twist it into a three-thousand-mile telegraph from sphere to sphere. I have seen them take out the tubular system, and arrange a process of transportation by canals adown the air. All the systems are of use.

The intestinal canals of a new-formed spirit are only fine tissue, not so firm as in the real mortal, and if the spirit leaves its frame to reincarnate, or even if it forms for higher latitudes, these canals or tubes are treated with oils, and stretched, and made suitable for pneumatic conveyances across air. Every part of the aural body is of use. And thousands

rise and form partly, but have to be reincarnated, not having enough of certain principles to wholly shape. A great many curious things could be made from the mortal body if people would consent to it instead of laying it away for worms. However, there is enough without it, and it finally goes back to elements. Father is not here to-day, but sent love. He is mixing a very important elixir for a patient who arrived from car-crushing. The spirit is flat, and the aura lies quite still, and no new veins have thus far formed. I doubt if I can start him into growth. He is like a plant, you see, just set out in a new soil. I must go now to look at him. From your loving son,

WADSWORTH.

"Gone to Live with Jesus."

July 15, 1895.

My dear Lady,—There is a sprightly pulse in your letter, which is good for us, for we have to feel the true belief in our return, and the welcome which all ought to give, just as they are to-day giving welcome to those from far countries of earth. Our country is not so far away as is that of many who have come to Boston from the South and West or across the waters. And yet, because the little limited vision of the mortal cannot see us, many deny that we return, or could possibly cross the great sea of air which intervenes between star and star. But it is well that for a time this should be so, for there are marriages that need not be broken up, and negotiations in business which need to be severed, and death is a goodly way to change all these aspects and give souls a new beginning in a new country. I am given some questions to answer upon the words, "gone to live with Jesus." Millions of times is this phrase repeated by those who stand by the forms of the dead. They have in their minds the painted pictures and wax images which all along the ages have represented the figure in Bible history called Jesus. One phrase was, "to rest upon the bosom of Jesus," and another, "to

dwell at God's right hand." Now these phrases and pictures and wax images are not true. They are simply expressions of comfort given by those who cannot fathom the mystery of death. And so habitual are they to the tongue of a minister, or to those who have caught the sound from their grand-parents, that they have grown to be believed. Now nobody knows how Jesus looked, nor how Moses looked, nor Judas, for in those days photography was undiscovered. So painters create a face, figure, robes, and shining crown, and all other painters have followed the design, until Christ is always drawn and colored thus and so; and Moses, with his two tablets in the background. By the words in the Bible, Jesus was good, kind, merciful, loving, and these being depicted in the pictures for ages, and the shining carried out in golden yellow, it has grown to be a belief that his bosom would receive all who were baptized or converted to certain forms. But the Modern Scientist has laughed at the idea of so mighty a bosom, and theologians of to-day know that to live with Jesus would require a life of less selfishness and immorality than now exists. Jesus, who brought the Infinite Law of Love to earth, ever sends his shining into hearts, but none have come as yet into the perfect fold; none can live with him until they do as he bids them: feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give all, the best warm cloak to the cold and ragged, forgive enemies, be meek, be as a little child. To die and go to Christ includes the obeying of all his precepts.

M.

Every Man Makes His Own Immortality.

My dear Mother,—We are always glad when this control tells us there is a letter. We can hardly wait to answer it. I often wish it did not cost any money to transfer messages through, then we would write every day. I know I used to laugh at these ways, but now I see the sense in it, and I understand that nerves are simply conductors of force from one condition of earth to another, and that

no one particularly owns them. They are so many miles of telegraph running through mortals, and the people are stations. I start my word at a station, and it is the same as a wire carrying a telegram. I never think of mediums, but of the immense system of human nerve fires. These nerve-rails are buried in flesh, so as to keep steady and alive, else we could not flash across our meaning by impulses in writing or in talking or in impressions. It will be worked out more into a very reasonable certainty. All these problems of electricity are slowly expanding and being understood, and it will not be a long time before chemistry will open the doors between worlds. Scientists will discover new changes of the atmosphere in which a more aerial air moves, and then the vision will try to reach the objects in that atmosphere, and thus every sense will be raised a tone higher. Our doctors have grand consultations on these subjects. They know very well that they cannot cure any disease. They can only correct disorder as well as they know how, and set the man's soul to running by law, and then he cures himself. Every man cures himself just as he makes his own immortality; but doctors, having studied the relation of one part to another, are more skilled in arranging what has got removed from the general condition. Many and many a person could turn off the cancers and boils and skin diseases if they were only cheerful, and ate the pure wheats and grains. The main thing for doctors, and in fact for everybody, is to raise the tone of the soul, to expel fear, deceit, idleness, foolish loves, ambitions, and all these forces that eat one's shape. This, too, I have learned, and one of the first things I do when called to a patient is to awaken the cheerfulness, and hope, and the will. I don't say one can be entirely cured by this process, but it places the body in a lighter condition, so the principle of these powers can shine in. There is little chance for anybody when melancholy sets in, and hope lost, and the soul goes down into the feet. I find just such people over here in borderland, and almost all

of these are returned into some earth, perhaps not this one, but there are thousands of others. Somewhere they have got to live in the crust, so as to get planted with these powers that uplift and regulate, and are strong enough to bear onward the soul.

I don't think, mother, it would be possible to outgrow the mother-love, for, although the children stray away from it into sins and sorrows and passions, yet they always feel the mother the strongest and purest. A great many loves we do outgrow, because they were for earth. It is the growing into each other's lives that makes love. Your sacrifices for me to have an education, the trials of money and home—all these are loves that can never be outlived or forgotten.

There are no marriages in our worlds, no need of carrying on the race. That is for the material earths, so every soul can reach the depth, and study the way to the height. It is heaven all the way along, if one makes it so and gets up the tone of the soul into that perfect health where nothing can worry or distress it. There is a point of mind that can be reached where nothing distresses. It corresponds to insanity. Insanity is the unconscious depth, while what I mean is a conscious height, a peculiar oneness with the divine law, so that the soul can overlook all obstacles and know their reasons. It is a climb of effort to reach this point, but a great satisfaction, I am told, because then we see that all the things we thought mistakes and wrong were symbols in meanings, and purposely given to try our strength. I have written you this thoughtful letter instead of scientific, because I feel your questions tend that way. Are you worried lest the little girls and father and I forget you? Where would be the joy of living or striving for immortality? Of course, we are not in the highest condition of heaven. There are many ideas to drop, and many to gain. So the third stars in atmosphere are more in balance for our home. All our people are in the same region. Until we are capable of perfect control over every action, we cannot join a band,

although we may belong to the classes. All things come by effort in law. This I find. I wish I could answer every question that rises in your heart, for I can easily ask guides if I do not know, and they understand fully all meanings of life. I do not mean Indian guides, for these are mostly to show the way across the air, but the studious guides and those who have penetrated into chemical results. I hope you will get some country air this summer, and try not to work hard and be sorrowful if people will not take in all the good which your soul longs to give. If we make the effort, it is enough. From your son,

WADSWORTH.

A Kindly Deed Worth More than Money.

Sept. 8, 1895.

My dear Mother,—We are always glad to come and write. We know how you long to hear from us by word, although you do realize how near we come every day, for I am sure you cannot help sensing our plans for you. During the last few weeks you were not alone, for either father or I have been near; and, with our knowledge we have of how every event in life turns out somehow for success if one does not lose courage, we are sure there will come greater joy and fresher prospects from all that has happened. It is impossible to tell where the roots of some great future success begin. I always like to have things come to a point, and father and I have both tried to change things so you can go on without worry. You see how we sent friends at the right time. Your desires are always taken up by the record angels, and I find them on the book, and bring them down to father when we set to work to get them answered. For every answer has to go through the celestial courts, so as to see if it is really a need. Make all the new friends you can, for in each one there may be something we can use. Money comes hard, I know; but sometimes a kindly deed is worth more than money. You are repaid in deeds because you

have given deeds. If you gave money, I suppose you would reap money; for does not the old Bible say we reap what we sow? I have been urging my studies onward, so as to get into a higher faculty, where I can have more influence over the events of earth and raise you up into affluence, where you won't feel that you have to work. As I rise in note and estimation, I have more power; and power can always control money, no matter what earth it is in. There is nothing higher for a mind to gain than power, and only through careful use of knowledge can this be obtained. So I have been studious this summer without indulging in much vacation, only to rest a few needful days. I have found that atoms are charged with certain volts of electricity. The two atoms in a molecule are the di-atomed people, while the three atoms in a molecule are tri-atomed people, and so on. This arrangement gives a difference in character, and liability to disease. The one-atomed are the healthiest; they are like gold with no component parts. The two-atomed are equal and contented, and carry the world along, but the tri-atomed are the ones who get into trouble and weakness, and need doctors. I am now sent by the faculty into borderland to detect these tri-atomed spirits as soon as they arrive, for the doctors think it will save considerable search. It is called the atomic theory. There are also di-atom herbs and tri-atom plants. These are to be adapted to the people in healing. I have not yet learned how, and it puzzles me. But the doctors belong to the seventh-sphere division, and are very learned, and I can see they are beginning at the foundation. For all shapes are made of atoms, you know; and the chemical combination shows the class. Now, if you are tri-atomed, and I learn the herb or plant or mineral that can change you to a one-atomed body, why, maybe it would strike up a greater power for you, so you would attract money. Atoms are the base of the universe. My private opinion is that all these bacilli they make such a fuss about down here are simply the live atoms and the builders of

shape; that is, alive just as the small polyps build the great reefs of coral in the ocean.

I have been down in Maine some with the cousins, Martha and all. I have been at the old home, and so has father. We don't care who moves in it, the grass and trees and things familiar can be ours all the same. You must have more courage than ever now, dear mother; for a way has been opened which, I think, is going to prove a fine one, and bring good results. There is nothing like turning things round on the other side when we get tired of one side. It is a maxim among spirits that there are always two sides to a thing or event, and what we cannot get from one we can by turning it over. So we have been trying it in thousands of cases this summer. I am well, and in light step, and can soon be able to do more for you. The children grow in usefulness, and make many happy hours for us all. Father grows more homelike, and takes things with more faith. I send much love.

From WADSWORTH.

The Band Took a Trip Across Certain Worlds.

Oct. 25, 1895.

My dear Mother,—I know you think of me, whether you write or not, because when I come daily I can read the warm impulses of your mind. I can see your hopes and longings as a golden mist in your rooms. But still I am glad to know I am called to write here, for a letter is something substantial, something in words, and can be read and re-read; and every time new meanings will be born from it. I often wish I could do more for you. I would like to lift you at once into a handsome house, all furnished with lovely things and ornaments, and one or two rooms especially soft and downy, so you could pet the poor, and for the delicate ones all that is in your heart to do. Father says, "If she did that, she would have about a thousand to attend every day, and so get no rest herself." Oh, if every child was taught to have a particular care

over one other weak or poor child, then this would give chance for brotherhood to grow. In the world called Saturn there is not one weak or poor person. The rulers would no more allow it than they would allow mortification. It is immediately checked, and the person set right, and given something to do that will help the whole class. This earth lets disease run, unless it threatens the extermination of the whole by cholera or diphtheria. It takes a wholesale rush of germs to attract attention. If the small cases were crushed out in every quarter, diseases would soon fall back one thousand per cent., and there would be more chance to live and die of old age. Well, our faculty are doing the best they can to introduce better customs; and, although the appointment of physicians in public schools to look after first cases of throat trouble seems a little ridiculous, still it is a move in the right direction. In children is the proper place to quell these uprisings of the germs. But the first and main thing should be to make the earth's magnetism of higher quality. It never will be higher until people learn to burn their dirt, and moldy cellars' refuse. Our band took trips across certain worlds this summer to see if the standard was high enough to introdnuce a peculiar chemical preparation which would offset the attack of what was called eczema. But we found very few individuals knew enough to take care of their cast-off belongings. Every picnic party left its old boxes and greasy papers, until the beautiful parks were strewed with them. Every garden had its hole for old bottles, rags, tins, shoes. Under the new land of Boston was the refuse of twenty past years, and under parts of New York the magnetism rising from old cats, buried skirts, old leather, old iron, old carpets, and cast-offs, was indescribable. To bury these worn-out things fills in land, but it takes years for it to decay, and the rottenness rises, generation after generation. If every household was legally made to take care of its own dirt, burning all possible, save metal, there would not be such a terrible condition for germs to live in and draw the

life from bodies. Eczema is an outer attachment, and does not belong to the blood at all. It is the creeping of foul magnetism. It is scarcely a shape of germ, but that vaporous poison that moves along without shape. This has to be met with vapor to cure. Salve and liquids and oil all have substance, and are too crude for this shapeless creeping of the currents. We make these investigations to help mortals who have such a thorny time getting through a material world. If each one would make use of fire to disintegrate the dirt that gathers, disease could not make progress. Now you know physicians are striving with this problem day by day, but they ought to study the old proverb, "Begin at the roots." You ask me if they give ideas to mortals before they think it out themselves. Why, certainly they can, but the trouble is, the mortal will not accept it until it is made a part of itself. This minister just said to me to tell you that Christ gave the grand idea of brotherhood to men before they had thought it out, and they have not thought it out yet sufficiently to follow it and see the good of it.

Thoughts come from friction with other minds. Minds are like matches. They scrape each other; and, if there is anything of worth, it lights. Many is the mind match I have lighted from you, mother; and both of us, I find, lighted from bands of spirit-life, who are constantly letting the thought-fire flow. The more a man thinks in action, the more he makes friction with minds, and, though he does not see his own fire flashing, yet it does flash, and is kept alive by kindred spirits who love the same idea and action. But we must think and act along the line of our education. Now I began a certain line; no matter what world I live in, I must keep in that line, because I am enrolled in its lists. I understand the make-up of the human figure and the protoplasmic combination that supports it, and the exact adaptation of certain bones to certain muscles, the motor and sensor circulation, and all things pertaining to blood. So, being in this line, I am not, of course,

in a band of law guides, or artists, or anything else. We must always work along the line we begin with. I don't mean a blacksmith must always be in that trade, but it must be something where he strikes fire, or helps the progress of traveling. Nor do I mean a book-keeper should always keep accounts, but higher up that line there is writing of books or forming new paper material. You see what I mean. Even if one is in the trades, there is always a higher step in what they have been educated for. Now the taking care of father and all your help to the sick was simply nursing, caring for, protecting, but you went up on your line, and so became physician and helper to the universe. If a man begins in a library, let him go up as high as he can with books. If he is a naturalist, let him go as high as Agassiz. I say these things because I see you are often called upon to advise, and I note that our noted spirits have kept to line. Look at Franklin. His lowliest trade was tallow-making, but candles are for light. He rose to the highest on his line.

Father sends love. The earth is getting cold for him, and he dislikes the sense of oxygen. But with fine electricity he can be a help to you in ways you do not dream. Remember me to all. I am glad when I see you enjoying visits from the home circle. The boys are glad, too. We are down with you very often. I wish you could hear us talk as well as we hear you.

From WADSWORTH.

Illuminating the Cells of the Magnetic Body.

Dec. 18, 1895.

My dear Mother,—I see Idell is not down to-day. She is finishing a picture by which she hopes to get the prize. But you can be sure she comes every day to linger near your chair, and answer some of the questions that come out in your room. I am content with all the fame and ambition that comes to me, and there is nothing that worries me, only that I want to lift you a little more into repose.

Doctors are the last considered, and paid only when necessity drives them to need help again. But here it is exact pay by exact labor, because in the act of helping another comes the recognition by those spirits who have already gained power. They are not jealous because you invent ways of healing, nor do they doubt you, but take right hold with you, and, if it is a truth, it is proved, and all have the benefit of it. But the inventor made his own power, so by it he rises in estimation and glow, and by and by he has control over all elements, and every need comes to him. He can form food from the air if he so chooses, for the air or space has cells full as a honeycomb of all that produces vegetation; and, when the truth comes to pass that man has learned to rule over all things, then his need springs up at his call. I find, as I dare more to do things, and let my mind out amid the doctors, that something in me unwinds in words, and the first that I know I am telling them of observations you and I have made together long ago—little seeds of thought which you planted in me—seeds of perseverance by dear father's labors, seeds of economy that we had to scatter about the home. All of these have now sprouted into wisdom, and come easily to my voice. Song, too, comes to me, and never was I very apt in singing. I meet many beautiful ladies in our social club, and there are many divinely sweet hours. But, as the marriage law has no purpose here, why, it is the soul that excites instead of body; and this leads to higher aims. I may say, to the conception and birth of mind-children. An invention is a mind-child. So is a picture or a poem. I mean when they are perfected and pronounced good by the higher judges in celestial worlds. I have out a new invention or, rather, method of illuminating the cells of the magnetic body as it forms after arriving from the clay corpse or old folding. Protoplasm, as it occupies a cell, is in balance; that is, it can go either way, into flesh or into what is called secondary matter or tendency toward spirit. As a man dies, the balance breaks,

and part goes with the grave and part with the rising mist. I formed the idea of electrifying the cells by will, and thus the nerve centers catch the flame and begin to burn. As soon as the soul feels her candles of life lighted, she turns her engine. Things seem to come to me, and sometimes father suggests odd ideas that I work up into real facts. And Idell is famous for forming images of what could be done by chemical attraction. There is not much doctor in Ellie, but she makes all the houses shine with ornament, and not only ours, but houses down as far as borderland. I know it is coming Christmas by the stir around here as I watch the wonderful light sent up in sunsets over the tops of houses. Sometimes the whole house is folded in gold or crimson or light blue, according as is the feeling of Christmas within. It is curious how one mind can color a room. Idell had some of this delicate mind illumination in a picture which has been accepted in the Romain galleries. We shall try to be near you some of the Christmas Day.

From WADSWORTH.

Now Working in the Sixth Sphere.

Jan. 25, 1896.

My dear Mother,—I am always glad to know we have a letter waiting, even if I cannot get to answer it as soon as I like. It is an anticipation, and father and I just love to think of it. As soon as he knows that there is a letter at this gate, he comes sometimes a hundred thousand miles to tell me. He is getting venturesome now to cross the air in these balloon carriages, and I must not check his courage. I am working now away up in the sixth sphere, not so much with diseases, as the spirit sheds these before rising thither, but with new chemical mixtures and elements. The scientific faculty dwell up in the sixth condition of worlds, where the gases are attenuated and separated from the lower strata; and it is there that the great inventions are carried out, and finally sent into earths and lower spheres. So

at times I get a vacation from borderland and its formations, and go up to study. But I come down to the pretty social parties which the little sisters have, and see what you are doing, and if I can help you. In very curious ways I have seen the needs come as I watch the ways of the law. Sometimes they come through suffering and desolation, and again through accident, but always in a way which we cannot plan. I would not worry about the needs, but just ask, and give your best effort. That is all a soul is required to do, and the rest comes. You remember those dreams we gave you where all was explained. A dream is a picture on *light* canvas, let down for the soul to see. When Idell gets more pensive growth, so her paintings have meanings, I am going to let them down in your dreams for your comfort, and to answer the many questions in your mind that I cannot answer. I only see things by truth and actual fact, and never in a Bible. I see no Bibles here. Once I asked a fifth-degree spirit for a Bible. He said they belonged to earths, and not to heavens. I often wondered, and did father, when we go to church, how it is. The preachers never take a text from a book, but some hold a plant, some a bunch of seeds, some a cup of cold water, some a lantern, and thus ring out a clear, truthful sermon from these symbols. I have not written medically, for, as I said, I am on a vacation, and I want for a time to forget the ills and discords, and tune myself to somethig different. We must not keep on one key. I could not make father stay so high, and he feels more comfortable in his home and at ease. I wish father would be more of a boy, and lively. He needs you, I am sure, to enliven him. Why, the minute I waked up and saw there was life onward, I was full, in every limb, of activity. It all came to me that existence was lesson after lesson, and that I could learn faster and get prepared for broad work in these worlds, not being pressed for means to go on. Then I thought of you crying out for me, and I tried hard to get my old body again, but the guide

said, "No, it is not your plan, but God's. Go on earnestly with effort, and mother will be glad that you have a chance to learn, and labor still for those who are weak, and to work for the building of the kingdom." So I improved my opportunities, and now stand in honor of the blue amid our faculty. My little longing earth wish is that you might have a little more money laid up, so as to rest. But, then, laid up money is not sure, not so sure as the promise that the soul shall have its needs by effort. This is a great law, and, as we sit in council in the great hall of chemics up yonder, we find that the soul placed inside of a physical body has a mighty attractive power, if it kindles into effort, and feels its *will*. It can be kindled so high in flame that whatsoever it acts upon will obey. This is the higher way of healing. It seems the soul-mind is a part of the divine law; and, when once it believes in its own power, and knows its origin, it can control the outer substance called matter, and draw to itself any need, not only for self, but for others. The school in the fifth degree is wonderful. I am getting grand truths to tell you.

From WADSWORTH, YOUR SON.

Eyes Can Only See According to the Vibration.

March 1, 1896.

My dear Mother,—I am always so glad when you give us a chance to write. It seems as if words on paper draw us nearer, so the separation is less. There will ever be a difference in the chemical particles of the second body with the first, and so the same degree of sight and hearing is not possible. But an understanding through objects which are highly nerve-centered can be made easy, much more so than it is now. I am sure that in a few years the art of photography will simplify the sight, and our world be visible to mortal eye as well as the earth be clearer to us. We have just as much trouble to see the outside of things as mortals have to see the inside. It was a long time before I could

see the outside of a tree, but the nerve central tubes and the sparkle of the sap I could plainly see; and it appeared to me the same, only of finer mould. So when I came to you, I saw your spirit in lovely white dress and a dim shadow of the outside.

After a time I conquered this, and now can see outsides almost as well as insides; but one must understand chemistry to conquer vision or sound. Very few here, save chemical scholars, can *see* or *hear* into earth only as there is spirit substance in it. I have been very busy with pneumonia patients, many of them rising right from Boston. There are sieges of diseases on certain months, and we usually know what to expect, and have our preparations in order. The lungs are sometimes so heavy that they do not rise at all, and we have to carry the spirit deep into earth and hold it, or dip it into some healthy man's breathing, so as to catch the seeds of the cellular tissue, then we can raise a very respectable pair of lungs. Every part of the body can be produced, if we can only get the seed. The heart is pretty hard to get, but it is seldom lost unless by a burst of dynamite.

Well, father and I take life quietly, and it is the only way to get the best good from it. I think you find it so. The only sense of ease and renewed electricity is after making a good earnest effort to benefit somebody. The parties, theaters, and sights only leave slight outward impressions, happy maybe, but not lasting. It is beautiful on Sabbath twilights to sit in the garden with all the cousins and uncles, and listen to Ellie's music. We always place a chair for you near father, and sometimes I think I can see your spirit there watching us, just as you see me quietly sitting in your home rooms. I am really there, but do you see me is the question. A spirit body is swift in pulses, and this motion raises the whole shape higher than the mortal eye can range in vision. Eyes can only see according to the vibration. I have not taught the children anything about religion, but they are now beginning on the history of earths and nations; and Ellie asked

me if people down here expected there was a hell-fire after death. I think I must find some good old minister to answer all their questions, for the most I know is the chemistry of the several bodies and the relation the spirit bears to them. In all my traveling I never saw any hell, but I have seen men and women suffering in mind so that they had to be etherized and closed up in an egg for some months, just as they embalm mummies. I have seen people carried to air islands to be treated for habits and ideas. These are not hells, but I should say all was a sanitarium process. I see no particular heaven either, only worlds and spheres without end as far as one may go. Some so bright that I am not adapted to enter. I don't like to see you worry about other people so much. You do your best for them, I am sure, and that is all that is needed, just as if you had set a plant out. You can't make a plant live if it won't accept the soil and the needs given. Do take a nice hour to rest in, closing your eyes and letting your spirit up to us. I believe in Aunt M., if she does not in me. How they do laugh at this, but then I used to; and the very first thing I did when I was able was to see if it was true, for, indeed, our lot would be hard if we heard nothing, saw nothing, of those we love. Sometimes I hear terrible wails of people to return, for they suffer in being snatched away so suddenly, until they understand the law, and have the surety that everybody living will come the same way. I must let others in now. I am with and helping you.

From WADSWORTH.

Writing Essays for Magazines in Fifth Sphere.

March 24, 1896.

My dear Mother,—It seems so odd to watch these two beautiful sisters writing. It hardly seems that they belong to us, only they look like you. They are very good artists, but never will be very profound scientists, not having the basic lessons of earth. But we need them as they are, for music helps father, and dearly he loves pictures also.

There must be different kinds of spirits, else there could be nothing to argue about, and no motion. If we have art and order and music and healing in our little family kingdom, why, we have our share of good. There is no principle as grand as healing, and yet, without father's order, I should not be an expert, and without Ellie's songs, father would get too weary with monotony. I suppose every well-regulated principle carries necessary principles with it, just as a ship going to sea carries its provisions. I notice some families have intense cheerfulness and charity and an ornamental gift; others have grace of motion, beauty, and design, and love of flowers and insects. We always hope to comfort you, at least when we come to write, and Ellie has, I see, given reasons why a word comforts. I wish I could manage the x-ray, and so examine your cases. It would attract hundreds, and not only bring in gold, but be of good solid use in establishing a diagnosis without fail. You would have to join business with some good photographer. These rays will come into use very fast, and people are going to demand a picture of the organ diseased or in trouble, and doctors have got to accept the new condition. But, unless they are artists, able to take the camera picture, you see at once each one will have to have a copartnership with one, or hire one to take the shadow of the painful organ. Father says he does not see why by these x-rays the center of the earth cannot be brought to view, and thus decide whether it is a fire or liquid or what. Here is another phase which has occurred to me. I find every disease has its own color: fevers are red, diphtheria red and dark-blue, consumption pale blue and white. Well, now, essences of herbs and roots have their colors also, and the x-ray will reveal this color after a little more experiment, and then we shall see how "similia similibus curantur" will do the work of healing.

This is already a practice in our countries, and will soon follow into earth. Everything expressed these grand truths and the more we work for the

in the spiritual is reflected into earth, I find. The time is coming when physicians will use fragrance and perfumes adapted to a pain or inharmony, and compounds and pills will mostly go into chaos. Still, it will take years yet to outlive the idea that great quantities of medicine are needed for ills. It is not quantity, but quality, that cures, and adaptation to the magnetic loss. I am now writing essays for a magazine of the fifth sphere. I notice you think about immortality, and I often ask the higher guides about it when I go up to the church where the children sing. Father said I had better, so we could have some sure idea about it and something to talk over in the evening. I find the more we accept of good of the universe, and not strictly for self, the broader the soul grows, and is able to extend for miles beyond the body and to inhale intuitions and sense messages, so by and by the celestials take notice of it, and assist the progress by giving immortal powers. When one is filled with these powers, of course they are at least on the line of circuit that never ends nor goes back to reincarnate. They said the seed of immortal life was in every single child born, but the carrying it up to the highest depended upon effort. I can see that a plant does not get its color for buds until it has reached out in sap and leaf. I suppose it must be the same with people. I am very sure that some drop back into seeds and are reborn, as I have myself seen this in borderland. Too much lust or too much self or any real conscious sin will stop the soul from building harmoniously, and so prevent the formation of any second body. It may be in ages of time that such souls work themselves into condition to be saved, or they may go down into chaos and become a part of the universe. I have only begun to study these things, but what these teachers tell me seems reasonable to believe. Father says he wonders how he ever had enough magnetic force to weave a second body. I tell him it was the principle of patience and hope and order within him, and half of him is you. While you pitied and cared

for him, you also helped to weave his next body. That is why he is not always strong, not being entirely a self. But he will progress, and has already got able to move swiftly when I telegraph for help from the low spheres. I am near earth now in borderland, because so many are rising. With love,

From dear WADSWORTH.

Been Experimenting with the X-Ray.

May 4, 1896.

My dear Mother,—Father seems quite bright this morning, and will be all the better for coming here. I find if we partake of all kinds of atmospheres, material or spiritual, we are more evenly balanced in health of mind and body. It is so with the first stages of consumption in earth. If these people strive to habituate themselves to all kinds of weather, they do not get into the grooves of habit, and have to be sent away to mild climes. That is why I advise father to go to earth-worlds for a change, so as to breathe all kinds; and then his weakness will wear away. We are all going on well. I wish you could live lighter, and not feel the doubt of the future. But even if money was piled up, there is no surety of its staying so. Even the wealthiest have to turn hard corners. Father and I often watch a family of wealth to see if they have any moment of ease and freedom from doubt. There are but few who do, for as the means, so the expense grows larger, and the trouble to live gets equal again with the expense. We know the hours of silence you have, and the hundred questions which rise in your mind to ask us. But the guides say it is not always best to give your own opinion or judgment, which may be faulty. It is better that celestials send answers in dreams or through intuition, and then you get the full knowledge. We can only tell you how a thing seems to us, but they know the why and cause. I have been experimenting with the X-ray as it strikes earth, and have brought up pictures of the inside of volcanoes and the central forces

in the center of worlds. I have also examined the inside of a spirit, and placed the picture side by side with the inside of a mortal. It is very curious, for, although the organs are about the same in shape, still the uses are different. Not eating meat, the spirit needs not so much entrail. The purpose is to eat just that amount which will renew the slight waste from pores, hairs, etc., so a part of the entrail, the duodenum, and colon are separate, and in a very high spirit can be thrown out at the navel and projected through space as a telegraph line or tube unto any star in distance. Now, if father was strong enough, and understood these grand principles of the organs, he could thus telegraph to me when I want any preparation or mixture. But he cannot do this yet. I note that part of the lungs can also be projected as a self-balloon, and to sustain the delicate body in the ether. All the sinews and tendons can be used for temporary palaces. I am speaking of sixth and seventh degree spirits, you know, who understand all chemical connections of principles with the organ. Why, I have seen a spirit of mighty knowledge expand every part of his body excepting enough to carry on his delicate spiritual functions, and become as a house not made with hands. The spine was the grand central column, the head the cupola, the shoulders the roof, and every tube and cell became of some use in the grand arrangement. The toes and fingers were steps to this mansion. So I tell father if we are, in the final, to live in our outside selves, how careful we ought to be to build them healthily. Now this medium, by having weak tubes, could have no telegraphs or communication with far-off worlds unless she reincarnates in order to create them. You might say I would lose my trachea tube, and my musical vocal cords, because of sickness, but not so. My difficulty was acute; hers is chronic. Every chronic disease wastes away some portion of the seventh-degree palace. Sometimes I can coax a person who has risen to the fifth degree with the loss of lung or loss of any vital-

ity to live down in the borderland awhile, it is about the same as to reincarnate. We all want to fulfill to the utmost, you know. Well, it will be a long time before we get to the sixth degree, I guess. I am not in a hurry. Try not to be anxious about patients, for it reflects into them like an eclipse. It is astonishing how impressions do work upon an invalid. You have so much spiritual strength, mother, that it accomplishes as much as any medicine. If once the will of the patient can be roused to make the sinews obey, I believe that rheumatism could be easily cured. I see the medium has a twinge in her wrist, and I have placed a tense will upon it while I write, but *my* will alone is not sufficient. If I could rouse hers with belief, it would depart. Oh, when will the time come that pain will obey, and the cord arrange itself to harmony following the soul's belief? You are going on very well, mother, and must not lose courage. I can help you more than if I was among all the body of earth doctors, waiting my chance. There are too many of them, and I laugh when I see the curious chances which the faculty strive to make for the new graduations. I am glad, after all, that I was sent to the new country, for the climbing is less.

We come Sunday evening, if we find you; and often I help you with the sick ones.

From WADSWORTH.

The Spirit Can Have Intense Will Force.

June 10, 1896.

My dear Mother,—I am always glad to let you know what we are doing, but it is not like living day by day in the same house, interested in the same work, and being on the same plane of sight and hearing. I know how you feel about it, and how you often doubt that life will ever amount to anything. Suppose all the trees should feel this way when they see their green shapes turn to dry dust. Why, it would soon affect the roots with

doubt, and there would come slim vegetation for the next year, until finally all would sink back into the elements. Doubts and grief strike the spring out of activity, while hope and joy give a whirl that sets the whole universe a-going. You know how it is with sedentary people, not using the leg bones and thigh. The life gets low, and circulation of magnetic forces is scarce more than in a piece of wood or metal. So with the mind when it is not roused by exalted beliefs and comparisons of the spiritual with the forces of nature. In our faculty I have studied these comparisons and results, and I take broader view than when I was confined in the little space of my clay sinews. I see things differently, and can look on all sides of a question. When I lived down here, I seemed only a boy, and all my knowledge was a mere nothing in comparison with what I have learned since by knowing the powers that weave the mesh of flesh, and how germs get caught in the web, and the soul essence is not strong enough to kill them. Souls ought to have in themselves the power to push out all the evil, so as to absorb good for immortal life; and they would, only for the lack of faith and trust and letting go of hope. If I could have had more hope, more stout will, I think I could have overcome my disease, and so stayed with you. But I did not then know that the spirit could have such intense will and force as I now have learned. I do believe it possible to so strengthen and fortify the second self as to deny even death, slipping along into what is termed second childhood and casting off the age symbols, becoming fair and fresh and renewed in this earth. I can see how this might be done, but the doubt of it, and the past habit of age and death would be almost impossible to overcome at present until electricity has permeated yet more into material things. What we must do is to keep souls animated, forceful, able, looking on the bright side, cheerful and overcoming. Then they will throw the germs out of the flesh, and web themselves without medical help. I come

to gates wherever you call me, and seek to give message, but do not always succeed well. These people called mediums are hard to use, and always, when I go up, I think of things I might have said, but forgot. Sometimes I cannot sense the written questions as I wish I could. At other times I can get the meaning. People have an idea that spirits ought to know all the future, and give advice to lead one out of troubles. Now they know but little more than when they went away as regards the best moves to make to secure advantage. The celestials are those that have the law, and it must run along as the man's effort leads it. I must say I have clearer insight into the relations of matter and spirit, and the cause of disease, and the surety that we take up new web-bodies and live on and on. But to advise for the future any better than I could on earth is something I cannot do, because the law has got to move on, and I plainly see we cannot make one hair white or black, but by effort we can lift ourselves so we will be in harmony with the law, and then no real harm can reach us. Oh, yes, I remember Uncle John and all the cousins, but they do not believe in me as able to return, and whatever I might say would not be trusted. I think Aunt M. herself would rather have me lying by the throne than active and busy. Everybody is pretty set as to belief in these new countries. If the air was navigated as are the seas, there would be less fright about going across by death. I think father is coming to write. There are a good many standing about, watching us use the white fire that moves about the medium's arm just like the noise and buzz of a battery. All is well.

From WADSWORTH.

Spirit Mist Should Be In Every Fibre and Cell.

June 18, 1896.

My dear Mother,—When I am told there is a letter my heart beats hard, and I feel so rejoiced that you realize we receive it through the magnetic light

around this medium. Once I disputed the idea of communication. But, after one goes across to the new country, he is glad to find the old earth is not cut off. All it needs now is to discern an atmosphere wherein a spirit and a material man can meet on the same plane. The oxygen is a little too crude, and nitrogen acts in a negative way, as does the carbon. It must be an atmosphere where the man exalts in breath a little as if he were at the top of a hill, and then a spirit would have to lower in breath or vibration, as if going down a hill. Then the two conditions would cross, and there would be a face-to-face meeting, which would not be uncanny as the ghost is now, but more natural and lifelike. A ghost represents what our scientists are trying to do to equipoise the space elements so people can meet for a few minutes. In the next ten years there will be great improvement in this, the same as in the taking of pictures that seem to move. All these arts are pressing in fact, so as to make the worlds more akin. I laugh when I see the faculty of physicians trying to quell those Christian Scientists and scorning them. But it is a good doctrine and at the root of truth. The trouble is that the race is not elevated enough in spiritual sense to be led that way. Why, even over here I have to use extracts and fragrance and drops, because the internal man takes time to come out of old earth habits. A child cannot be healed by prayer, because its little soul is not broad or shining enough to call in magnetic fervor to push disease out. Very few can do it, because they are full of the old standing beliefs in medicine belonging to the mediaeval ages. But it is a grand truth that the soul of a man can, by filling itself with truth, faith, trust, and surety of God, exterminate any disease—not in a minute, but slowly, as in small-pox. It would attack the body as lice attack a plant. But a strong, earnest, believing soul,without fear, could kill the germs by will, and then the case would deaden and stop. But very few have this power, or even strive to attain it. You have a quiet will, and I can see

you influence many: they think of what you say. It is a seed in their nature, and in this way you kill out and give trust. But still remedies may be given while the clay is around man. Some people get frightened, and so give up to death when willseeds would have saved them, if anybody had suggested it. It is a great habit of everybody to take something internally for cure, when they only need to shake up the spirit and stretch it out into the limbs. If spirit mist is in every fibre and cell, there can be no place for the germ. You would smile to hear me talk these ideas before the grand assembly of the doctors in higher spheres. A higher sphere does not mean one more elegant or superb than another, but is so because of the broader opening of mind and more ability to perceive than before. I know many curious things which I never could have known in earth, simply because the cerebrum is clear of clay particles and alive with the fire that is ever in the blood, but flames not until after the passage of death. But I must not tire you, father says. I think he is quite proud that I wear such brilliant badges of honor.

Jewels are considered here as emblems of some principle. Your spirit will be ornamented with pearls, I think, and often I see the children dressing you with them when you rise out of your body to greet us.

From WADSWORTH.

In Ourselves Lie All the Soul's Needs.

Sept. 16, 1896.

My dear Mother,—Your letter under the medium's hand gives tick, like a telegraph, and I know the amount of soul you put in and the state of your pulse by it. We have not forgotten you this summer, and are glad of the little rest you did have, if no more. One can rest sometimes more in a few days than in all the summer months.

When I have brought a man or woman into the second body from alcoholism, and freed him from

the smell, and started the new organs in growth, I have a fine rest all over me, just viewing the good I have done. Perhaps that is one of the ways to get rest, for whatever comes to the mind represents itself in the body. Still, father and I have rested the physical way by going to the old fields and hills where we lived and covering ourselves with clover and grass. It is a real sensation of old times, and it does father good, if he does not thicken too much so as to sense his weakness.

One can thicken just to the verge of sight, but not be in view. This is a poise or balance between the two worlds, which is fine, and but few can stay in this condition long unless they understand the chemical relations of one atom to another. I have been practicing many curious ways with the spiritual uses of the body. I found every organ had a certain propulsion of strong light. All that was ejection of fluids from salivary glands, urinal canals, perspiratory pores, etc., is in the spirit a variety of fires or sparkles or streams. Well, I found I could eject a fire from the ventricles and auricles that swept off to a distance and formed a path or bridge, and to my surprise I could balance upon it and glide along. From the round ladder I ejected a fire-ball, into which I could enter and sail off as if in a large bubble. Other parts of my body gave different shapes, as one would resemble a ladder, and so I have come to a sure conclusion that in ourselves lie all the soul's needs. When we have progressed far enough in the powers and principles, we can form far more illuminated fire, and so who knows but that those old stories were true about the visions of the prophets seeing things in the sky. I can see, too, how I can operate on a patient millions of miles away, by darting rays from portions of the body which would be his need. Sickness is a lack of electricity, or sometimes too much, and by judgment as to how much or how little I could flash it over without seeing him. If your power was only a little more potent, you could do this also. O mother, how many nice things we will do

when we can study here as we did there together, for life seems longer to me now I know there can be no death! It seems worth while to strive for emulation and praise. You must not feel that I stay long away from you. Father would never take comfort for a minute unless he knew that you were comfortable, and, if you are sick, he coaxes me to stay right beside you. But you know it is not best to stay away after we give our direction, or we could not tell if there were advance in the case. I think we all have gone on very well this summer, considering we are the kind born to health, and lift up those who faint by the way. I wanted you to have more rest, and forget for a while about other people's ills. When I begin to feel that I am too full of impressions and ills of my people, I rise away up in the blue for miles, and let myself float wheresoever I will. It is the deepest rest and the most perfect silence that the soul can know. It thrills the whole body anew, and makes fresh thought and sense.

Well, mother, keep up your patience with life, and do not work too hard. Don't be too lenient with those who owe. Assure them you need what is your own, and press them for it. I want you to have all your rights and live at ease. Your bright, cheerful rooms are ornamented by our dear girls every day, and fresh wild flowers are brought.

With love, from

W.

Spirits Watching Political Contests.

Oct. 6, 1896.

My dear Mother,—These dear sisters are just realizing the delight of society, and I thought, if you felt it right, I would myself begin to accept invitations and mingle more with others. Society is not that stiff, languid, foolish kind that comes to earth, but fearless, interesting, and useful; always some science to talk about or some animating discovery. The rich do not make the most imposing class, but

those who possess genius with beauty, music and affableness, generosity and a knowledge of science. We do not argue any quarrels or disagree, but still we maintain our opinions, and then see how things come to result. I have been so busy in study that I have not thought of society, but now I begin to need the influence of lovely female spirits as well as males, and, as there is no marriage and no birth, there is not the danger accompanying friendly sympathy together. It results in better health and more vigor. I may say that what was for seed purposes in earth rises to the head and acts as thought for the brain, so there are brain offspring. We have all been well, and I think father grows stouter with light and hope since we have an open gate, and since he can come across to you and help you some. You help him, too, when you are hopeful and make the best of things. He has a nice home opposite the little garden where the little sisters live, and takes charge of my studio and laboratory, sending tinctures, drops, and essences all over the country. The hardest sickness here is homesickness, and this can be alleviated by raising the tone of the system and keeping the energy alive. Then there is the sickness of habits, the yearning for tobacco or liquor or meat. All these have to be attended to. There are also the prides of the wealthy and scornful, and the lunatic and the criminal. There is enough to do for all the physicians and nurses and kind-hearted people. Father is a great help to me in compounding and medicating and keeping things in order. The dear sisters also help in ornamentation and arranging flowers and fruit for the sick and discouraged and worried ones.

There is an important question being settled in earth now, and all the small homes in borderland are used by presidents, governors, and political spirits who are eagerly watching the contest. Oh, yes, I could get R. to come here and send a message, only he is too busy now, I think, with all the rest. There is an intense feeling here as on earth, because, although there are truths in what Bryan says, still

our people think it would plunge the nation into distress to change their habits so suddenly. One might as well try to break a tendon as to break accustomed ways of the people. They are so fond of suffering and saying the Lord intended it so. It is a good idea, so I heard Jefferson say, to turn the nation over on its silver side and see how things would run. Jefferson, Jackson, and Washington are all down in borderland, and are real Bryan men. R., I think, is on the other side. I only see them when I am called to some patient just come across, or some one who is wild to return, and grieving because he died. Father comes down and listens some to the political waves, and the roar of feeling is felt away up in the third zones. However, mother, don't you get agitated about it, for we have more interest in the shape and form and straight spine of the nation than we have in who gets chosen president. R. was in a bad way when he came across. He plunged out into space to get back again, and was fierce because he lost his way. Messengers were sent out after him, and he was under anaesthetics for weeks. Death was a terrible disappointment to him. It was just loss of energy, and he has not yet made it up. I think he ought not to be in borderland, listening to speeches and getting excited.

His brains look now like a red-hot cinder. Perhaps it might ease him to be called to write here. You know I told you I was practicing with organs of the body, to see what use could be made of them. I find by using certain herbs that the eyes dilate to such an extent that they act as telescopes, and I can see worlds at immense distances. I also find the tympanum excites in such degree that one can hear the past, as in a shell, that has existed for ages. One can hear the revealments of history at certain times in which the shell was forming. These organs of the body are more wonderful than we suspect, and even science cannot yet determine all we shall be capable of in using them.

An old Egyptian told me that the small efforts and longings of people to see or hear or under-

stand were all as dim prophecies of the future unfoldment. The soul is cramped to its flesh measure down here, and opens as it ascends.

When we examined all the processes of body-work, I little dreamed of its extent, and even now I only have a glimpse of the worth and exceeding value to which an individual can rise. Now, mother, go on easy; there is no hurry.

I find, if I am agitated, it quickly runs along the cells and creates a panic in a patient. Fear and doubt are as contagious as any of the fevers. Indeed, they often cause fevers and high temperatures, and then burn the skin and cause humors. All the stir in politics will soon kindle disease in mortals. Anger will redden the blood and hurry it along the ventricles, disturbing the pulses. Fear will lessen the fine nerve power in the cerebrum; hate will bring chills. This reflects into families of women and children, and there will be more than the physicians of earth can do this winter. But, without agitation, principles will not grow.

I suppose there must be pains and distress to give birth to more freedom. Death takes advantage of this, and removes the overplus in another world where there is not so much mental strain, or rather the airy light body does not compass one about, so the pressure of thought is less. Keep yourself warm and comfortable, and, as your name is well known to sufferers, there will be plenty to do.

The best work in the world is to uphold the soul so it will absorb power and convey it down into the body. This brings health and strength. Father is well, and sends love. From your dear son,

W.

Spirit Messengers Go to Earth for News.

Nov. 19, 1896.

My dear Mother,—By calling us all to earth, we are made more as a family, and have more understanding of why all these things happen.

We lose fear of death, and find that we miss nothing by it. I know you thought that I was cut

off from high success by death, but you see it was not so. I even had wider chance and broader way, and could start the children forward before you came, and raise father from his loneliness. I used to scoff at the belief in return, but never was I so glad in my life that there ways to use these arms and tongues of other people, because you are now in close contact with us and not so lonely, and all these new ideas I learn I can impress to you. I am trying manyexperiments in borderland to bring people to shape quickly instead of carrying them to hospitals. But I find Nature never works instantaneously. She must have time, no matter what world we are in. The magnetic blood which a person is stored with in earth changes through death to fire, and the quality of this either hastens or delays the shape. Now a drunkard usually comes into form in a short time, because alcohol is a fire in itself, and so it pushes out the mist-figure and the man gets alive. But the waste of brain substance is where the trouble comes. The man is all shaped, but can't remember very well, as the little thrills of the cells where the nerve had touched the tiny vein will not vibrate. The alcohol had weakened the tissue, so it is at first a kind of idiotic spirit until we establish fibre and get the thrills in circulation. Flesh and organs, veins and the whole mass of body, will grow the same as a plant, but chemists know more about this than doctors. I believe that if a man could be built with the proper tissue and the nerve thrills started, he would come alive on earth as an adult. Life will come into any mass that is properly compounded and ready with the points for vibration. I know a chemist in our country who is experimenting upon this. He has made five statues of chemical form, with all the intricacies of the interior, and is changing them into electric waves to bring the breath of life. These would be spirits, or second bodies, having never touched earth. If the vibration comes, I see no reason why these figures cannot live and pick up knowledge as a babe does. The body is

certainly a machine electrified with what is called life.

Our politicians have now come up from borderland, so I suppose the great climax is over and a leader chosen. I have seen some of the late arrivals here who were in the thick of it, and they say there never was such a stir since the government began. There was a large convention the other night among our governors and other interested people, and I went in to hear what had been done. Some of them said that if it had not been for the threats of manufacturers to close up business, Bryan would have carried the country. R. said it was done by money, and that McKinley was only a puppet for the millionaires to move by. Andrew Jackson said, "By the eternal, their greed will kill the country." Washington said, "Not so, not so. These great convulsions of feeling are the labor-pains of greater principles that are urging their way to the top. Things will right themselves by and by." Father was with me, and we listened till we got very sleepy. It seemed so odd to hear what was going on in our little earth. As we have no use for gold or silver money, it all sounds like a story-book. I suppose there was an immense amount of money spent, for, of course, these financiers would have been out of business if Bryan had been elected. Messengers go to earth every day for news, and all that is needful to know is carried up embossed in gold on handsome white paper, and carried to every home or to those who call for it. All medical ideas, discoveries, and new suggestions, whether in Mars or in any planet or sun, are brought to us and published for the archives of libraries. In the evening time I sit in my pretty studio, in a rose-scented easy-chair, and read all that the doctors of our clime have done during the day in borderland or in the fifth degrees. It is no more curious to read that a babe came across in a mere ball of marrow, and had to be placed in a kind of shell to grow, than it is to read that a babe was born to earth with double toes or thumbs. All these things have to be watched

and attended to in every world. Nobody can be useless. Amid all my work, dear mother, I do not forget to come and sit with you when you are alone and restful. You must not do too much and rob yourself of rest, for the law is to take care of number one, so you will be able to take care of number two and three. Make yourself snug and comfortable. It is not so large a home as we had, but you have found broader duties and do more good.

From WADSWORTH.

Interesting Particulars of Spirit Life.

Dec. 24, 1896.

My dear Mother,—We come round again to Christmas Day. In my journeys up to other spheres, I see the memory of it is brought across. Death cannot kill it, for I suppose it is a part of the soul. It takes a great while to forget what clings to us in earth. I find some people who have the ancient idea that this earth is flat, and the sky a great blue board with stars pasted upon it. I find men who were shepherds in Asia at the time astrology was born, and so believe that the stars lead the nations. I have removed these old believers to another sphere, in hopes that a circulation of new ideas will break up their earth notions. A notion is so set that it is ten times worse to cure than a carbuncle. I heard a preacher in borderland this morning explaining about why they had Christmas, because the only son of God was sent down here to save sinners and was born on that day. Somebody said, "Did God have only one son. I just came from earth, and the sinners are playing devil all over it. If this son is anywhere round, I should like to see him and tell him he didn't do much good." Father and I were down after a good green tree for our church, where the children are to sing and recite, and we hear all kinds of discussions. One said, "Do we get newspapers from earth over here? I want want to see how the Cuban war came

out." Some one said, "Messengers will soon pass through, and tell you all you ask them. They are sent every day to earth and to all other worlds." We carried our tree up, which was not the usual cedar or fir, but a small cocoa palm, as well as a lovely azalea bush in full bloom. I am off duty now for holidays and for rest, but I scarce can see a tired or unrestful spirit but I feel the impulse to begin to cure, to restore balance, and to wake up the energy that is lost. For sickness is only lost fires. You see we are composed of air, water, and fire, and the minute these are reduced the regularity is lost. Breathing impure air we lose the pure particles; and by not bathing, swimming, sprinkling enough, we lose water; by too great movement in labor, by worry and doubt, we lose fire. Now if a balance is restored, a trinity evolved once more, there could be no sickness. I find there are very few mortals and even third-class spirits who are whole, and developed in these immortal powers—air, water, fire. Some have not air enough to keep their organs clean, others not water enough to dissolve the glue, or moss, or lichen, which nature is always spinning over things that are unclean and indolent. Others have no fire to light the eye, the tongue, the hand, the foot. Change from one sphere to another helps to cultivate these. Sympathy, love, care, and happiness, all assist. If it could only remain Christmas all the year, with the feeling of it in every heart, it would do much to cure ills. If a soul gets low in pulse, it is hard for a doctor to recall the thrills of life, and so the first thing for a patient is to restore as much joy as possible, or at least to uplift it into faith and hope. I have a large class in borderland of real desperadoes, those who were in jail or roaming the streets as tramps. I exercise them in races for the air, and in swimming and spray baths, and very delicate perfume moistures, also in the jet or fountain leap. This consists in standing over a fountain, and going up with the burst of the water like a ball, and coming down in the spray. For fire I have practiced with

various degrees of electricity until finally the body grows refined and able to rise to the fifth sphere. I see sometimes you get discouraged with the patient, but there is no need, for the seed of your desire is in them, and it is their own fault if they don't improve it. A gardener may plant, watch, and cultivate, but he only gives conditions, and cannot make things grow. So you need only do the best which you see to do and urge the soul into effort. The earth body is so weighed down by anxieties and ignorance of knowing how to help itself that it does not spring into life as a spiritual body does. In my class some are years coming to life; that is, in realizing the depths they were in. As soon as they begin to be conscious of the sins against themselves, there is no shame to equal it, and then our cure by exercise comes to the rescue.

I see some in earth are trying a new way of cure, by water, snow, and dew, etc. It would do very well for a new world, where the people had no heredity of habit, but it is too dangerous for the present generation to break off from the main ancestry. It is on the same principle as Theosophy and an entire abstaining of meat. It will not succeed. Habit of blood and nerve are too strong to overthrow all the comforts and warmth which have usually been given to invalids. In the spheres, where the body is new, it would do very well. I shall be with you on Christmas Day at varied intervals. Some time I will go to the church. I am overlooking the libraries to find new ideas. I have under my command quite an army of physicians, but I never push them to examine cases that I would not do myself, as those hospital doctors on earth do. But, if I had stayed down, I should never have known the half I have now studied and practiced. Those Cubans perplex me, so many need attending at once. I have not yet seen Moses. I shall look in all the wards to see if he has risen, and learn his story. I do not understand all the reasons for death and life, but I am sure of this as a doctor,

that, if all parts of the body are elastic, fiery, energetic, reasons come by intuition.

If the pores are all open, so the ills can creep out and the new life creep in, we then have much understanding about these changes, and we can learn to return and be near our friends, even if we cannot help them. I send a happy Christmas to you.

From WADSWORTH.

Essays in Spirit Life on Different Subjects.

March 26, 1897.

My dear Mother,—I feel glad when there is a letter here from you, and I wish we could answer it right away, but we have to wait our hour, and until the medium is strong. I have been very busy, for there are unusual numbers coming over by pneumonia, and we have to keep the finest electrical flames moving to supply fibre or cell mesh. Sometimes I am tempted to do overwork, as when in earth, but the medical guides always stop me. We must have certain hours to recruit and make up the loss of our will-strength, else we are of little value. If will is not healthy, it does not do its work. This medium tries to cure her son by will, but she is not strong enough to make the necessary cell-tissue for his impaired brain. I have tried him myself, but I find the cells are all right, but dry and crisp, and lack magnetism. This can be gained only by due companionship, gentleness and patience, exercise in running, praise. Uncle T. has very fine ways of surrounding a patient with beauty and birds and devices that are really are labor, and yet seem as pleasure. With the use of the x-ray I hope the brain will come to be more studied and its needs supplied. The dry cells of the system are worse to heal than the wet cells, as in the case of bronchial disturbance. Eruptions are all dry cellular tissue, and thus hard to heal. Consumption in its dry, burning condition is hard.

You see, the cell is the beginning of all form or

shape, whether of animal or man—yes, and plant or insect—and if these are in order, then the whole system begins to recruit. I was called to a dry-cell case the other day by a form that came up from that hotel in flames—Lowell, I think. The crispest condition I ever found—it felt like straw husk. I thought even the magnetic pulse was burned, but that is a fire itself, and holds firmly to the life, or soul, whatever you call it. I vitalized it a little, and you should have heard it crackle along the husk. Then I vaporized it with oil of almond, and by alternate vapor and vital fire from a battery I finally got the cells started into growth. And I knew these cells would multiply of themselves and bring shape, just as any blue mold will multiply (or germs) every hour. A body is a plant, whether born in earth or born in second spheres and called spirit. It will grow if the right equilibrium is gained in the beginning. These anti-fats and anti-leans have a very good fact, if their theory was only known and reduced and produced by counter-balance. You must keep a dry case moist, and *vice versa*. This medium is a moist case, as the cells are somewhat maturated, and the linings, especially the stomach, ooze instead of hold. She needs dry air, rubbing, pleasure, sunshine, and medicines that dry without closing up and cracking the cells. I often look over your patients and impress you. But my dear mother has great good sense herself and a fair general judgment. I often tell father that mother draws knowledge from nature, and that we have no occasion to worry. Get some pleasure out of life, and do not absorb all the pains of others. Get rest, too, if only ten minutes alone. Your will is steady and true, and this is as good as if stronger. I feel proud that the children improve and begin to have associates and mingle ideas with mates. I have a club where we consider other questions than medicine, so as to rest from it. We have essays on different subjects. They gave me the tariff to write upon, but I said no, I can't do it. So they gave

it to General Grant, as he is pretty close to earth now, watching the great monument that his friends have arranged for him in memory. Then I got the subject of Easter, which is good. I can say something upon it. I am glad our friends are beginning to have belief in return. After a time more will believe, and I hope to bring Frank and George, Walter and others.

I have thought more of late of my betrothed. It does not make such sharp pain now to think of the past that she was in. But, even if I had lived, I might never have been able to get reasonable practice and a future of prosperity.

All will come right over here. I make all effort to do duty without thought of reward. I have home, land, friends, food, and clothes, and I am content with things as they must be. I wish I could help you more in a real money way, for I well know how it is a need in earth. But I am sure that you will be cared for.

WADSWORTH.

The Careful Treatment of a Suicide.

May 4, 1897.

My dear Mother,—How proud you would be, could you see these children! Father sings with Ellie in the twilight, and I have ordered an elegant lyre, full-stringed, for her. She is full of music. Our family is quite talented, and we all begin to have note among the higher and cultured bands. Your spirit, too, gains in power, and I often see the light flashed from you as you receive inspiration. When a mind lies open and is not closed by doubts, it receives many impressions of what to do and how to act. Yes, when you are alone evenings we can talk almost out loud to you, for it is then when you come out of yourself as a white mist, although not shaped as a spirit. Your soul-self is not fastened within so tight as many, so you are more able to be with us and hear and see.

The five senses merge into one, and at that mo-

ment your soul blossoms or rises beyond the body, just like a rose out of its stem.

If the soul were not able to thus emerge, it would at times burst the cells as if it were powder; for emotions are terrible strong powers, and it is well that there are pores in the frame like a sponge. I am sure you know how pressed the soul feels when anything comes of a sudden. We both had this pressure when I was taken out. After I waked up and could understand it was death, my body would not form for a time, but remained elemental, so great was my consternation and the thought of what you would do alone.

And I know how distressed you were. But let us be glad now that we have calmer feeling and understand the course of the law that works for good. One after another, all must change, and think of the inner scope of life, the greater knowledge, the finer spirit, the freedom of the air. We cannot be worms any longer, just living to get houses and food, but we may puff out our souls in long lightnings and starry sparkles, and be ourselves in body and out of body. As I write this with my soul in the letter, I am sending a long shaft of myself to father to mix a certain substance in yellow vapor for an acute case that I found in borderland as I came across—a man out by suicide, with brain cells all closed up and no formation, only a fine dust. I must inject into this dust, and thus give a natural tendency to settle to shape. When the patient is low in mind, if we inject fragrant vapors in the surrounding air, they will often settle the spiritual forces and renew the brain circulation.

The great secret of healing is not only to establish the natural circuit of the blood, but also to start the force that upholds the soul, so it can glance along from the head to the feet. The soul lives in every part, and, if it stays out of the feet, there comes chill; if it stays out of the head, comes a dry fever that spreads. Cheerfulness, courage, magnetic strokes, tenderness, all these start the soul. Uncle T. believes in starting that first, and says the

body vitality will follow. But I say, begin at both points of the ring, and then there will be quick action.

I can see that there are two hemispheres, or parts, to every body organ, as the cerebrum and cerebellum, the trachea and oesophagus, two elbows, shoulders, knees, feet, veins and arteries, motor and sensor nerves, etc. You see all is duplicated, and this means start the rings, so that one will assist the oither. I am pleased that our letters help you to bear the burdens. You must not have burdens if you can help it. Don't let the miseries and ills of the many rest in you. Just alleviate when you can, and trust the bands sent by the great control powers will do the rest. If you try to do all, they will not have any work. It is a mistake people make, trying too much management and not leaving enough for the helpers.

Sometimes it is better to let people exert themselves more, lest they get to leaning on you. Some other way will come if you let go. I don't want you to have burdens, neither does father. You need your own money and efforts now for your own needs.

My inventions are being slowly sent to worlds through coming into use. I am called now to all cases where the soul cannot build, but I do not always conquer the tendency to return to dust. If a soul gets weak, as is the case of that murderer in earth, it is liable to float after death with no body, and infect other brains until it is purified by the chemical properties in air. Ellie just told me I was writing too much. I expect she is in a hurry to rise up, and we all go together in the state ship and stop in borderland.

Wealth does not count for position. It is nobility and strength of will. This is a lovely old earth. I can see, as I write, the trees in bloom, and the pressure of springtime is on. I loved it, and I wish I could live awhile and work hard for you. We know the thoughts that come to you, dear mother, in your silent hours, and father is eager every day to know

how you are. You are not alone, but ever cared for. Your son,

WADSWORTH.

A Quick Way of Electrifying a Spirit.

June 18, 1897.

Dear Mother,—This is a jubilee day. I find, for millions of armies guard the gates to earth, but all are on duty and we can pass easily. Strange how the struggle for a principle will last and attract those who have been gone for centuries. Even the ancient Jews have neared the earth to-day. I asked why, and was told, "To see how the Christian Religion, which was born so long ago, is prospering." Well, so it is with the physicians the moment there is a convention for science. I find hosts of them come down to hear the arguments and see what is new. There is interest in every principle and a desire for its growth. Well, dear mother, the little girls tell me you are sad at times and need our assurance and comfort. You must not let your mind get low in tune and lose your faith. There are times, you know, when ways look dark in every work.

It is like the sky. Clouds have to form in it, and even storms have to darken the sun and send down the rain, else where would be the successful growth of the verdure and health of the nation? The dark is as necessary as the light, and does as much good. It is so with my work here. There will come a mighty rush of tossed and torn spirits across all at once, and I have to step lively; and again comes a lull, and only one or two come into our section. Of course I am not getting money, but I get power, and in the time of rush I gain many degrees of force, and inventions are sent to me and intuition becomes as a real sight. I do not think that things are slipping from you. It is only a lull in work and is needful resting time. The rush will come, for at all times and hours the dark diseases are creeping upon bodies and need help. Just now

Nature is herself doctoring people with the fresh sap from the deep roots, and there is a rise in strength in human frames in accord with Nature's push. A month more and this push will turn to full fruition, and then the sun will mellow everything into decay. So it is meant now for you to prepare yourself by rest and pleasure. Indeed, we do wish sometimes you had some little home away from influences of pain and people's groans. But it is better to fulfill the mission, and it is not yet time to let go. I have been quite busy of late, but decided to have a day with the children to see their graduation exercises and hear Ellie play her exquisite melodies. Father was very proud. So was Harriet, and others. The children were dressed in fine white linen with blue ornaments, and I must say their intellect is remarkable.

This is a school for the arts and the development of predominant traits. They do not yet understand chemistry in its fullness, or science or government policy, but our schools are more in specialties. If Idell had been educated in atomic and active principles, she could have helped me more. But father says we need some beauty and music in our kingdom. And so we do, for when I am tired I love these dainty pictures and songs. It rests me, and prepares me for the next day's work. I often wish I could let them into the mists of the earth for you. There are always new and curious sights through the microscope. The delicate wings of insects and the lace veins of the leaves after the green is taken off are so alike, and the *cutis vera*, after being dried, is like also, showing the resemblance in the structure from man to the smallest atom. And then, mother, if we dip thin wire frames into the water, how film will stretch across, and rainbows begin to play upon it! This is the very first step of heaven into earth, where spirit starts her web and the clinging of particles begins. A film is the root of all form, and the small day-fly that stays for the hour is the nearest thing to film that has life in it. The long legs must have served for wires. Some

things are really made in films without being born from eggs. I have seen flowers appear in our gardens from dewy films instead of roots. I have a quick way of electrifying a spirit, and sending out the torpid condition from the pores or avenues of the body. For instance, suppose a man discontented and grieved in the third sphere; I find the grieving has discolored his magnetism and I inject a slow volt of electricity, as we give morphine, you know. Sometimes after a minute the man begins to smoke or steam as if he was on fire. His nostrils dilate, his eyes sparkle, and every hair stands far out, like a fan. It is dangerous to give too much, so I use careful judgment. His veins gain color, and there is a rising of the mind from dark to light; courage comes and it is impossible to grieve, so the man is cured. The nearest to this that one can give on earth is the battery, I suppose, for, unless used judiciously, our slow volts would kill. But the day will come when most medicines will be set aside, and the system cleared of its clogs in this way. Thus all causes of cough or humor or distress by uric acid would be burned right out. Do not lose faith, mother. Keep your will going forth steadily.

From WADSWORTH.

He is Now Working in Borderland.

Sept. 18, 1897.

My dear Mother,—We have been with you many many times this summer, as you know. We carried you through with sympathy in the great trial that came; but, of course, it was more of a gain to us, even if a loss to you. What the earth loses, heaven gains, especially if the rising soul is of worth; and I am sure our dear one had patience, hope, spiritual longing, and many traits of character that are considered of value in every world. Death is to us as if some one had been born, and does not wear that black, sad aspect as in earth. Still, we all have memory of the feelings of lone-

liness left behind. I never shall forget how I pitied you the moment I came to my senses in the new body, and I was glad then that you had thought so much about the presence of those who go out and leave the body. I was sorry I had derided it as a belief, but I was so young I did not know as now. I know that worlds are all about us in space, and are parts of heaven, of differing qualities, just as the notes of a song are parts of a grand music. And, then, how much broader scope there is for growth! There was competition among doctors down here, and those with most money and advantages of friends got ahead, and but little attention was paid to the status of real knowledge. But in a new world everything was fitted and adapted, and sense is greater than money. I have your love and sympathy, and father's order, and the children's love of ornament and regularity and the fine arts; and so I am advanced just as fast as I gain in power. I have adapted electricity to the raising of the new form from the film of matter, which always comes over with the magnetic spirit. If a person died of any cold disease, I give electricity in warm red flashes. If they die of fever, then I give blue or white. These yellow-fever people out West are burned so their magnetism is wilted and like a plant dying. I give these a deep purple flash, and sometimes red, to see if life is weaving form. That fever is caused by dirt lying in streets and, I must say, by so thick a population of negroes. It is curious, but in great masses negroes exude a kind of dark sweat, which attracts a tropical germ into life. These germs seldom settle on negroes, but attack the whites. It is liable to break out where numbers of negroes live, and where there is much dirt and filth. I am working now in borderland awhile, as so many of our doctors like our way of rousing motion. It is on the same principle as a hothouse for plants. But somehow not many of our physicians can give the right bolt. This requires skill and plan and study, but much of it comes to me by impression. I think I must have inherited

this from you, for I note how quick you are to get impression of spiritual things.

Some things are not told to you until they come with a shock, as when taking away our dear and near and helping one the other day. But these startlings of the soul are useful both to those left and those who go, for it is change; and by and through change do benefits come. We had a kind of funeral over the forming body—no, I must not say funeral, still, it was in white as it was in black on earth, and all children and friends were dressed in white, and listened to an earnest prayer and remarks by the old pastor. But, instead of a dead body, it was a form just beginning to breathe the new life, and is now alive and well with us. These white funerals are given in hopes they will be impressed into earth, and take the place of sadness and mourning. But people cannot feel as we do, I know, about these things. You must not take this to heart, and let it hurt you; but try to think of it as an event which will bring about a new way. It will certainly bring more sympathy, and perhaps open a resting-place for you. Meantime do not worry, but go on with easy effort, taking up what comes in your path to do for humanity, without feeling distressed or lonesome. All things come right for those who help. This I find to be true; for, while I work hard in borderland, I find my mind intensifying with enjoyment when I rise to the fifth degree. I have more scope of ideas, and rest is as a peace that could not come to earth. Oh, how I wish I could take you out and up into this true rest! But they will not let me, neither would it be right to disturb the mission given you. It is like a book that must be finished before the calm and hopeful joy can come. I see spirits enjoying the upper spheres, and once I said, "How can you feel at peace when there is such extreme distress upon earth?" They said, " We go every morning to alleviate it and drop seeds of comfort for those who hearken; but self-opinion and thinking they know more than God does, en-

velop them, and they turn away without hearing." There is no way but experience for people to learn faith. When they are hurt, then they begin to cry out for us; and, as we rest, so we gain the magnetic flames which we leave in earth. Father could not be at ease at first, nor rest, because you were alone; but he has learned that, in order to help others, he must have a silent hour to regain power. Nothing can be done without entire rest and having the mind as thin as a morning mist. I suppose God saw the need of this when he rested on the seventh day, as was said. I notice some of your patients who go worrying on and ailing, and won't rest, are brought to a bed of sickness for the very purpose of giving the inside spirit a chance to look over its web and see what to keep and what to eliminate. We all rejoice because the Grecian war is over, and not so many rising to be cared for. It seems to be more the intellectual people who are coming now, and those who hold high office. It is curious how frightened they are when they become conscious that they have passed death. They seem to think that God could have no world but little earth; and, for all they have written books on the soul and believed in a future, yet they seem to be astonished that there is a future, and that man is capable of casting off his vegetative body and accepting this magnetic one. A magnetic body is easier to heal than a blood and adipose one. I belong to a fine argumentative school, where we discuss all that relates to form. We have a band who come from the Leutgert case, and we have really to smile when they say there are only two sesamoid bones in the mortal frame. What a shame it would be to these professors, who know so much, if that woman should suddenly appear! It would be the best lesson for doctors that ever was sent. Bones of animals are so like the human that none could be safely placed. I am called up now to a case just come over, and must go. My love is with you ever, dear mother.

From WADSWORTH.

All Feel the Tenderness of Mother Love.

Nov. 21, 1897.

My dear Mother,—I give you a holiday welcome, for all that is in earth is reflected over here. Even the cruel things are reflected, so we can judge about them and help heal them. It is coming winter down here, but in our sphere the leaves are green and fragrant, and flowers become every day fresh and beautiful. Sometimes I tire of this perpetual summer, so go towards the colder stars awhile. There are all kinds of grades of worlds, and one can be satisfied as easily as on this earth when they move to a warm climate and *vice versa*. The only difference lies in not being afraid to change or die; that is, I have to grow thicker, less magnetism and more tendency to blood and bone. The one called Christ had learned the art of dying from world to world very quickly, so he could cast off and take on whatever condition was needed for change. And so, from the very highest form of supreme light, he could descend to materialize flesh. But I do not yet understand these quick changes, althought I am a student in chemistry, and daily go up to the laboratory of the faculty to examine cells, glands, processes, and their relations to different atmospheres. But all ways require practice as well as study. Now I wish you could be with us in preparing holiday tables, but the duty you do down there reflects up to us and encourages us. We all feel the tenderness of the mother love. I realize it more now I am not worried about needs. I see you still have some worry for the future, but you can cast it aside, for something comes at the call. It is not great wealth that helps so much as this curious supply that comes at the very end, when the soul has done expecting. I watch this process in many homes, and am sure that there are bands ready with supply when the experience has gone far enough to stretch the soul. If I had lived, how tired I would have been waiting for practice, not knowing that experience was a need for the mortal in all condi-

tions of spheres! Oh, this is the place to learn the good laws. Somehow in earth we are so closed in by the body. We have brought our bones almost down to rock, and our muscles to leather, and our nerves will carry only the sounds of the material atmosphere. So we are compact, hard to die, liable to hold germs after they squeeze into the soft portions; and our spiritual pus, if I may so call it, is impure and mixed. So, when we go out by death, we can rise only to borderland. I am still experimenting with my electric methods to separate the crude atoms of the spirit from the leaven. If the leaven predominates, the person rises very quickly from borderland, and understands all the reasons of life. But, if the self-atoms—deceit, lies, doubt—weigh the most, then I have a hard patient to attend every day. We have tried to send you a good many little duties, and I see you take them up, and it is well, for it gives you more expression and ways to reach the ills of people. We had a good visitor one day in the loving dear one who came up, and all is well. Idell and Ellie need her to watch them and judge for them while I am on duty in my band. You know whoever is called has place here long before they come. There is a preparation some months before the time of the call. Even if by accident or sudden ill, yet the bands know it is not accident, but only a method to come away—a door to push open. Our good oculist came over easily, and made into form with my help, and is now resting and observing and walking to and fro in a lovely garden, because his work was so monotonous below as to tire him. I hope, mother, you keep warm and well fed, so as to have winter strength. I often wish I could melt some of the gold rocks I see in our land, and send them to you by vapor, and then condense them again. It is said that those old Rosicrucians used to know the art of doing this, and I think by constant study for a few months I could learn it. Gold was once all in the atmosphere,

and has been sent to earth for ages, and so got buried with accumulations. With love,

From WADSWORTH.

Fruit in Spirit Life.

Dec. 18, 1897.

My dear Mother,—It is coming Christmas, and I think every spirit has sensation of coming home to earth, as memory is fresher and more active at this time. I don't know why, for surely we have enough to eat and drink, far more satisfying than the flesh food of the past; and we have pleasant homes and gardens and spheres of usefulness. So it must be the groove of association away from the back ages that has impressed the mind; or, as a guide told me, it is the innate benevolence of the original soul working itself out into action, and grasping the grand universal brotherhood. This guide said every year more souls kept hold of this universal chain of love instead of sinking back into individualizing, and thus the world progressed toward a fulness of the best powers. He said if holidays had not been grooved in memory as times of sympathy and outpouring of self-light, that improvement of races would be impossible, for by these days or times of uprising of the powers in mortals the celestial bands keep their promise of redeeming all mankind, and casting off the devils of sin. I have of late been conversing with guides of high degree in a religious way instead of a medical one. It is time I learned more about emotional phases of the being, for they affect the body more or less, as I have noticed when working over patients in borderland. I find that those who had a religion that admits of the devil set against God, and trying to get away His people, do not come to shape so quickly as those who believe that God Himself is dealing out the evil, as well as the good, and there is no devil at all. Then there is a class who have run along life by fear of future punishment, and were held in check by persons preaching it. And so I

find that what we put into the soul affects the formation of the body just as much as bad air or bad food or neglect of bathing. A man who never washes his soul by the magnetic flash of a good deed suffers much while coming *to*, as we used to say after an anaesthetic; while those who open their sense organs every morning, and air out their nerve processes, and absorb the sunrise and the bird chirps, spring up and put out head, arms, feet, just like a plant coming swiftly into bloom. So we see the necessity of feeding the soul before being born here. Even my tender electric methods of assisting a body to shape will not give that complete and perfect roundness and freshness that a life of well-doing can do.

I am telling all this so you can see what I lecture about. I do not know what you might say if you knew that I, who seldom thought of serious things, had turned attention to what is called religion. But you see why I was led to it: because something made an obstacle in my quick appliance of electric stroke, and some who held the tight Presbyterian notions wouldn't grow fast, but lingered along, half-mortal and half-spirit, as if they could not bear to know whether there was a devil or not. I found many of the old ministers, who thought they were the elect, were yet in islands of our commonwealth, and could not evolve the winged magnetism which the soul uses to float on air with. I find there is something more potent than even electricity to raise the condition of a newly-born being. It is possible I shall have to reincarnate in order to learn what this is, unless through you I can learn more about the incoming of the vital spark and its flame. After you come maybe you can spare me a few years, so I can have more study in the very roots of the soul. Some doctors tell me to let well enough alone, and go on reviving as best I may. But I hate to see forms half made, like chickens with one leg out of the shell, or the head a film, or lost auricles of vena-cava, and lying so for months. I am sure I could overcome the obstacle if I only knew the root of

the soul or whence it evolved. After these lectures I notice a whole class of our medical students go to earth and surround clinical cases and operations, so as to supersede me; but no matter, a truth with us is never patented: we are all glad to have one found. I am attending lectures at present about these Christmas holidays and their origin, and how many Christs there were in each earth, and what amount of good they did. I am rounding out my education in other ways besides medicine. Father laughs, and says, "Wadsworth, if anybody will solve these old questions about life and the way to harmonize it, you will; for you are like mother, inquiring into everything."

I well remember, mother, when you came to the sphere. Your love and longing to find me made your soul-self very light, and you must have been out of your body, all but a thread. If I had known all that I know now in physics, I could have strengthened that thread, and brought you to consciousness, so you could have clearly seen and heard, and returned satisfied that I was in a good place. When you faded back from my vision, I remember father held out both arms, and cried out, but I was too weak to say anything.

You ask what we eat. I wish you could come up and see these Christmas tables in the gardens and the messengers bringing the red sliced melons, the large juicy figs, grapes, oranges, and melons which taste like turkey, and magnetic sparkling fruits and liquids, one swallow of which will vivify a man into new efforts. The fruits, being ripened by our sun, Alcyone, or by some larger sun, are adapted to the spirit taste, and, as I have often told you, no more can be partaken of than to supply the activity of the system, with very little waste. No well-formed spirit comes around a barrel of dirt and waste, as is done in earth. Fire shoots through the duodenum and smaller tubes, and holds out the little lacteals and nervy substance, so the form is like unto the earth, but not so weighty. Think of

how many millions of tons of waste the human race supplies to the soil. The system has more than it can circulate for its needs and nourishment. Now we have selected just those grains and fruits which will be taken up for use; that is, to keep the balance of form and sustain every portion. There is no such selection in earth, and so the stomach is always grinding what it does not need to fill the barrels. And sleep is natural. Mr. Wm. P. has slept the greater part of the time since coming. He was so tired, but is getting on now. I slept much at first, and so did Fred. It is according to what one does with the system and how hurt it is. Father sleeps more than I do. But the children, not having passed through the earth pains, are rested and off to the hills to see the immense sun rise and the moons go down. If only the death rate would one day delay, I would take a vacation and stay upon earth the whole twenty-four hours; and yet what use, as long as no one can see or hear us? Yet we can give presence and impressions of ideas, and that is of worth. We can also comfort you in your home, for you realize us, especially on Sabbath evenings. I have a picture I want to send you. I will hang it in our studio until you come. Idell drew it. It is the four who are all yours in the new home, and who send you a happy Christmas.

From WADSWORTH.

Gardens of the Heavens Plentiful in Juices.

April 14, 1898.

My dear Mother,—I send you Easter love and greeting and assurance that everything will work for good in the end. The law of our world is continually pressing its manifestations into all earths, and so, after a time, it cannot help but ripen the hearts and thoughts of mankind. When I first came here, I could not understand the law of spirit overcoming matter any more than I did in earth. But, remembering the quiet remarks you so often made to me, and by listening to the converse of the bands and faculty, I soon learned to follow the thread of

a divine law through all things. And now I am quite an expert in giving reasons and arguments to those in borderland who are all despondent because of death, and being separated from family. For, look at it as we may, mother, it is at present a separation to those who have not burst the covers of selfism. Your spirit is able to rise over its form, and see and hear with spiritual sense; but very few have this divine gift, and so death is a separation. The people are just like the roots of a plant that cannot see the blossom above, and so will not believe there is any. We had a delightful service on Easter, and the incense from thousands of flowers was like thrills of music over all who listened. I noted the friends and others who were of note in earth, and had brought over some deed that gave magnetic force. Idell had a large picture, on the eastern wall, of peace angels, supposed to be in contact with earth at present to avert war and restore brotherly love. I asked her who sat for the angels, but she said they were projections of faces sent through her pencil. Is this not like mediumship? I think the children are inspired in many things they do, and I believe more and more in the one world sending messages through into another world. Why not, when all these stars and planets are strung on the big vibrating chain of divine law? Like apples on one tree, all receive the sun down the branches or the sap from the soil. I find, as I study, that life is not so complicated as our inferior senses try to make it.

Father arranged the studio for Easter in an ornamental way, not precisely with flowers, but that which is born of flowers. He opened a long vial of violet perfume, and there was a fountain of purple mist rising about a foot high, throwing off white bubbles and giving out an exquisitely odorous fragrance that, if long indulged in, would create the trance. Then he opened other glass vials that gave out a golden spray, and one that was so extremely subtle and spiritual, gave out a white ball, which culminated in lilies, and so perfect were they that

thousands tried to grasp them, but the evanescent things would vanish. The gardens of the heavens are so plentiful in juices that I often recommend baths in these perfumes, adapting the color to the patient. We do not have alcoholic ferments, but we extract higher qualities of juices from our grains and blossoms. We do not have to keep parts of body in alcohol, as in earth, to study; and, indeed, there are no parts, for when a spirit dies, or, as we term it, rises, the body is so shriveled that it seems to dissolve into the electrical waves. If a spirit seems despondent or frail, or sad, we place it under the cathode ray, examining every part, and then apply the necessary lack. Most spirits lack sympathy. These we treat with the spray of yellow, either from roots or the air. Then, when they begin to shine, they naturally give sympathy, and thus get it. We get what we give, and no more.

Space paths and currents around earth are thick with patriotic people of our country, all waiting to know about war. Father and I are storing thousands of juice extracts, drops, subtle vapors, and those things needed to restore the second body; for probably the shores will be covered with them and our hospitals filled. It means busy work; but, as there is always room and orderly purpose, there is no fear of hurry or neglect. We often revive a soldier who is shot, but not blown apart, before the earth body is buried. The change of worlds is progress. It gives the chance to consider and begin anew. Father is not down to-day, the air is so excited I thought he had better keep away from it. He sends you Easter welcome, and says he will be glad when he sees you walking up our pathway and joining us here, knowing there is no more sickness and distress. You never had much joy yourself, mother: you gave it all to others. We hope to open a way yet for ease and quiet, and at the same time to be a comfort to those who have needs.

From WADSWORTH.

In the Lower Spheres there is Death.

June 12, 1898.

My own darling Mother,—You know how my heart jumps to be called here to meet you and to write my thoughts. There is nothing I so love as to tell you what I have been doing and all that exists in this quick-moving law. I have many honors which are represented by shields and badges, and one school gave me plumes to wear. But I feel too much like a prince, so father has them carefully laid away for you to see; and they may be of use when I rise higher. For a plume is the same as liberty, and gives the spirit the password into the immense space between worlds or lands of liberty. I have to hear by proxy, but this good minister gives me the idea. I mean that flesh can be illuminated by power of mind, as you can see on the brow of a truthful and spiritual mortal; and that, as the spiritual body rises with its finer flesh, or folding, it becomes yet more light, and by the time the soul reaches the seventh degree all the material has dropped from it, leaving the folding as light, a result of the constant sifting and uplifting of deaths. As I improve in mind, I overcome flesh, each time sifting out the gross and receiving from the higher until I shall be as light-body. I have seen a little child born of love into earth, and in an hour dying out of it. This little body shrinks into a very small compass, so it is not larger than a doll, because all the love has arisen to form the new body. This child, being all love, bounds from one sphere to another away to the seventh; and, every time it bounded, it left small bundles of self, until all of it was illuminated love. But seldom a child rises as this one, for they are mostly born of passions, and not of sacred feelings.

I can see that matter has pretty full sway over earth. In very few people does mind rise out of it enough to make it obey. It should be so, and must, before the souls therein can strike out for the immortal growth. You do your part, dear

mother, for you have knowledge that the soul is the master and matter the subject. The soul must have the power of the master in itself before it can use it over things. But the rocky conditions of other souls so buried in themselves does act as an obstacle to your efforts. But never mind, keep on in harmony, and with my help we will let some souls through the jail of matter, and keep them awake until they, too, start others. Let us set the world to work, and give them all something to do. It is because of the drones that there is so much buried of the self in habits and in needs. No one should be buried in need, but just call it around them and use it. A habit makes a shroud, and the mortal lies under it, like a worm under a stone. The habit of meals at just such an hour may be carried beyond order, and become a worry. The trouble with people is they go to extremes instead of keeping in the harmonies. They fold in like a chrysalis, and never think of being born into great happiness. There was no need of death until the mortal thickened up so much in flesh and in habit that there was something to die from. A sixth-sphere angel never dies. There is not enough to die from, no set habit, no fastening to time and things, no discord or worry, or darkness or sin. Nothing to die from, so they never die, but grow into the seventh degree. I will not say there is no dying from the lower spheres, because there is. We cannot escape the mass of matter we left; and the deeper the mass the longer we are dying; though I did not leave much distress, nor sorrow, nor sin, nor any habit, nor mass of matter, when I came away, and so I can go more upward into spheres very well. The only thing I see that at all worries me is the self-sacrifice you made in the house and other ways for my education, and these I am determined to rectify. I have the power which education brings. I did not waste a jot of that old home, for it turned to light, and I have it in me. And so father and I will look out for you, steadily returning in light what was taken out in money.

For money and light are the same thing, only one is adapted to earth and one to spirit. I love to answer your questions. It seems as if I was again in form and going to the hospital, reaching for the fame which is now almost mine and of use in the immense future. The reason that springs as geysers or cold fountains last so long is because nature gives and receives its balance, and therefore cannot give out in supply. A law which can become balanced is then in tone with the mighty law. In these worlds the eating and drinking is just sufficient to keep time and tune with the body, so evacuations are slight, and sometimes not at all—every jot of food passing to body and thrown off in magnetic vapor as fast as used in energy, thus losing the need of outward lower passages for aught but magnetic worn particles.

A sacrifice is the giving up of self for another. It cannot be done without love. I know you wanted to, that you loved to do it, and that is why I know it must return by the sympathetic law. If it had not been love, it would not have been as an impression. I see now how God loved the world, sacrificing by the suffering of Christ. That was always a fable to me until now. You have brought it out plain to me. You were sacrificed that I might have fame, and that prayer is just as sure to be answered and give its returns as that Christ saved by his sacrifice. I have already fame, and the results will come to you in work, and in leading the worn and weary ones into the truth of building their bodies well, for no irregular form can go beyond the third spheres. Organs and shapes must be very symmetrical before they can pass beyond the portals of that country. The understanding must be so developed as to make every cell obey the harmonic rule of give and receive, and so balance. When you are sick, my mind, or some physician whom I bring, makes your will low, so your body will obey. How could our minds press against yours, for my mother has a pretty stalwart and firm mind when it is up straight and on fire? So we have to lower

your will, that we, in our turn, may control the flesh, and get the currents in harmony again. Do not have worries. Trust in us, for we have influence and ways which you know we will use.

Your son, W.

Necessity of Developing the Spiritual Within.

Nov. 23, 1898.

My dear Mother,—I knew you would think of us to-day. I hope you will go to see our loved one, where I shall find you. The children will bring flowers in the morning, and, wherever you are, we shall dine also—that is, dine by the dear old smells of the day, though our more aesthetic dinner will be with Idell and Ellie. It is just as substantial for our present body as the fowls and ribs of earth were to the other body. All over the universe things are adapted, and what makes the struggle is the way the mortal tries to spoil the adaptation, and form methods of self-opinion. The more I study, the more I see how smooth life would go on if people did not think they knew so much more than the Almighty. But you see how it is in the heredity, and runs from father to child, like a steady stream, and so there will have to be struggle and strain for years to stifle obstinacy and fallacy of the man, and let the natural laws work as they should.

During the holidays I am on duty, and so I visit different stars and this earth at my leisure and a number of my faculty. We were in the great country called Leo, where the meteors came from this year. There are immense amalgamations of gases thrown from earths that are similar to this one. As the gases fuse, they become solid and turn to metals, and burn all the way across the air. The earth casts off the same, which can be seen way up in Leo stars. It is merely a throwing off of gas, the same as the human body does when full of wind. We visited many of these earths, and found they revolve around some sun, and have real clay-formed

people, much more solid and bloody than a spirit. We also visited some very refined countries or stars where the body is delicate, the nerve processes folding together and forming a pure white and pink surface for the outer.

No, mother, I do not think children are newly created in spirit and then born into earth. There are child seeds, just the same as there are dandelion seeds, floating over all earth worlds. This is another case of adaptation, for we have often seen these microscopic little oval seeds with the tail end. Where these originate I know not. Some celestials tell us they are spiritual thoughts of God Himself, thrown off into space, with desire to bury or mould into matter and become His image as they grow. These seeds are breathed in by the male, and thus through the process of sex and the habit of innate instinct of the seed itself it follows nature and becomes a child, just as an apple seed given its adaptive soil will become a tree. An apple seed cannot become a child, because it has not a sufficiency of God in it to progress to that condition; but it can become as the arterial system, for, if you were to turn a tree upside down, it resembles at once the great aorta and veins with all their branches, and their fruit tries to resemble the several human organs. Hen seeds (eggs) and insect seeds go as far toward the image of man as they can reach. But, as far as I can judge, all eggs or seeds originate from what is called Deity, or the breathing image of life. But some are from the highest sense, some from the lowest, and not filled out. The human seeds, being of higher spiritual quality, and coming from God's head, let us say, are brainy, and can also think as God can. And, the more this thought sense is exalted, the more useful the man, and the more understanding is given to him. So, if an individual fails to ripen his self-seed and develop the spiritual within, the longer will be his journey to mortality or any rising in the spheres. So sometimes a spirit dwindles down—that is, loses the body force, and becomes seed again, and is thus

entered again into earth and is reborn. This is reincarnation. Sometimes the individual is transferred to other earths or other stars, according as he is adapted. Then there are reincarnations by the forest substance, especially with Indians. If an Indian is not ready after death to move on, the broken and disjointed spirit is carried to a forest and left awhile, until the green chlorophyl, or matter, enters the system, and thus materializes him again into clay as an adult; and he never remembers he died, but walks about as if he always lived here. I know spirits who have changed worlds hundreds of times. There was Jesus, who made his descent many times along those past ages, and he was called other names. After a spirit has got through his reincarnations, then the memory of it all comes to him, and he sees how much he gained by those changes. He might have been a drunkard in one incoming, and in the next one overcome it. I really think, if father could be placed in some higher earth awhile, he would be stronger, as he would gain the impulse of a stronger make-up. But, still, it may be there is no need; for all cannot be hardy spirits.

There are some very curious worlds in space, and all kinds of spheres; but, being so far apart, there is no disorder. Every spirit is sent to the most adaptable place, or where love calls it, so there is no danger of getting lost. It is an immense study, and wonderfully interesting. You will be here sometime to study it all with me.

From WADSWORTH.

Judging the Atomic Make-up of the Spirit.

Dec. 18, 1898.

My dear Mother,—I wish you a pleasant Christmas, and you will know that we shall be with you when you call at some part of the day. We shall hear and come, notwithstanding duty, for there are others to take our place on the instant. I am preparing some newly arrived spirits in borderland to celebrate their Christmas in their new homes without lamenting their death from earth. Some feel sul-

len about it; some are grief-stricken; some blame the Almighty for taking them away from a money-making world; and all these we call sick patients. I electrify them with the little machine of my invention, and thus start the action of the nerves and the play of the magnetic fires. If the body has its full circle powers, there is no danger of despondence over any change. It is when the circle is obstructed, and the wastes do not flow off fast enough to give room to the fresh income, that grief and terror and disease are started. If I was in earth with this machine, I could so treat those weak, giving-up people that life would renew in them, and they would attract success, both in friends and in business and money. After a time, when electricity has more fully entered into human uses, I shall hope to introduce this quick restorer of vitality between the circle systems, motor and sensor, cell to absorbents, and bone to its interior cartilage. Every part of the body is a work of rings or ovals; and, with these started like a mill-wheel, and kept going, a person could almost live forever. At any rate, the change would be merely a going to sleep and being born lighter, into lighter ovals and circles.

In these days of jubilee there is much using of evergreen and flowers for ornament, and our dear children and others are busy arranging. Then we have candies, which seem almost to grow on the cane, so flush with the glory of sunlight are they. Sometimes it is not worked through machines, but taken right from the ooze—pure white, and in oval drops that give the taste a thrill, enough to make a glory of eating it. Every fruit or juice is so raised in tone of taste that I think a mortal could not eat of them without excitation of the nerves, as they are adapted to the new body and the more keen nerves. Eating and drinking are like electric thrills to us.

You must be careful, mother, and keep warm this winter, for you are needed some time in earth yet, not only for healing, but for the band spirits to reach certain doctors with more open ideas. You

know how hard it is for our hospitals to receive any new creed about medicine; but, through your mind, we can send many an impression, and they think they are the originators themselves, and so put it in as a test on some poor patient who is not paying money. Then they use the idea, and it gets into practice, and is not called quack. There is no mind so obstinate as to new methods as the medical minds in earth. The habit comes across, but is more easily argued, as they cannot help seeing the effects. We are each allowed a few minutes' speech when in session, to tell what new way we have learned and practiced. My electric machine, which operates on freshly born spirits, and brings them into shape quickly, is now authentic, and others begin to use it. So the whirls and coils of men and women that roll up on our shores are carried away faster and gain vitality in the hospitals. I think father is better than usual, and is much quicker to move about, and this is a great help to me; for, when I telegraph for certain medicines or leaves, if they are sent on the instant, I can attend to more patients, and thus get more honor, and by honor we rise, and not by money.

I see the Rev. B. at times. He has cast out the old creed, I guess, and does not now use the Bible for texts, as all that, he says, applied to earth. I often note that ministers here preach from a rose or a small tree, or from a butterfly, instead of from the Bible. It is odd here. Death changes ideas, and drops old religious forms and fears about hell and stories about the devil. Most preaching now is how to drop old habits, and so gain lighter magnetism and power. A man who has power can control material action, and verily turn water into wine; for all over the universe atoms are the same, only they differ in arrangement, and so cause a different shape. There are square atoms, and rounds and circles and hearts; and these condense according to their affinity for each other. So some people are all made of heart atoms, which establish an affectionate nature. But, if disease germs eat the

points of the hearts, then it affects the affections for the worse. Other people are made of square atoms, and these are all right with the worlds in truths, but constantly hitting with corners. So, when a spirit arrives here, we immediately judge of his atomic make-up, and thus know his character and his quality of self. Then we set about straightening the general cells into natural form. If you could learn whether a person was heart-atomed, or whatever shape, you could soon tune and tone them into natural consistency, especially if you had the electric motor which I have invented for tuning the nerves, just as a musician tunes a violin, and so prepares it to give good sound. All these muscles and bones are mere projections of the nerve cells, guided into growth by will, energy, hope, love, and progressive mental strength. So, if the mind is fully toned, there is no room for disease or sin; and grief will not last long.

The children will trim your room for the holidays; and, if you listen toward evening, when you feel most lonesome, you will hear Ellie play on her Aeolian harp. Be cheerful. Give my love to my old love. I wish her cheer, and accept my Christmas letter in token that good times are coming.

From WADSWORTH.

The Earth Man Packed with His Future.

Feb. 28, 1899.

My dear Mother,—I feel glad that you can keep our way clear into earth, for, as Idell says, we need to make comparisons for progress. Our faculty comes every day to hospitals or battlefields to judge of death changes, and watch the soul spin anew the second body, thus forming contrasts between material and spiritual ways. All our physicians are very busy this season, not only on account of war, but because of the singular extremes of cold and storm in this earth. Very few lungs can stand these extremes unless born in arctic zones and living there, and thus these delicate organs

are the cause of many deaths at this time. It is harder to renew lungs than any other organs, as here is where life and death meet in struggle, both at birth and in the change. The tissue that separates the blood from the direct air is very fine; and, being accustomed to oxygen, it is hard to change to ether or finer breath quality. Sometimes a spirit lies a long time in balance as to whether it will revive or be reincarnated. I save many by my refined battery invention; but it must be finer yet to be relied upon, and this is now my daily study; for the veins flow magnetism instead of blood, and the air is ether instead of oxygen, so you see there are different effects. The bodies that lie within each other, and are born as change requires, or as we progress, are immense studies. The earth man is packed with his future, as if he were a trunk; and this future emerges as he advances in spheres. Even an idiot has enough to last for ages; and, as far as I can judge, life goes on and on with no end. I have never seen any end yet; for, when I live in the fifth zones, I find people rising into finer body from what we used to call the North End; so it is not poverty or dirt that holds back a vigorous soul. I once asked a guide what held a spirit back from the very elevations of life spheres. He replied: "It is retention of some habit of earth, some self-opinion. Does not your good Book say, 'Ye must become as a little child if ye would enter heaven in all its truth'?" I can rise quite high. As Idell says, your love helps us to cast off the earth. Sometimes, perhaps, I feel too proud of success, and the old habit of a little victory over the older doctors comes to me. But I try to conquer it, just working for the universe, and for no emulation of self. Praise comes by divine law, and so illuminated is the body in every vein and cell that all our people know by a glance what is the soul's true motive. I wish it was so in earth; but blood is thick and does not allow its fire to shine. Nevertheless, blood is a low-burning

fire, a fuel, as we call it, made from food. And it is only a question of time when this fuel refuses to burn, and then comes death, and blood gives up its fire to the new formation.

All your loving thoughts and desire to see us form a line of light, or telephone, which we can use either to write or to give impressions; but the others of the family have no self-line. I must confess I had none myself until I came here, and saw that all this worship of the throne and angels carried on in the churches was really emotion of nerves, and that heaven was only another condition of country, and everything can be chemically considered and accounted for by strict science. The uncles and aunts and cousins have no self-line to send us, and we cannot use your line for tests to them, because individuals each create a different current. In the earth it is the same. Suppose I used a telephone to you; I could not telephone at the same time on the same line to others. Here we have to work for the building of truth and to see every spirit happy.

When I saw all the boys sick in the hospital, it used to distress me, because I knew so little about healing; but now I find that if we do our best for ailing and weak ones, we need not have grief, for other ways open, different from ours. And these other ways are better and all under guidance, though we do not see through the mist. When you come you will say "Oh,I am sure you could never have gained such tact and honor in the lowly earth, because of competition." In these spheres there is room for all true practice, because no one is allowed to work in any art or method unless he loves it and holds it in esteem far above money. There can be no deceit, for it is in the lines of a man's face and in the flame of his eyes whether he is true to the work or not. I see the celestials have taken many from high positions in government this year, also authors, ministers, judges, and learned men. I suppose this is because there were too many, and so needed pruning. Also, those new islands will take up thousands of people, and give chance

for the new ones coming in. Why, I heard some of our judges say there was not room in earth to incarnate spirits, and the population was ahead of the produce. So means of thinning the ranks had to be used, else there would be a famine or pestilence.

Some of our astronomers have impressed the idea of larger telescope discs on earth minds; it will soon be taken up, not only for study of the sun, world, and stars, but for appearances in ether. As soon as a glass is made fine and large enough to discern particles of ether, then veins of spirits, or second bodies, and silken boats and ships that sail the silent sea, will be seen, and thus more proof of inside worlds and ways will be given. The mortal sight is accustomed to certain vibrations and no more; and spirit, with its flash of fire in the veins, is beyond and above this sight. I am staying near earth now, because of such rush of incoming forms who need the stimulus of quick electrical care. My will is strong and steady. Father thinks I get this from you. And I can make a disembodied spirit believe in the change and set pulse going better than most of our doctors. Regulation is what they need, and order. I have held many from going into the egg condition and lying for years. Try rest, mother, and not work so hard. I wish we could help you more.

From your dear son,

WADSWORTH.

The Yellow Flame is for Motion.

April 6, 1899.

My dear Mother,—Your spirit rises and expands so quickly now that we can meet you in the ether atmosphere that fills within the oxygen, and impress you with our thoughts and love. We could have no real happiness unless you could share it with us, for the doing of duty without sympathy would feel so lonely and forlorn. Father would sink down into a weak condition but for your daily thought toward him, and the help he gives me in

my work. Love seems to be the great motive power of the worlds, not only for our own, but love of the great powers of the universe, and desire to assist the bands in spreading this gospel. I can see that love and sympathy can do much toward expelling disease from the organs, and calling in that vital magnetism that the spring calls into the roots. If a lung or heart is vitally filled with a friendly, earnest desire for strength, it casts out fear, and pushes for uniting with divine fullness. People let fear rule too much, and this closes the cells against pure magnetism. But it is hard to regulate patients who have indulged in fear and foreboding for ages. Somehow it is in the generation, and I think the Lord did well to make a period called death, so one could cast off old habits and begin anew. I could never have saved as many as now if I had lived in earth, because I had not the will in full strength, nor had I any belief in overcoming disease by the persistent endeavor of the spiritual part of ourselves. Medicine is thrice blessed if it is assisted by a call for pure magnetic thrills. These are continually being sent in voices, in deeds, in flowers, and especially in music; and, if the patient can be so roused and exalted as to catch the fullness of natural thrills, then healing will be the result. If I had only been a strong celestial spirit when that trouble came to the poor fellow in the hospital, I think I could have killed those germs with a gentle volt of pure white electricity. The yellow flame is for motion. But there is a blue and white flame, and a delicate violet, and, although they show in color as the force of motion bursts the cells, still their rightful use is for adjustment of discords in the human frame, or even those discords between individuals or races. Did you ever note, when there was a war, there is much heat lightning and an array of blue waves of light in the air? This is Nature trying to equalize things, and so to bring harmony.

No, mother, I do not think it will take a long time for you to work with me. All my ideas are

the seeds I brought from you of knowledge, and, when you change bodies, these seeds will have vitality, and you will sense things by intuition. You will say, "Why, W., I know all these truths; they were a part of me even when I was a little girl." Grandma says you were always a queer child, with strong spiritual notions.

What has become of the old homestead? Whom did you sell it to? I have seen some of those old ladies over here. They seem full of herbs and juices of roots, so they cannot rise very high, but still are content and happy. There are duties in such lowly lives as well as in broader action. I never could be content to visit homes just to ornament, as these old ladies did on Easter Day. I like a scientific life and to fathom all kinds of cells and mysteries.

Oh, yes, we can see this sphere of earth from the third-zone stars, but not from the fifth. It looks like the rest from that distance, and is exceedingly small, with its little moon traveling along. It is surrounded by a dense mass of cloud and moisture, owing to all that rises, especially in times of war. So, unless one has a guide, or learns the chemical ways of approach, he is liable to roam around borderland some time. When I approach I drop *light*, and absorb what is termed material essence, then I am about the quality of the medium's spirit or your spirit. If I should thicken out deeper, I probably would become folded as flesh, but all the pains and diseases of this life would then set in, and I see no use. It might hold me for days, for the flesh is a terrible tangle. We all had a pleasant Easter, and were with you at all times during the day, bringing lilies and roses. We sent a band of spirits to my old hospital to ornament with blossoms. I wish you could have seen them. You did see them, but your soul forgets when it returns into body.

Here comes a spirit, who asks to write a word; says he never had any but magnetic doctors. Now, mother, do live as easily as you can, and don't try

to heal all the world. You have only your small part to do, and that is mission enough. If every body had just one weak person to cheer and befriend, this earth would not have so many in asylums and jails. I see how neglect and selfishness does it. Why, if these bands of shining spirits were not watching and striving to do their best, the earth would burn in its own selfish fires; mankind would devour itself. The spirit beside me has lived a humane life, I see, by his color; and his organs are full of light. You see it is the principle which a soul weaves in itself that gives beautiful color, quick motion, and often a lovely crown, or halo, over the head. I shall be near the earth now for some time, as I take the place of a physician who must rest. We are given our rest and pleasure and work, so that all is a joy to us and no monotony or force, for the needs of life. Gardens of fruit and grains and juices stretch for hundreds of miles, and all have food, if they work for humanity, and not for self alone. We all send love.

From WADSWORTH.

The Rosebush Grows as it Feeds on the Sunbeams.

June 8, 1899.

My dear Friend,—With every letter you write your spiritual strength grows stronger and keener, and your soul moves nearer to the ethereal light, where you receive direct answers to your questions instead of through the medium's power of others. As the soul is fed and nourished by faith and hope and all divine qualities, it grows in breadth and height and ability to be at one with God and his eternal laws. You see how a rosebush grows as it feeds on the sunbeams and showers, and spreads into space and is at one with the glad beat of earth. So it is with an inspiring soul. It nestles nearer to God, and thus receives his boundless care. A person may have land, houses, money, but, if he is far off from the ethereal light, he is apt to stumble and lose all. We must draw up to the very center of the divine principles of faith, hope, love,

sacrifice, if we would get help and answer for our needs. We must not linger on the edge, and be guided partly by our own self-opinions, but give the whole up to God's guidance, and then we follow his law.

REV. I. M.

A Larger and Swifter Air Carriage.

Our loving Mother,—Oh, how I wish you would fold up your work and come home where your loved ones are longing for you! Our teacher says, "Wait, little girls, until the mother's duty is done in earth."

What is your duty? And don't you think there is just as good chance to help the weak ones over here? But teacher says that brother works through you now, and learns many things of material life which he needs to know for comparison. So you must stay a while longer, and do enjoy while you stay, and have surety that every needed thing will come. Your soul is too bright and wide for the angels to lose sight of, and, when you shrink and have fear, they see it, and send you some happy comfort in a way you do not think. Oh, we are always searching to see what people need, and then we report it to the helpers, and the helpers tell the judges, and then perhaps they do not decide that it is a need, as they are teaching some lesson for experience. Even a spirit receives these lessons. Sister and I often wish for curious things. We wanted a larger and swifter air carriage, or balloon, as brother calls them, but the guides said no; for the enamel, or, as Wadsworth says, the bones of our hands were too frail to control the power of a large carriage. It is so in earth. A person wants wealth, but the sense is too frail to guide its use. Or they want love, but the angels see that love would take away their effort for ambition.

Things go on about right, mamma dear, could we all see into the roots of events, and know what they are destined to bring forth.

Since I studied medicine, or, rather, the effort of certain things on the spirit body, and compared

them with the effort on mortal body, I became more thoughtful. I see how wise is the law that works toward good, unless the human opinions get exalted, and shadow over with evil. I have stopped painting pictures now, and my studio is full of drawings of skeletons, not only of the mortal, but the magnetic enamel frame and those low-bending creatures called animals, and insects also. These I study, and father brings me curious extracts of roots and flowers with which I may touch a magnetic framework and have it act alive. Then father jumps and says, "Oh!" Anything unnatural makes him jump, because brother says he never stored enough of earth for strength. Father knows where every vial is and what plant it came from, so, if brother is miles away and sends for it by the etheric current, he can place it in the aluminum tube, and away it goes. I hear a great many doctors say, "We won't work without money." But, when the garments begin to look pale and to show idleness, and their carriages won't move because they have lost spiritual power, then they begin to see that the rule of what father calls the Bible is working. What ye do to others ye will have returned — something like that, but true. Ellie does not sing so much, but arranges our pretty home, sweeps it, not with what you have, but by touching three tubes and starting a volume of mist spray, which carries every bit of dust or useless thing into another tube, and off it goes. But Ellie makes rhymes for schools and churches, and on large white cards upon which I paint decorations. On the day called Memorial we did this for the soldiers' homes. Oh, so many went to earth to meet their friends! But these friends look down in the graves, not up where these loved ones stand.

From IDELL.

Has the Power of Quickening Evolution.

Sept. 11, 1899.

My dear Mother,—I never feel the hurry of time only when I come near earth. I wonder how people live and work as well as they do, with the hurry to accomplish certain tasks before age comes.

Surely, the conscious, active life of an individual is indeed short, for more than half this time is spent in sleep, idleness, sickness, waiting for others. It would be a terribly weak and foolish God to create for such stupendous nothingness, if nothing was beyond. But the fact that the climbing of the soul is unending is a worthy cause, and the growing of eternity to ripen into perfection is real benevolence. When I first came here, I used to hurry my cases, and rush from one to another just as if I were in earth working for pay. Now I go on in a leisurely manner, for there is no patient bleeding or in cholera pain. The diseases are shadow memories of what the person endured in earth. That is, if one starved to death, why, the feeling does not leave abruptly, but clings to the spirit, and is at the time a reality to him. The shadow of a cancer will often last for years. Fear clings for months, and this debases the magnetism which we constantly renew.

These memories last all along while the person rises, unless one exercises will and engages in some lively duty toward helping humanity. I have hardly dropped the memory of my throat, especially I feel it when I come to a spirit who has crossed by diphtheria. It is a sympathy flowing into the cords and nerves. Sympathy is the touch of soul essences, just as two fragrances from flowers will meet and give sensation. I am glad you give an outer semblance of cheerfulness and lightness, even if you are at times worried and troubled about the future, because this cheer attracts the like, and you know the old rule, "similia similibus curantur."

Even our bands who are sent every morning to earth to bring up the prayers and needs of people are attracted by those who carry lights and are bearing life courageously. Thus they leave you many measures of strength or renewed magnetic force. I would not look on ahead only to present your need and ask its supply, for plans will open of which you are not thinking, and there are thousands of methods to reach you. You have many

little branching deeds done in the past that must somehow have return in natural law.

It is as if you had hung out signs all the way, and our bands take note of them all. At first I used to try to take note for you, and worry if I could not execute; but I found that certain spirits had duties, and could do better than I because of having lived here longer. If I had been in earth, I suppose I should have thought, "I could not trust to them to take care of my mother; I must keep a lookout over them." But here I find the law itself looks out and works every man's magnetism with streaks or dots who neglects a duty. It is the same in earth, but the flesh is so thick, and the customs and habits so dense, that it seldom shows through. So, day by day, you are visited by some one of these bands, and also by some one of our little family; and, though even we cannot know their fullness of plan, yet we trust, for they are all working for the best purposes. So you have only to watch for the little strings of effort they put in your way, and try them, and still not tire yourself or stop enjoying. Just submit to the plan that they are working out.

This month there come many who cross by age, and I like it, because they are so ripe and formed, and they stop right in the heart, as if the watch-spring was broken; whereas, when the person is shot, as in battle, he is as liable to stop in the limbs as anywhere. It makes considerable difference where life stops as to the renewal and the getting the motion again, the same as it does with a clock. Almost the first question we ask is, where did life cease? because there is the umbilical cord for earth, and we can attach its pulse to the spirit, and carry the man right on without scarcely a pause. His second volume adds to the first very orderly, and the memories are hardly broken. I have been with you many times this summer, and am glad you found some space to breathe in the country. Even if little, it is a change and rest. I wish I could prevail on the boys to write, but they cannot sense all this as I do; and A. says it is like the prayers the parsons give when there is nobody in sight.

I say, suppose you were in England, there would not be Aunt M. in sight, but, all the same, you would write. They cannot adjust the difference of the senses in a chemical way. I wish I could send you some of the lovely flowers in Idell's garden. I mean so you could really see them, and all the butterflies she starts into life, too. Idell has that power of quickening evolution. She snips off a big dahlia with its stem, and electrifies it with this white electric fluid; and in a few moments it assumes the flutter and vivacity of a butterfly. Almost she can create a bird in the same way, only Ellie has to string in the song, as she says. Nature always evolves one shape from another, but not quite so quickly. Our two little girls are now grown into thought and wisdom; but they are very useful, and never forget the mother. They have comforts, such as you would give, for father, and his home is trimmed and ornamented with choice pictures and flowers. Our love is with you.

From WADSWORTH.

Strike Birds from the Flowers.

Nov. 1, 1899.

My dear Mother,—They all came in ahead of me, but I was attending a case, and it was complicated. There are many sudden deaths from earth just now; and, when our airships come in they are crowded, so it is busy work for physicians. Toward the end of this ripe season of foliage everything drops and changes, and disease seems to plunge deep into the system. I would not be surprised to see many prominent men coming across, because the earth is much disturbed by political parties, and thus there is great brain heat. A guide told me this earth was full of inflammable principles, such as greed of possession, jealousy, idolism, and self-opinions; and the constant burning in the system caused sudden contraction of the heart, and hence the spirit had to leave its case. Well, there are many births to take their place, for it is constant exchange all the time. I can understand more from the spirit

point of view how the law of exchange works. It is clear there is an income and an outgo in every star sphere, and in all these millions of worlds scattered in space. It is not much matter which one lives in; and, if there was only easier communication, you would not feel badly to have me traveling from part to part of the sky. If I could only come in presence once a week, and assure you of actual breathing life and shape, it would seem almost to you as if I was in college again and coming home on a visit. It is going to be thus by and by, when the chemical properties of air are better studied and applied. Already the constituent parts of the mortal can be mixed, but life will not adjust itself. All these solutions of lime, manganese, and calcium, etc., are in the air, which, mixed with the usual elemental gases, can be moulded to form. Spirits are almost able to stir these to life and use for a while. I have told you before that reincarnation was carried on thus in forests and on deserts ages ago; but in modern times the man meddles too much, and the forests have lost their native power. A guide told me the first Indian was the product of large forest trees, like a live branch, assuming the man shape and walking off. You would not think it strange, could you see the children, Idell and Ellie, strike birds from the flowers. The shape of wings and feet are already in the petals and stems, the bill is the pistil, and the stamens form the several organs. The children have that poetic and artistic nature that brings real faith; and thus, by willing a flower to change as they walk in the garden, sometimes a whole flock of robins and bluebirds soar up in the light. It is the power of evolution carried out without the low, long-time pulse of earth. As is the pulse of a world, so is its elevation in health and power. This is why the celestials come every Christmas time to take measure. They want to see if the pulse is able to take up the higher law, or what is called miracle. I do not think it will be this year because of so much tyranny in governments, forcing the young into war, and holding up hero-worship as the grandest senti-

ment. I get so interested in watching the curious plans of the people, and the effect that it has on disease, that I am quite tired when I go home to rest. The social company which the children are now able to entertain rests me, and the music soothes me. I am interested in all the side efforts you take up, for this not only helps you, but others. Father and I try to send the sufferers to you, but the self-opinion is often too strong for us. Ben Franklin calls it mortal obstinacy. He used to be laughed at for trying to introduce electricity, but see how he is pushing; and as soon as the elevated roads are built, every car will be moved by this fire, and distance will be as nothing.

I know the anniversaries of sorrow are hard for you, and at first it was for father and me; but now we see how much better it all was for us not to lean on you and tire your soul with our needs. And then we realize that everybody is coming some day, and you will join us, and have a lovely home all your own; for spirits do not live together, lest one lean on the other, and thus prevent independent growth. When you are sad and mournful, I can see that your body tissues fill you with a kind of dark fog, that emanates into the room and sometimes makes pains, so do not feel sad for the past. It all had to come. It was the way I was to be taken out. These ways seem to mortals as accidents, or things that could have been helped if we had not done so and so. But this is wrong reasoning. The ways to take people out are not accidental, but just as the law works; and every individual spirit is in care of a band until they join bands themselves and become as sphere co-workers. I am in a band of physicians, and, as I work universally, I have no need but what is supplied. I have not to think of food, house, raiment, only as my sense dictates what I want. And seldom do I have to tell a messenger what to bring, for he knows the need. I wore a white robe with silver ornament to the social club. I wear gray and white when I meet the faculty. Every day I wear a kind of dark blue, made loosely and belted, with a blue cap, and my

degree in white. Clothing is very light, like webs or network of soft silk. When I come toward earth, these webs thicken, just as my body does. Anything approaching an earth grows material; and, if one stays long, the earth conditions set in, and red blood begins to come. Rest all you can, dear mother, and be assured we come daily to see you.

DEAR WADSWORTH.

No Progress in Spirit Life with the Aid of Money.

December, 1899.

My most dear Mother,—We all wish you could be with us on Christmas Day, and at times you will be, only the consciousness of it does not seem to be a reality to you. Somehow the soul of living self finds it hard to occupy two bodies at one time and retain the memories of each one. It is a psychical condition which would be more clearly understood if the study of chemical construction was taught in all the public schools. One body is composed of meat and dust and opinions, disease, pains, and all manner of elemental atoms; and the other composed of light, color, magnetic pulse, fine nerve filaments, throbs of principles, and spiritual fire. Why, there is as much difference as between the root and bloom of a plant. If a plant has a soul, you can conceive how hard it would be for it to enjoy the blossom, and then return to the root and remember its spiritual uplifting; yet it can be done, and I think you come as near to this condition as most.

These Christs that are continually being incarnated into flesh have this power of retaining consciousness through all changes of the spheres, and memory is one long linked chain through many deaths. Whenever we are all together, either enjoying some social jubilee in the pretty homes of the children or in the white church, or often in our rambles in the gardens, if we *will* for you to rise and lend you our concentrated powers, you come. In this way you have seen Idell's lovely pictures, and have helped father arrange the studio and laboratory, and have traveled with me in the fourth-

sphere stars. Once you had the thought, "What is the difference between the fifth and fourth spheres?" A guide told us the fourth was for those who were judged whether to be reincarnated or to progress. The fifth was where the soul had drawn its experience into action, and had ceased to regard the past only as a series of developments instead of a life of grief and sorrow. Then there is the sixth-sphere condition, where the soul, by its progress in divine light, is able to join bands and have appointments to sustain some dark earth, and help to bring it forth from doubt and sin. There are higher spheres, but of these I know but little. Every one aspires for progress here, just as in earth people aspire for money, because money is a means to rise; and, if it was used according to the divine attributes, all would be well. But usually it is used for self-gain and to crush the poor, and thus the beautiful principle of equality is all broken and defaced. In our worlds there is no possible rising or progress of a soul by money, but entirely by the absorption of the true principles of life. When a spirit comes into borderland from any earth, the first thing to ask is, not has he money, but how much of the magnetic fire has he brought? We who understand chemical measures take weight, just as now at Christmas time a vast band of spirits are engaged in weighing the magnetic condition of mind. If the spirit we measure is below one hundred pulse motion, we know at once that, while living down here, he did not gain much spirituality, but was mostly mortal, with self-opinions, and cared for himself, regardless of the universal race. Now a spirit with less than one hundred pulse cannot exist in the fifth stars. It must be quickened and treated by our faculty, and so, you see, physicians are of use. It is not ministers here that save souls, but the doctors. And truly, I think if in earth the doctors could cure the body of disease, there would be such fine mind health as would exclude sin, and so no need of ministers or churches, except, perhaps, as social bodies, where the power and principles could

be exchanged. I feel quite like a minister myself sometimes as I go about among our people and clearly see the working of the true law. I strive to make the spirit body compact, complete in its power, without egotism, pride, or self in it, and then I know the law will do the rest, and, running easily through the delicate frame of outer spiritual cause, create beauty, holiness, and truth.

Father came in just now and said, "Wadsworth, are you preaching?" "No," I said, "I am thinking with my mother, for, as she reads, my thoughts will mingle with hers." In borderland there are churches with the old names, as Baptist, or Methodist or Catholic, and the old forms are carried on as usual. But soon there comes the ridiculous view of it all, for no one finds a hell; and they find heaven is reached more by kind deeds and useful labor than by baptism or by communion or any other ceremony. The preacher here at the gate tells me that this idea is gaining in earth, and churches are now more as one in belief, in spite of creeds. And, only for the drawing of money for their own society, each church would preach the one solid doctrine of Christ. This preacher, I think, was Unitarian. He says that in earth the creed teaches the brotherhood of man and the leadership of Jesus. "But watch," he says, "in these Christmas hours, and see if you cannot count the gifts given by sacrifice. Pleasure gifts are all loving and sweet; but how many give gifts of sacrifice, as Jesus did, by suffering? Who takes off the warm cloak for the sick, weary brother? It is always the worn-out and thin, torn cloak given away; and, as for the brotherhood of Jesus, you have only to watch the British slaying the brother for gold gains, and the Americans slaying the innocent natives of the islands who are longing for liberty. The Unitarianism is a failure in earth; and brotherhood, except in a few individuals, does not exist."

This preacher is a good thinker, and I see father is listening earnestly. All creeds will outgrow themselves as they reach the spheres, and there is no money in prospective for the heathen or Sabbath

schools or salaries of ministers. Nuts die because they are cracked, and so beliefs, habits, opinions of earth, die when truth begins to settle down upon them. The clay drops out, and the fine magnetic pulse begins; and as we, a band of physicians, apply our force to cleanse and purify the nerves of mundane sensations and the veins of bloody substances, and impart a higher substance of life, so the old and crude ways give way to the fresh and new, full of harmony and truth. I love to think with you, mother, as you read. You help your boy just the same as if I had lived—indeed, more, for now I can grasp higher ideas, and together we can watch the guiding of the law. There are many spirits rising in the south from the British War, but they are not in my ward. I am more over these cities just now, because there are so many coming from high places showing intelligence and motive, and who need courage rather than healing. The Vice-President was a grand spirit to come to us. He could not bear the earth, and had need to rise to escape it. In these times of measuring, many who are of value will be taken, as we need their judgment and influence. We shall shower you with Christmas light, and so try to be merry and cheerful, and, while working for the ones who have needs, save time for rest and ease for yourself. I am bidden to rest every day, so as to refill with pure, magnetic atmosphere that radiates in all space. Our guides tell us to be kind to ourselves, else we fail with others. I send you a son's Christmas greeting.

From WADSWORTH.

The medium passed from earth soon after the writing of this letter. Since then the mother has been unable to renew communication with her son in any way satisfactory to her, and is now content to await her call to the new home.

S. L. F., June, 1905.